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THE

QUARTERLY REVIEW.

VOL. XLIV.

PUBLISHED IN

JANUARY & FEBRUARY, 1831.

LONDON:

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.

1831.

London: Printed by W. Clowes,
Stamford-street.

805.41
44

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THE

QUARTERLY REVIEW.

ART. I.—1. *Definitions in Political Economy.* By the Rev. T. R. Malthus, Professor of Political Economy in the East India College, Hertfordshire, &c. &c. London. 1827.

2. *Principles of Political Economy.* By J. R. M'Culloch, Esq., Professor of Political Economy to the University of London. Second Edition. 1830.

3. *An Inquiry into the Natural Grounds of Right to Vendible Property or Wealth.* By Samuel Read. Edinburgh. 1829.

IT was not till towards the end of the last century that the class of inquiries to which the name of Political Economy is usually applied began to claim the rank of a science. That the French economists were premature in dignifying by that title their imperfect and ill-connected disquisitions will hardly be denied; but in the hands of our sagacious countryman, Adam Smith, something like a methodical and definite form was given to the subject, and the attempt made to treat it in its full extent, by laying down principles and closely pursuing them through all their consequences.

It must, we fear, be conceded by all who are acquainted with the more recent works on political economy, that whatever the degree to which the science was advanced by Dr. Smith, it has received few or no substantial improvements since his time, in spite of the volumes that have issued from the press on the subject, and the tribes of authors that have successively lectured upon it *ex cathedrâ*. Professor after Professor has brought forward his special doctrine with no small flourish of trumpets, as a newly discovered truth: but, each having for his new erection uniformly destroyed the productions of his predecessor, and occasionally his own, the sum total of our acquisitions during this period, even in the estimation of the most enthusiastic devotees of the science, is but small. They too are divided into sects and schools, perhaps, equalling in number the individual authors; and the consequence of this discordance, even on the most fundamental questions, coupled as it has been with glaring inconsistencies, and the frequent assertion of the most startling paradoxes, is a general feeling of disinclination, we had almost said of disgust, in the public mind, towards a science which, during so considerable a

period, has confessedly propagated so many dangerous fallacies, and established so few useful truths.

It is our intention in the following pages to offer some justification for this distrust of the modern school of political economy, by exhibiting the most striking errors into which its writers have fallen; and at the same time to put forward, with submission, our own opinions on some of the important topics which have been so grievously mangled, in the hope of rescuing their study, than which none can be of deeper interest to the welfare of mankind, from the disrepute into which it has of late fallen with a large portion of the world. As we proceed in this task, we think it will appear that the principal writers on political economy, within the present century, have had but a very indistinct notion of the nature and limits of their subject; that they have habitually employed the same terms in contradictory senses, and so rendered their writings, in a great measure, unintelligible, not only to their readers, but even to themselves; that there is scarcely one of the numerous topics handled by them, such as the laws regarding value, labour, wages, profits, rent, and free trade, which they have not left in a worse condition than they found it; and finally, that the whole science, as hitherto understood and carried on, has been founded on an entirely false assumption, which must infallibly either vitiate the whole superstructure, or render it, in its present condition, anything but the trusty and unerring guide in legislation, for which it has been ostentatiously put forward by its cultivators.

Since political economy is defined by all its expounders, with but few, and those unimportant, variations, as 'the science of the laws which regulate the production and distribution of *wealth*,' it might be supposed that the meaning of the word 'wealth' would be first fully determined and agreed upon by every writer; otherwise he leaves us in ignorance of the very essence of the subject which he is discussing; and the political economy of each author who has his own peculiar opinion on wealth, will be *sui generis*, and a totally different science from the political economy of another. It is nevertheless true, that few have thought it at all necessary to define, or apparently to form a tolerably distinct idea of, the nature of *wealth*, when they set about discussing its causes. Adam Smith, whose work professes to be 'An Inquiry into the Nature and Causes of Wealth,' never attempts a strict definition of it. When, for instance, he calls it 'the annual produce of land and labour,' he certainly does not understand the *useless* products of the earth, though his phrase would include them, while it appears to exclude many things which are not annually produced, as buildings, land itself, and fixed capital of great durability. Mr. Ricardo, and his follower Mr. Mill, have attempted to evade the difficulty

difficulty by making no use at all of the term *wealth*. But, whatever advantage they might have expected from avoiding this particular phrase, they could not omit defining the subject matter of their inquiries, without endangering the correctness of their conclusions—a danger which we shall soon see they have by no means escaped.

Mr. Malthus has undertaken the definition of wealth: and, following what he considers to have been the general meaning of Smith, as well as the sense in which the word is usually understood in society, declares it to consist of 'the material objects useful or agreeable to man, which have required some portion of human exertion to appropriate or produce.'* By Mr. M'Culloch wealth is defined as 'those articles or products, useful or agreeable to man, which possess exchangeable value.'† As, in the opinion of both the latter writers, whatever possesses exchangeable value must have required some portion of human exertion to appropriate or produce it, the only real difference in their definitions consists in Mr. Malthus's restriction of the term to *material* objects. Mr. M'Culloch, indeed, by the use of the words 'articles or products,' would, at first sight, appear to contemplate only material substances; but in the subsequent parts of his work (the chapter on Consumption, for example), it is evident, that he designs his definition to embrace 'all the purchaseable means of human enjoyment,' including, together with material objects, the gratifications afforded by the talents of players, authors, artists, the services of menials, the protection of governments, &c.

Now, though it certainly appears, at first, rather a forced application of the term, to call the talent of a violin-player *wealth*, yet, surely, it is quite as worthy of being so estimated as his fiddle, which Mr. Malthus and Dr. Smith would allow to be wealth, though, without the existence of the talent, it would clearly be of no value. Again, it is impossible, as Mr. Malthus would have us, to separate the material part of a book, which he would assert to compose its value as wealth, from its immaterial ingredients of wit, pathos, or instruction, which, according to him, are not to be considered in its estimation, and, yet, without which it would be mere waste paper. Mr. Malthus finds fault with Mr. M'Culloch for introducing the term *value* into his definition of wealth, as only explaining *ignotum per ignotius*. But surely this remark is quite as applicable to a definition, in which the word *material* is introduced. Matter only becomes known to us through certain qualities affecting our senses. It is the possession of sensible qualities which alone distinguishes, to our comprehension, the different forms of existence. When, therefore, Mr. Malthus defines wealth, as con-

* Definitions, p. 234. † Principles, p. 5.

 sisting

sisting of those material objects which are useful or agreeable to man, &c.—he must mean those qualities of matter which are capable of gratifying man, &c. When he calls corn or wine wealth, he means the qualities possessed by those objects of gratifying man; and the degree in which they are to be reckoned as wealth, in other words, *their value*, he must estimate by the intensity of these qualities. The mere brute matter of corn, or wine, separated from the qualities of flavour, nutrition, &c., if it were possible to form an idea of what it is, would surely not be supposed by Mr. Malthus to determine their classification as wealth. Either all matter equally is wealth, which, certainly, Mr. Malthus would not admit, or it is the agreeable and useful qualities of matter alone that constitute wealth. But if the gratifying qualities of corn, wine, clothes, houses, carriages, horses, books, pictures, are to be esteemed wealth, so also must be the gratifying qualities of *persons*, as players, musicians, artists, authors, menial servants, &c. A person is esteemed wealthy quite as much according to the degree in which he can command the latter gratifications, as the former.

The services of menials seem to have puzzled Mr. Malthus and his school exceedingly; and it is absolutely ludicrous to see the nervous anxiety with which they set them apart as a peculiar class of gratifications not amenable to the general laws respecting wealth, and, indeed, out of the pale of the science. We think, however, we may defy the professor's penetration to point out any broad distinction between the useful or agreeable qualities of 'the third footman behind a coach,' (*Definitions*, p. 75,) and those of his livery and gilt cane. The whole footman—livery, cane, and all—is an object of gratification to his master's vanity; and if the livery is to be reckoned as wealth, so also must its wearer. If we estimate as wealth the result of the labour and capital of the farmer who breeds a sheep, of the grazier who fattens, and of the butcher who slaughters and cuts it up, are we to stop there, and not include in the value of the joint of mutton the labour of the cook who prepares it for the table? If the boot-maker and the blacking-maker are producers of wealth, why not also the footboy who applies the blacking to the boot? However defined, the term *wealth* must include the idea of a reference to comparative estimation. Mr. Malthus himself speaks of estimating the national wealth. It is impossible to estimate material objects otherwise than by comparing their immaterial qualities, such as beauty, harmony, flavour, nourishment, and other means of gratification. So far, therefore, from wealth consisting exclusively of material objects, it consists solely of immaterial qualities. And if we consider these to be wealth when they belong

belong to inanimate substances, as wood, metal, fruit, &c.; or to brutes, as horses and cattle, we cannot refuse the term to the similar qualities of persons: the talent, for instance, of the fiddler, as well as the goodness of the fiddle: the science of the surgeon, as well as the temper of his instruments: the skill of the opera dancer, as well as the splendour of the stage decorations: the services of the coachman, as well as those of his horses.

Differing as writers on political economy thus do, as to the nature of wealth, the very subject of their inquiries, it is to be expected that they must also differ as to the means of acquiring it. Hence, the futile and interminable disputes as to what kinds of labour and of consumption are *productive* or *unproductive* of wealth. Mr. M'Culloch, comprehending under this latter term, though perhaps not with sufficient clearness even to himself, all the purchaseable means of human gratification, necessarily considers as productive the labour of servants, artists, authors, and professional men; while Mr. Malthus, following in this Adam Smith, determines the labour of such persons to be unproductive; though how, as has been said, we can attribute productiveness to the labour of the butcher, and deny it to that of the cook—how concede it with respect to the scene-painter and printer, but refuse it to the actor and author,—is what we cannot understand. Mr. Malthus says, the one class are instruments to assist in obtaining wealth, the other in consuming it.* A friend who dines with Mr. Malthus, and whom he takes in his carriage to his box at the opera, may be said to assist him in consuming his wealth; but how can this, in strict language, be asserted of the cook who dresses their dinner, the coachman who drives them to the theatre, or the actor who amuses them there,—all of whom certainly are paid for *producing* the wealth or means of gratification which his friend shares with him, to the full as much as his butcher, his coachmaker, or the scene-painter? But for Mr. Malthus's reputation as an economist, we should scruple to attempt a serious refutation of such miserable quibbling.

If, however, one professor has unnecessarily limited the meaning of productiveness; the other, Mr. M'Culloch, has erred quite as much by an unwarrantable extension of the term. We may allow all operations to be productive which are purposely and directly intended to produce the purchaseable means of gratification, but this author applies the epithet to the indirect and inappreciable influence of remote causes. He says, for example, that the occupation of blowing bubbles, or building card-houses, is productive, if the person who so recreates himself works the harder afterwards! that the feasting on champagne and ortolans is not to

* Definitions, p. 94.

be

be reckoned an unproductive occupation, until we ascertain that nobody is excited to greater industry by the knowledge of such a feast, and the desire of being ultimately able to command a similar one! This admission of indirect, remote, and unintentional causation to the essence of productiveness must utterly destroy the utility of the term in a classification of the sources of wealth, and it had far better be discarded altogether.

'There is no kind of exertion or amusement (says a rival professor) which may not, upon this principle, be called productive. Walking, riding, driving, card-playing, billiard-playing, &c. &c., may all be, indirectly, causes of production; and, according to Mr. M'Culloch, "it is very like a truism to say, that what is a cause of production must be productive." But of all the indirect causes of production, the most powerful, beyond all question, is consumption. If man were not to consume, how scanty, comparatively, would be the produce of the earth! Consumption, therefore, is the main fundamental cause of production; and if we are to put indirect causation on a footing with direct causation, as suggested by Mr. M'Culloch, we must rank in the same class, the manufacturer and the billiard-player, the producer and the consumer. It is impossible that the science of political economy should not most essentially suffer from such a confusion of terms. Nothing can be clearer, than that, with a view to anything like precision and the means of intelligible explanation, it is absolutely necessary to designate by a different name the labour which is directly productive of wealth, from that which but incidentally encourages it.'—*Malthus, Definitions*, p. 97, 98.

It is evident, moreover, that Mr. M'Culloch does not clearly understand his own principle, but confounds utility or advantageousness with productiveness. Thus he asserts that the productiveness of players, musicians, artists, &c., depends on the stimulus which the taste for such amusements gives to production* —whereas it is obviously a consequence of their labour directly producing the means of gratification, exactly as is the productiveness of an architect, a gardener, or a jeweller. We think there can be no difficulty in defining productive labour to be that of which the result is a *saleable* article; it will include that of professional persons, officers of government, authors, artists, merchants, tradesmen, labourers, &c. Unproductive occupations (for, correctly speaking, all *labour* is productive) are those of which the result is worth nothing in the market, and which are productive only of gratification to the agent.

The question, as to what species of *consumption* are productive and what unproductive, is determined by the same considerations. All consumption which directly tends to produce the means of gra-

* Principles of Pol. Econ., p. 529.

tification

tification is productive. But this can only be said of that, without which these means would not have existed. The consumption, for instance, of materials and instruments, in all productive operations, may be called productive; as also the consumption of the necessaries of life by the producers,—but whatever they consume beyond these necessaries cannot be called productive consumption. An artisan will labour as hard and produce as much, whether he spend the whole of his wages upon provisions and luxuries, or only one-half of it upon necessaries, laying up the remainder in a saving bank. The labour of a merchant or manufacturer will be equally productive, whether he spend, as revenue, all his profits, or save a large proportion of them. All that any productive labourer consumes, beyond what is necessary to continue his services, is unproductive consumption. Mr. M'Culloch ridicules the idea, that the expenditure of Watt or Arkwright upon their establishments was unproductive;* but it could obviously make no difference in the productiveness of their genius or attention to business, whether they lived at the rate of one hundred or ten thousand pounds a-year. All their consumption, beyond mere necessaries, must then have been unproductive. As to the remote effect of their expenditure, in stimulating the exertions of others, even if such indirect influence could be taken into the account, we question whether the public knowledge that these great men were realizing enormous fortunes from their savings, would not have had fully as much influence in encouraging others to like exertions, as the brilliance of their equipages, or the magnificence of their mansions.

These very extraordinary opinions of Mr. M'Culloch respecting productiveness could not but materially influence his notions on other points. Until the publication of his work, nearly all political economists were agreed as to the application of the term *Capital* to 'that portion of the stock, or accumulated wealth, of a country, which is employed with a view to production;' the remaining portion of stock, which is consumed without any view to production, being denominated *Revenue*. But Mr. M'Culloch's loose ideas upon production necessarily influenced his opinions on the nature of capital. It being next to impossible, according to him, to ascertain whether any portion of stock is, or is not, productively employed, no inquiry of this sort could be allowed to determine the character of capital. He, therefore, exhibits a definition of the term which, at least, has novelty to recommend it. Capital, according to him, is 'that portion of the produce of industry which *can be made* directly available to the facilitating of production.' He illustrates his definition by saying, that 'a

* Principles of Pol. Econ., p. 97.

horse

horse drawing a gentleman's coach *may be* just as productively employed as if he were yoked to a brewer's dray, and, having the *capacity* of assisting in production, ought to be viewed as a portion of the capital of the country.' (*Principles*, p. 98.) This opinion on capital follows, of course, from the error into which we have shown this author to have fallen as to productiveness. If Watt's and Arkwright's coach-horses were productive, and, consequently, capital, because these gentlemen were great benefactors to their country, why, so *may* Mr. A.'s horses, or Mr. B.'s; but, as the degree to which Mr. A. or Mr. B. benefit their country can seldom be exactly ascertained, it would be a question of delicacy and difficulty, whether Mr. A. or Mr. B.'s horses were capital, or, if not altogether, to what extent they were capital,—one of the horses, perhaps, in some cases being capital, and the other revenue—and, therefore, to escape all these perplexities, it is better to call *all* horses capital, and everything which can by possibility aid in production. This is the dilemma in which Mr. M'Culloch was placed; and this, strange to say, is the mode in which he has attempted to extricate himself—a sad flounder, we fear, out of the mud into the mire.

'If these doctrines,' says Mr. Malthus, 'were admitted, there would be an end at once of all classifications, and of all those appropriate designations which so essentially assist us in explaining what is going forward in society. If the distinction between the whole mass of the products of a country, and those parts of it which are applied to perform particular functions, rests on no solid foundation, it may be asked, on what better foundation does the distinction between the mass of the male population of a country, and the classes of lawyers, physicians, manufacturers, and agriculturists, rest? They all equally come under the general denomination of men; but particular classes are most usefully distinguished by particular appellations founded on the particular functions which they generally perform.'*

By the rule which Mr. M'Culloch follows, a man who is capable of being made to perform the functions of a judge ought to be denominated a judge; and the term honest man is not only applicable to such a one as is upright in all his dealings, but to him also who *might be so*—if he chose. Again, the *incomes* of every person in society, in whatever way they are actually employed, are, according to Mr. M'Culloch, capital; so that all distinction between revenue and capital is at an end. But he even extends the meaning of the word further than this, (indeed, we wish he had told us what is *not* capital, in his view of the subject,) and finding no essential difference between the capacity for production of a man, and a horse or machine, and consider-

* Malthus, Definitions, p. 84.

ing

ing him equally with them the result of labour, he determines on reckoning *man* himself as capital.* How this is to be reconciled with the chapter on Population, in the same work, the whole of which turns on the principle, that the numbers of mankind are limited by the rate at which *capital* is accumulated, it is for Mr. M'Culloch himself to explain. If men are capital, the increase of population itself is an increase of capital. That Mr. M'Culloch has overlooked the real limits to the nature of capital is very evident; but that no other political economist has yet fixed them in a clear and intelligible manner, is, we think, shown, if by nothing else, by the extremity to which Mr. M'Culloch himself is driven for want of such a limitation.

It is certainly open to any writer to define a term which he intends to use—in any way he chooses. But if he departs from the ordinary acceptation of the word, as received in society, he is certain, in the first place, to render his arguments more or less unintelligible to his readers; in the second he is almost equally sure to puzzle himself, and confuse his reasonings, by employing the term at one time, through habit, in its ordinary meaning, and at another in the different sense to which he has conventionally confined it. Mr. M'Culloch has chosen to call capital not only all that *is* employed to produce wealth, but all that is capable of being so employed, including human strength, skill and talents of all kinds, and even income itself. That this is not the usual acceptation of the word is abundantly certain, and that Mr. M'Culloch is unable to carry on his arguments upon this ground, without involving them in endless confusion, has been already shown in some instances, and will shortly appear in others.

In order to arrive at a just comprehension of the nature of capital, we must first analyze rather more closely than political economists have yet done the elements of production. Productiveness lies, as we have stated, in certain qualities adherent to persons as well as things; but a broad distinction is to be drawn between the productiveness of men and that of brutes or substances. Before Mr. M'Culloch, no one, we believe, attempted to call the former capital. The strength, industry, talent, skill, and science, in one word the *ability*, of man are instruments of production of the first importance. It is by these alone that the productive qualities of other things are developed and put in action. Man is a machine of very varying value, according to his natural and acquired capacities. Dr. Smith considered the human powers in this light, without, however, sufficiently following up the suggestion. But though man has been sometimes in this way, by metaphor, styled a machine, and doubtless is also an

* Principles of Pol. Econ., p. 118.

animal,

animal, we are not thereby justified in abolishing all distinctions between men, brutes, and machinery. Mr. M'Culloch justly perceived that the human powers are essential instruments of production, and that their value enters into, and is to be estimated in, every kind of product. But unfortunately, by applying to them the term capital, he has confounded them with the productive qualities of live and dead stock.

We think that wealth may be safely defined as including 'all the means whereby vendible gratifications are habitually produced or acquired.' It naturally divides itself into—1. Ability, that is, those human powers, the exercise or *labour* of which is received in exchange for a valuable consideration, in other words, commands a price in the market; 2. Stock, or the useful and agreeable qualities of inanimate substances and brutes, when appropriated by man. Men are reckoned wealthy in proportion as they possess either, or both, of these valuable kinds of property; and countries are wealthy in proportion as they are possessed by their inhabitants. Ability, or *labour*, comprehends every sort of occupation which receives *pay*, from the most unskilled labour, or the human strength aided by the lowest degree of skill and intelligence, to the highest rank of talent; and includes the labour of agriculturists, artisans, persons in trade, the learned professions, public and private servants, authors, artists, &c. Stock may be subdivided into—1. Necessaries of life, food, clothing and shelter; 2. Luxuries, including objects of art, &c.; 3. Materials necessary for the production of necessaries or luxuries; 4. Instruments necessary for the same purposes; 5. Land, or the productive powers of the soil, minerals, and waters.

Having thus distinguished the productive powers of persons from those of things, we proceed to divide them into two classes, according as they are actually employed, or not, for purposes of production. No useful conclusions can possibly be come to on the subject if we do not distinguish between those masses of wealth which are habitually consumed in a productive manner—in such a way, that is, as in the consumption to produce an equal or greater quantity of wealth—from those which are consumed unproductively, or so as to leave no equivalent behind. When an individual consumes a certain quantity of stock with no other view or result than that of affording gratification to himself or his friends, the mass of wealth is *pro tanto* diminished; and though gratification is the ultimate end of all production, yet since a portion of the means of gratification is destroyed, and no similar portion produced, such consumption is evidently unproductive. That which is consumed in this way is said to be expended as *revenue*. When an individual, on the other hand, expends stock in

in such a way as that its consumption is the means of producing an equal or greater quantity—as, for example, the consumption of seed by a farmer—no portion of wealth is destroyed, but, on the contrary, there is in almost every case an increase, which forms what is usually called profit, and is the motive for such expenditure. The greater number of economists, excepting, of course, Mr. M'Culloch, define *capital* to be that portion of stock which is expended productively. Mr. Malthus adds 'with a view to profit.'

But it will appear, we think, on examination, that this is not enough, and that something more is required to constitute capital than 'productive expenditure with a view to profit.' If A. hires a gardener to raise vegetables for his consumption, he employs him productively—with a view to profit by the difference between the value of the vegetables when raised and that of his advances. If A. did not expect to gain this difference, he would buy the vegetables in the market, not raise them in his own garden. In the same way, the cost of an establishment, namely of house, furniture, carriages, horses, servants' wages, fuel, provisions, &c., is expended with a view to profit by the difference between producing the means of gratification and purchasing them ready made at a furnished hotel. But it will hardly be allowed that the cost of an establishment is laid out as capital. Capitalists are not in the habit of consuming their own produce. It is obvious that, in common language, and to the comprehension of every one, a capitalist is one who consumes stock productively with a view to profit *by the sale of the produce;* and capital, properly defined, is stock employed productively with that view. When produce is sold, an equivalent is given for it; and, though the produce be instantly consumed, the equivalent remains to the capitalist. When he consumes it in turn he may do so either as capital or revenue, but this will entirely depend on whether he expends it in the production of something for sale, or merely for his own gratification. It may be objected that a sum of money laid out on an article of considerable durability and value, as a house or a diamond, is usually called capital, and the house or diamond would enter into an estimate of the national capital. But we think the expression when so used is loosely and erroneously applied, and that the mistake is in this case made into which Mr. M'Culloch has fallen, of considering the capacity for production to constitute productiveness, of confounding that which *is*, with that which *may be* employed as, capital. It is impossible to draw a broad line of distinction any where between expenditure on a house, pleasure-ground, or jewels, and that on clothes, wine, or meat,—on the most durable and the most evanescent means of gratification.

gratification. Both are connected by insensible gradations, and if the first is to be reckoned an expenditure of capital, so must the latter. If a person's house is capital, so is his dinner. In our opinion a building, or other article, is only capital in the hands of the person who has built, or bought it, not for his own use or gratification, but for sale, or for the purpose of using it to produce some article for sale, since it is such sale, or use, which can alone cause it to ultimately reproduce a consumeable article with a profit. If capital is to be otherwise understood, if the term is to comprehend such objects as are in course of consumption with no view to sale, such as a gentleman's residence, gardens, or establishment, there is an end to all distinction between capital and revenue, and the word were better discarded, and a new one invented for the purposes of scientific investigation of the sources of wealth. Capital then we would define as 'that portion of stock which is kept or employed productively, with a view to profit by the sale of its produce.'

The distinction between capital and labour is of the first importance. It is true we hear the strength, skill, or science of an individual often called his capital, but by a metaphor merely. The human powers of production are not to be acquired without the expenditure of much capital as well as labour; they are equally valuable with capital; they form a portion of the wealth of the country as decidedly as its buildings, cattle, or machinery; —but for all this they are not to be confounded with them under the same term. The economists of Mr. Ricardo's school delight in styling capital 'accumulated labour.' It is by no means so exclusively. Ever since the infancy of mankind capital has done its part towards production in conjunction with labour. Indeed it would be fully as correct to call labour 'accumulated capital,' since there is no doubt that man himself, and all his several powers, are the result of the expenditure of much capital. But throughout the writings of these authors it is continually repeated that labour does everything, is the only real source of wealth.* As if the land, buildings, machinery, live stock, instruments, and raw produce, at any moment existing in a country, were utterly useless towards production! It is true some portion of labour is required in every mode of employing capital, but some kind of capital is equally necessary in every mode of employing labour. The stock of labour in the world could not continue in existence for one day without the aid of capital. Both co-operate in every useful undertaking, and the one is no more exclusively productive than the other. Capital is consumed in producing labour, and labour in producing capital. Neither can advance one step with-

* Ricardo. Principles of Political Economy, Chap. I.

out

out the other, and every improvement in the one tends to augment the other. Every augmentation of capital gives greater productiveness to skill, science, and industry; whilst every improvement in the human abilities effects a proportionate and permanent addition to the productiveness of capital. And in fact, in the progress of society under just and free institutions, undisturbed by foreign invasion or civil commotions, it is uniformly found that labour and capital increase and grow up together in a rapid, we might almost say a geometrical ratio, mutually aiding each in the other's increase. It is to the splendid inventions of letters and printing that we owe the rapidity with which this process is now increasing the wealth of modern societies. Without them example and precept might hand down some improvements in human ability, but the intercourse of minds would, under such circumstances, be slow, torpid, and unfruitful in those inventions, which, by adding to the productiveness of capital, augment so rapidly the ratio of its creation. The vast superiority of the productive powers of a Watt, an Arkwright, or a Wedgewood, over a clever savage, is almost entirely owing to the influence of accumulated ability and capital stored up in *books*, a species of capital in which the labour of former generations is realized, and rendered, as it were, eternal.

There are no subjects within the whole range of political economy upon which the writers of the modern school have blundered so desperately, and with such an obstinacy in error, as those which we are now approaching, namely, value, labour, wages, and profits of stock. All the varied transactions between man and man, that are not either gratuitous or compulsory, are voluntary exchanges between the owners of different kinds of wealth, and are reducible to exchanges of stock for stock, or of labour for stock, that is, for *wages*. Exchanges of labour for labour, without the intervention of stock as a medium, though possible, are not usual, unless, perhaps, in the very infancy of society. The motive of all exchanges is *profit*, or the acquirement of a larger quantity of the means of gratification than the owners of the property exchanged could without such a process command. That which either party receives in exchange for what he gives, must be the most he can get for it at the same time and place, or he would not agree to the contract. The one quantity, therefore, is said to be of the same *value*, exchangeable, or *market value*, as the other; consequently the exchangeable value of any vendible property is the quantity of other property for which it will exchange at any one time and place in the open market, or what has been aptly called by Adam Smith 'its general power of purchasing.' But this reference to the mass of vendible

vendible property is too vague to convey any accurate idea of the value of any specific portion; and it is usual therefore to select some one or two species of property as a standard, by reference to which the relative value of all other kinds may be compared and measured. Such a *measure of value* is purely conventional. But it has been urged by Ricardo, Malthus, and their several schools of economists, that there exists a *natural* and *real* measure of value in *labour*, inasmuch as labour enters into, and is the *primary* cause of, the value of everything. The first and most essential element, however, in a measure or standard, is that it be itself invariable in that quality with respect to which it is to be compared to other things; that it convey but one definite and fixed idea of that quality to all minds. When we take any one thing as a measure of *value*, we assume that it is itself invariable in *value*, since we make it the test of the invariability of other things; and its truth and correctness in this office are proportioned of course to its own invariability. It has been said, with metaphysical refinement, that value means not only value in exchange, but also the estimation in which a thing is held, and that the two are not identical. If they are not, with regard to property voluntarily exchanged by its owners, we know not where lies the difference. But no matter. Can labour be said to approach, in any the slightest degree, to invariability *either* of exchangeable value, or of the estimation in which it is held in men's minds? What a difference in exchangeable value between the different kinds of skilled and unskilled labour!—between the labour for a day of a general, a physician, an artisan, and a ploughman! Is it the daily labour of the lowest and unskilled class of workmen that is intended by the economists for the unit? But how various the value of this in different countries and under different circumstances—in England and in China, in North America and in Ireland! Which of these kinds of labour are we to assume as the standard by which to measure the value of all other labour and goods? The exchangeable value of the daily labour of an Englishman is known to be at least four times the value of that of a Chinese. Which of these is the standard of real value? Nor is labour less variable in the estimation attached to it in men's minds. In some countries the inhabitants prefer dirt and scarcity of food with idleness, to cleanliness and plenty with hard labour. The estimation in which labour is held is, then, very different in different countries. What country are we to take as possessing the one true notion of the *real* value of labour?

In truth, if we analyse value, we shall find that there *can be no* such thing as an invariable standard by which to measure it.

Value,

Value, in exchange or in general estimation, (they are the same thing,) must vary with the fluctuations of human wishes and caprices, fancies and fashions. We know the desires of man to be *varium et mutabile semper.*

'Quod cupiit spernit, repetit quod nuper omisit.'

And this is true, not of individuals only, but of large masses of men—of whole nations and generations. It would be just as reasonable to call the human body the natural and real measure of length or of weight, as to call human labour the natural and real measure of value. It is true there is an average length and weight to the bodies of adults, just as there is an average notion of the value of labour in men's minds; but it *varies* in different countries, times, and circumstances, and would be anything but an immutable, if it could be supposed a serviceable or convenient standard. As to being the real or natural standard, it is no more so than any other real or natural object.

All standards of value are then liable to variation, and the best is that which varies least, other advantages remaining the same. Wheat was by Adam Smith esteemed the just standard of value; but though it may approach to the necessary qualities of such a test nearer than many other commodities, we know it to be essentially variable in general value. Wheat is very far indeed from being held in equal esteem throughout the commercial world. In many countries it is utterly unknown. In some, as Scotland and Ireland, oats, barley, and potatoes, are positively preferred to wheat by a large part of the inhabitants—a preference which must materially affect its exchangeable value in those districts. Again, the casualties of weather, the plenty or deficiency of crops, and the backward or improved condition of agriculture, are causes of frequent variations in the general purchasing power of wheat, and proportionably unfit it for a standard. The precious metals, gold and silver, have been adopted universally by every nation as a practical standard of value; and this general consent alone almost amounts to a proof of their possessing the necessary qualities in a higher degree than any other commodity. The desire for them is powerful and general. No nations have yet been discovered in which great value is not set upon them; their identity is easily ascertained; and their durability, and their containing a great value in a small bulk, peculiarly fit them to perform the functions of a *medium of exchange*—an essential requisite in a serviceable measure of value. But yet gold and silver are very far from being an accurate measure of value, being themselves liable to great occasional variations from numerous causes, such as changes in the facility of procuring them from the mines, or in the general *demand* for them, whether for purposes of luxury and ornament, or

or of use as a circulating medium. The constant variability of this and of every possible standard of value must therefore be borne in mind in all speculations into which value enters: in other words, we must remember that *price*, which is the value of objects as compared with a conventional standard, is not always identical with general exchangeable value, since the standard itself is liable to change in its relations to the general mass of property.

But it has been argued that, in the long run, the values of all objects are equal to the costs of producing them, or their production would be discontinued, and that the costs of production are therefore their real value. This is true; but since these costs include a variety of sorts and quantities of labour and capital, all themselves of undetermined value, how are they to form a standard for reference? A large proportion of the economists, however, continue to insist that the value of the capital employed in production is determined by the quantity of labour worked up in it, and that labour therefore is the ultimate measure of value. We have already shown the impracticability of a standard such as this, which has no identity of character, even if it were correct that quantity of labour determines the value of everything. But we have seen that labour is itself partly the product of capital, and owes almost all its value to capital, without which it could neither act nor continue in existence. Again, the value of much capital, as land, mines, docks, canals, &c., is derived from exclusive possession, or *monopoly*, and is regulated solely by the demand for it. The current rate of profit is another element in the value of capital, and thence of every object, wholly independent of labour; so that no opinion can be more utterly untenable in every point of view than that which identifies value with labour.

This, however, brings us to one of the most extraordinary and barefaced fallacies that were ever attempted to be imposed on the understanding of mankind under the mask of science. Messrs. Mill and M'Culloch, after Mr. Ricardo, have entangled themselves so completely in their doctrine as to labour being the only source of wealth, and the prime and sole element in value, as to be driven at length into a confusion of ideas only to be equalled by those of the Catholic arguments on the invisible presence. They uphold that the profits of stock are actually neither more nor less than the wages of labour; 'that,' for instance, 'the increase of value which a cask of wine acquires by being kept a certain number of years untouched in a cellar, is occasioned by the increased quantity of *labour* employed on it; and that an oak-tree of a hundred years' growth, worth twenty-five pounds, which may not have been touched by man, beast, or machine, for a century, derives its whole

whole value from *labour*.' These are Mr. M'Culloch's own illustrations, in which, without professing to alter the ordinary meaning of the word *labour*, he applies that term to the natural processes of fermentation and vegetation, just as the doctors of the Catholic faith maintain the substance which to the senses appears a wafer, to be in reality flesh and blood.

'There is nothing,' Mr. Malthus justly observes, 'that may not be proved by a new definition. A composition of flour, milk, suet, and stones, is a plum-pudding, if by stones be meant plums. Upon this principle Mr. M'Culloch undertakes to show that commodities do really exchange with each other according to the quantity of labour employed upon them; and it must be acknowledged that in the instances which he has chosen he has not been deterred by apparent difficulties. He has taken the bull by the horns. The cases are nearly as strong as that of the plum-pudding.'*

The process of reasoning (if so it may be called) by which writers professing to treat the subject strictly and scientifically argue themselves into supporting such monstrous paradoxes, is no less curious than the result. The profit on stock is proportioned to the *time* it is employed: 'But time,' say Mill† and M'Culloch,‡ 'is a mere abstract term—a word, a sound. It does nothing. How, then, can it create value?' . . . . 'It is the effect or change that has been produced on the cask of wine that confers the additional value; but natural agents always work gratis.' And *therefore*—because Nature charges *nothing* for her work—the charge which the capitalist makes for the time during which he has allowed nature to operate on the wine, *must be* a charge for *labour!* Admirable logic! exemplary reasoning, worthy of the shining lights of the age, whose dicta are appealed to as decisive in the senate and the council-chamber—of the installed professors of that science 'which admits of as much certainty in its conclusions as any science founded on fact and experiment can possibly do!'§ But again, if profits are wages, then capital is labour; and indeed, in his late edition of Smith's Wealth of Nations, Mr. M'Culloch, with delightful ingenuousness, follows up his doctrine to this extreme but necessary conclusion, and brings his own absurdity and inconsistency to its climax. He there says that 'the effects of capital may be called the effects of labour; and *labour* may be properly defined any sort of action or operation, whether performed by man, the lower animals, machinery, or natural agents, that tends to bring about a desirable result!' We only ask, if labour and capital, as well as profits and wages, are convertible terms, let us convert them. Substitute labour for capital, wages for profits, and *vice versâ*,

* Malthus, Definitions, p. 100. † Elements, p. 99. ‡ Principles, p. 314. § Ib. p. 15.

in every instance in which they are employed in Mr. M'Culloch's own pages, and what would become of his Principles of Political Economy? It is needless, however, to waste time in refuting such palpable absurdities.

The real nature of profits, which has escaped the penetration of these writers, and even of Mr. Malthus, is easily explained. It is *the compensation for abstinence from immediate gratification.* If I possess a property of any kind, I am at liberty to spend it on my immediate gratification; but if I refrain from doing this, in order to lend it to another or consume it myself in any other way, some inducement must be afforded me for this temporary abstinence—some gain or advantage must accrue to me as a motive for the sacrifice of certain and immediate enjoyment. This advantage is *profit.* Without it I should either consume my property immediately, or lock it up for gradual consumption. In either case it would be unproductive. Suppose it corn: my neighbours offer to borrow this corn of me, and after a certain time to return me the same quantity again. But why should I do this, unless I am to gain something by it? They afford me the motive, by proposing to return with the article a profit at the expiration of a certain time—say a tenth or a twentieth more than the quantity lent. This they are enabled to do, because, by receiving an advance of corn, they can apply their labour to much greater advantage, in cultivating the soil, for instance, and producing annual crops, than if they were obliged to satisfy their daily wants by daily labour in seeking for game and berries in the woods, &c. Every other case is to be explained in the same way. Take Mr. M'Culloch's cask of wine, for instance, worth twenty pounds when put into the cellar, and twenty-five pounds at the end of two years. Why should the wine-merchant not realize the twenty pounds at first, and consume its equivalent in some shape or other on his own gratification? What possible inducement can he have for doing so, but that he knows there are sure customers who will remunerate him by an increased price for the privation he undergoes?

It has not yet been noticed by political economists, that the allowance of profits on stock is to the full as essential towards the increase of wealth and the advance of civilization as the division of labour, to which it is closely allied. The produce of one day of unskilled labour might fairly enough exchange against the produce of another day of equally unskilled labour; but how are exchanges to be made between the produce of skilled and unskilled labour? or what proportion does the produce of one day's labour bear to the produce of a hundred days of the same kind of labour? Not that of one to one hundred, certainly.

tainly. If a basket-maker, for instance, could make a basket in a day worth a shilling, he would not undertake a piece of work that will occupy him a hundred days, for a hundred shillings to be paid for it when finished. Why should he? And above all, how is he to subsist in the mean time? Some one must advance him food and other necessaries, besides tools, &c.; and who will do this without fee or reward, that is to say, profit? If he himself is supposed to have the necessary capital by him, what is to induce him to refrain from making holiday and enjoying himself till his stock is spent, knowing as he does that he can afterwards continue to support himself by the daily produce of his daily labour? His only motive must be the prospect of some additional return for this temporary sacrifice of enjoyment, and this additional return is called the profit on his stock.

There are few subjects on which the economists have wandered further from the plain and simple truth than this of profits. It seems sufficiently obvious, that nothing can be justly reckoned profits of stock, but what can be got for it without the labour of personally applying it or superintending its application to productive purposes; because all that is got by means of that labour is *wages*, and is as properly entitled to this denomination as that which is got by any other species of labour whatever.* This clear distinction was not adverted to by Dr. Smith, and has been overlooked by nearly all his followers, who have loosely adopted as the 'profits of capital,' that portion of the joint produce of capital and labour, 'which remains to those who are occupied in productive undertakings, after the necessary payments made and capital wasted have been replaced.'† Now, though it may be allowable for a tailor or a carpenter to call this portion his profits, and to talk of making ten or fifteen per cent. on his capital by his business, yet we might have expected scientific investigators of the sources of wealth to perceive, that what is thus vulgarly called profits, or *living* profits, comprehends much more besides the strict current profit on stock, and particularly the *wages*, or recompense for the labour or superintendence of the capitalist himself — the tailor or carpenter; wages which will be proportioned to the expenditure which custom and opinion allow to that class of persons. It is quite clear, that all the economists who have thus unwittingly comprehended under the term 'profits of capital or stock,' the wages of all those very numerous classes who work, as it is said, on their own account, employing their own capital, must have wandered in a labyrinth of error and contradictions, while attempting to ascertain the laws which deter-

* Read, Political Economy, p. 244. † M'Culloch.

 mine

mine profits and wages, as distinguished from one another. Hence many of their differences and perplexities as to the inverse variation of these elements of value, the effect of taxation on either, &c.

If we analyze the surplus produce defined above, which corresponds to the vulgar notion of the living profits of capital employed in an active business by the owner, and which the economists universally speak of as the ' profits of stock,' we shall find them in all cases to be made up of, 1. Interest of capital, or what can be got for its use without personal labour or risk; 2. Insurance against the risks incident to the particular business in which the stock is employed; 3. Wages of labour for the personal superintendence, skill, or talent of the capitalist; 4. Monopoly gains, arising from the possession of exclusive advantages, such as secret or patented processes or instruments, superior connexions, facilities of local position, of soil, mines, collieries, &c. Of these elements, the last comprehends rent itself, or that portion of it at least, to which, as we shall shortly see, the economists have confined the term, and which solely arises from monopoly. The third cannot be separated from ordinary wages. The second is a quantity varying in every case according to the different degrees of hazard incurred in different occupations. Since the sum of the losses must, in the long run, balance the amount of insurance against risks, this item forms no portion of the real profits on capital, but disappears in periods of average duration. It, however, figures largely in what are vulgarly called profits, viz. the surplus returns of every separate adventure. The first, then, is clearly the only portion of what the economists designate as profits, which can be with any correctness distinguished from wages, insurance, rent, or monopoly gains.

The profit of stock, therefore, strictly speaking, is the interest of capital, usually reckoned as a per centage on the value in money of the capital employed. And it is itself made up of, 1. Compensation for the sacrifice of immediate gratification; 2. Insurance against the general risks of ultimate loss of the capital. The last element of interest depends on the security and tranquillity of the country, the chance of political convulsions, such as endanger property, the efficacy of the laws which enforce contracts, and other similar considerations, varying in an extreme degree in different places and times; so much so, that one per cent. in England will be a fuller compensation for such risk, than three per cent. perhaps in Russia, or ten per cent. in Turkey.

The first ingredient in interest will vary in magnitude according to the quantity of stock seeking occupation compared to the demand for it. The circumstances which regulate the demand and

and supply of capital are of the greatest importance, and require to be closely examined. There are two strong principles in human nature continually in opposition, the desire to consume and the desire to save or amass. Were every individual to consume the whole of his income, whether derived from wages or profits, or both, the amount of capital would remain stationary. Were the owners of capital to consume annually a portion of their stock, besides the profit derived from it, while the labourers consumed the whole of their wages, capital would decrease. The history of nations, however, teaches, that wherever institutions exist affording any tolerable security to the peaceable possession and enjoyment of property, the saving principle is sure so far to prevail over its antagonist, as to cause a continual increase of capital through the accumulation of portions of revenue employed as capital. But not only does the rate at which capital increases, and therefore its *supply*, depend on the relative strength of the passion to save and the passion to spend, but the *demand* for it is influenced by the same circumstance. If we suppose the passion of saving carried to an excess—were every member of society to content himself with the mere necessaries of life, and endeavour to employ as capital all the remainder of his income—it is evident that the demand for commodities, that is, for the produce of capital and labour, would be limited to the bare necessaries of life for a limited number of individuals. All the various productions which art and ingenuity now supply to satisfy the infinite wants and caprices of mankind, would either glut the market without a purchaser, or, from the known absence of demand for them, would cease to be produced. In either case, the demand for capital would shrink almost to nothing, and profits fall to the merest trifle. This is an extreme case which can never happen, but it is evident that, in proportion as the desire of amassing predominates over that of consuming, must the demand for the produce of capital, and therefore of capital itself, be diminished, and profits be reduced. It is final or unproductive consumption, the consumption of revenue, that alone causes, indeed constitutes, demand. Productive consumption, in other words, expenditure as capital, though it appears to consume a vast variety of articles, and to employ the services of a great variety of labourers, yet is merely an intermediate agent for the final consumer. No capitalist undertakes any business but in the confidence of a demand for his produce from some person who will require it for unproductive consumption. The demand therefore really proceeds from the latter, and the amount of general demand will always diminish or increase according as the

the passion for accumulation generally prevails over or gives way before that for immediate gratification. The ascendancy of the first propensity over the last is naturally augmented by the amelioration of civil institutions, the continuance of peace, and every circumstance that tends to give increased security to property. Hence the profits of capital under such circumstances will always be low, being kept down by the double influence of, 1. The competition of capital rapidly increasing through fresh savings; 2. The falling off in the demand for produce of all kinds, through the diminished expenditure of revenue.

It appears, then, contrary to the assertion of most political economists, that general low profits are not necessarily alarming, and indicative of a decline of national prosperity. They *may be* an index only of the rapid increase of capital, through the security and protection afforded to it by the national institutions. Such an increase is productive of the greatest benefit to society at large, in spite of the concomitant fall of profits. It is an increase of wealth and consumable produce, which must be enjoyed by some one or other. If the love of accumulation lead capitalists to be contented with a low profit, they have in this their reward—overbalancing in their own estimation the sacrifice of immediate enjoyment; and there remains a greater quantity of produce to be divided amongst the labourers in the shape of wages. It is upon wages that the mass of mankind subsists, and it is their rate which determines the good or bad condition of a whole population. There is, however, another cause of a reduction of profits independent of the increase of capital; viz. the increase of taxation. There can be no doubt that taxes are in part paid out of profits, and that every addition to them must diminish profit and the interest of money, without adding anything to wages or arguing any increase of the national wealth. On the contrary, a fall in profits, occasioned by this cause, must check the rate of increase of the national capital, and, moreover, occasion its transference to other countries, in which taxation is less onerous, and the rate of profits consequently higher in proportion to the political and legal securities for property. As capital is the sole fund for the employment and support of labour, and that labour by no means passes with the facility of capital from one country to another according to the demand for it, a comparative high rate of taxation tends directly to impoverish all classes, labourers as well as capitalists, and the former still more than the latter, deprived as they are of the resource of migration; if continued, it cannot but eventually bring on a state of general depression and decay, from which a nation may be unable to recover itself by any effort.

Circumstances

Circumstances of this nature have mainly produced the decline of the commercial greatness of Holland; and it is to be hoped that, warned by her example, England will, ere it is too late, direct all her energies to the reduction of those overwhelming public burdens which are daily driving her capital to other countries, and her labouring classes to pauperism.

The economists have nowhere committed greater errors than in discussing the relations of the demand to the supply of commodities. They insist, that there *can* be no falling off in the general demand for goods, because, all business being merely an exchange of goods, the general demand is measured by, in fact consists of, the general supply.* We have shown, however, that the real demand being for final consumption only, a general increase in the propensity to save, as compared with that to spend, would proportionably diminish the demand as compared with the supply, and occasion *a general glut*. With regard to the productions of particular branches of industry, it is evident that *their* demand and supply are still more liable to frequent and often violent oscillations. That there exists a continual tendency to an equilibrium is true, for a falling off in the demand for any particular commodity leads to the discontinuance of its production, and the transfer of labour and capital into another channel, where the demand has probably increased; but the glut, though temporary, is not on that account to be denied. The same is evidently true of the intercourse of nations, each of which stands in a similar relation to the general market with a particular trade, and is almost equally liable to overcalculate the general demand for its peculiar productions.

This, however, is utterly denied by the majority of political economists, who, as usual, lose themselves by confounding the meaning of terms, and employing them alternately in contradictory senses. In this case, they have mistaken the demand *of* a nation in the foreign market, for the demand *upon* it. The former is of course equal to, or rather consists in, its own supply. But the latter is what is really meant when we talk of the balance of demand and supply, and this consists in the commodities offered by other countries in return. To assert that *these* cannot be deficient in proportion to the demand upon them, represented by the commodities brought to market by a particular country, is just as unreasonable as would be the denial of a glut or deficiency of any particular commodity. If the productive powers of one country, as Britain for instance, increase in a much faster ratio than those of the foreign nations with which it deals, its supply to the general market will be *always* in advance of the

* Mill, Elements, chap. iv. § iii. p. 224, *et seq.*

demand

demand there; the returns will be always diminishing through the increasing competition of its capitalists to supply a market whose demand never can equal the supply they bring to it. The diminution of the returns must cause a proportionate fall both in profits and wages, so that the general condition of that country must rather deteriorate than improve through its increasing productiveness. This appears at first sight paradoxical, but is nevertheless true. Suppose the chief product of a manufacturing country to be cloth, which it exports in return for wine, and that an improvement in machinery were to diminish by one-half the cost of producing cloth; the capital employed in the trade would produce twice the quantity of cloth as before, and by the effect of competition it will soon happen, that double the quantity of cloth will be offered in the foreign market for the former quantity of wine. But supposing the production of wine not to have been facilitated in the meantime by any improvement, what is to determine the wine-grower to take double the quantity of cloth he did before? He can now, if he chuses, supply himself with the same quantity of cloth he used before, at the cost of half the quantity of wine. The probability is, that he either economises his labour, or consumes more wine himself than before, and contents himself with less than twice the number of coats he previously wore; that is, his demand for cloth is lessened as compared with the supply. Is it said, that the cloth-makers, finding a glut in their business, will transfer a portion of their capital to another? But what if the same process has been going on contemporaneously in all trades by which the foreign market is supplied—if that market be equally glutted with all other goods as well as with cloth? And why may not this happen? It is evident, that if the general productive powers of a commercial country increase much faster than those of the world at large with which it deals, not only does the competition of capital prevent any permanent increase of its returns;—not only does the benefit derived from its ingenuity ultimately fall to the sluggish foreigner, who is supplied with continually *increasing* quantities of conveniences and luxuries, in return for *fixed* quantities of his own produce; but unless the industry of the foreigner is by these advantages stimulated to increased exertions, the improving country actually loses by its intercourse with him. Its imports will be diminishing while its exports increase; and its capitalists must be contented with diminished profits, its labourers with diminished wages. The only remedy to this state of things, which we cannot but consider to have been for some years past the condition of Britain, is to transfer the excess of its productive powers, its capital and labour, to other spots on the globe possessing facilities for the production

production of those objects which it habitually imports, so as both to diminish the competition of its home producers, and at the same time impart to the foreign market a portion of its own energy, industry, ingenuity, and spirit of improvement.

We may perceive from this, the important superiority possessed by the *home* and *colonial* trades over the foreign, and a sufficient reason for a preference and encouragement to be afforded in moderation by government to the former over the latter. The aggregate demand and supply of goods in the home and colonial markets are necessarily always on a level. What one British subject loses by a change in the relations of particular commodities is gained by another. But in the foreign trade, the gain may, for a very considerable period, fall exclusively to the foreigner, the loss to the British party. And, indeed, we have shown, that so long as Britain continues to augment her powers of production in a much faster ratio than the commercial world at large, so long will her foreign trade continue to be on the whole a losing one to her capitalists. The causes which operate to increase or diminish the effectual demand of foreign countries for our productions are various, and not of a nature to preserve any mean uniformity. The rate at which wealth and civilization advance in those countries—their improvement in skill and inventions for aiding labour—the discovery or exhaustion within their territories of rich soils, mines, or fisheries—the greater or less liberality of their governments and commercial laws—the occurrence of wars, pestilences, unfruitful seasons, or of the opposite favourable circumstances—the changes of caprice, fashion, taste—and the alterations which events often produce in the habits, wants, and employments of a people—all exercise an important and very material influence on their demand for the produce of our industry. Most of these circumstances are, as regards foreign countries, wholly beyond our control: many, on the contrary, are within the influence of government, in the case of our colonies. And this remarkable difference has been wholly overlooked by those economists, who argue for the absolute inutility of colonial possessions, and assert the trade with them to have no shadow of advantage over that with strangers.

It follows from the preceding observations that the current rate of profit, or interest, under similar circumstances of taxation, depends on the amount of capital seeking employment, compared with the demand for the productions in which it is habitually worked up. The fall of profits, which is universally found to accompany an increase of wealth in a community, is owing to the increased competition of capital. But the economists of Mr. Ricardo's

cardo's school are not content with this plain solution of the fact. They refer it exclusively to 'the necessity of resorting to inferior soils for the production of food.' Their meaning, when translated into correct language, (as we shall see shortly,) is, that the continually increasing cost of supplying the necessary quantity of food for a growing population in a limited district, must continually diminish the returns to capital employed in this supply; and, as there cannot be permanently two rates of profit, the profit of all capital must fall with the profit of that which is employed in supplying the country with food. That under a law prohibiting, or placing high duties on the importation of food, the rise in the cost of the necessaries of life required by an increasing population in a limited district may lower profits, is true; but, under a free or moderately taxed importation, the cost of food increases solely, if it does increase, in consequence of the greater *distance* from which it is necessary to fetch the enlarged supply. And this trifling augmentation is, most probably, more than compensated by the advantages of *concentration* in all manufacturing processes, whereby, if the carriage of food is increased, that of the different materials of manufacture is lessened: and by the continual improvements in communications, canals, rail-roads, &c., only to be adopted where the population is closely packed. But it is demonstrable that *in no case* can profits be generally and permanently lowered by this cause; for, if the increased *local* cost of food was not fully made up by counterbalancing local advantages, such as the proximity of coal and iron mines, communications, &c., the business, capital, and all, would migrate to other spots, where, from greater fertility of soil, or the absence of restrictions on its importation, food could be acquired at a cheaper rate.

Moreover, it follows, necessarily, from the axiom as to the equality of profits in all businesses, that—since they can only permanently rise or fall as a whole—before an increasing difficulty of producing the required supply of food can be allowed to lower profits, it must be shown that there is no contemporaneous increase of the facilities for producing other commodities, to counterbalance this tendency. Every improvement in the production of manufactured articles in exchange for which food is obtained, goes directly to lower its cost; and, surely, it will not be denied, that the facilities for producing manufactures do constantly increase in a much faster ratio than the difficulties in the way of an increased supply of food can be supposed to do. In truth, the modern schools of economy, following and improving upon Mr. Ricardo, have created a bugbear out of what they call 'the decreasing fertility of soils;' and dressed it with horrors of their own invention.

Mr.

Mr. Malthus styles it a cause of the reduction of profits, 'of such magnitude and power as finally to overwhelm every other;'* Mr. M'Culloch—'the great law of nature, from whose all-pervading influence the utmost efforts of ingenuity cannot enable man to escape.' 'The increasing sterility of soil,' he says, 'is sure, in the long run, to overmatch the improvements that occur in machinery and agriculture.'† Why, in the name of common sense, what is there in 'the peculiar circumstances under which supplies of corn are produced' that deserves this terrific character? It is true, the number of quarters of wheat which an acre of land will bear is limited; nor are all acres capable of bearing an equal quantity; and, therefore, when the population of a confined district, as a township or county, increases, and requires increased supplies of corn, this must either be procured from fertile soils at a greater distance, or from inferior soils near home at a greater outlay of capital; in either case, at a somewhat greater cost. But, in the first place, it is admitted that this tendency, for it is no more, of corn to increase in cost, will be counteracted by every improvement in agriculture, in machinery, in manufacturing industry, in communications, &c. In the second, it is abundantly certain, that it has been constantly more than counterbalanced by these causes, since corn is cheaper now, in the most densely peopled spot in England, as compared with labour, than it was two centuries ago. In the last place, supposing the cost of the supply of food to increase in the lamentable manner depicted by our authors, those capitalists, who are said to suffer from it, have the very obvious resource of removing their capital to the rich soils, which spread over a great part of our colonial empire in untouched luxuriance, and only require the expenditure of capital upon them to return it tenfold.

The profits of capital form one element in the costs of production, and, consequently, in *prices*, since, on the average, these must coincide. The other principal ingredient is the wages of labour. If the former has afforded a constant stumbling-block to the economists, the latter has been, at least, equally mystified and misunderstood. Mr. Ricardo, and his followers, Messrs. Mill and M'Culloch, have chosen to give to the word 'wages' a wholly different meaning from that in which it is ordinarily used, defining wages to be the '*proportion* of produce received by the labourer,' not the amount or value, either in money or commodities at large. Now, suppose the productiveness of labour doubled, it is very certain, that the amount of produce that would fall to the share of the labourer, or what is usually understood by the wages of labour, would be increased nearly in the same proportion; yet,

* Principles of Political Economy, p. 317. † Pol. Economy, p. 488.

according

according to Mr. Ricardo's definition, we are to say, that wages have fallen in this case, because, though they command nearly twice the quantity of comforts and necessaries as before, they bear rather a lower *proportion* to the whole produce of labour and capital!

Upon this vicious and unjustifiable definition of wages, Mr. Ricardo built a strange theory as to profits and wages, which has been since taken up and amplified by Mr. M'Culloch, who publishes it with the air of a wonderful discovery destined to upset all the ordinary notions of commercial men as to the advantages reaped by them from low wages, and to form a new era in trade. It is, that 'a rise of wages cannot occasion a general rise of prices, but produces a concomitant fall of prices in all those trades which employ capital of more than the medium degree of durability, and a rise of prices only in those trades where the capital is invested in stock below this medium, the mean of prices remaining constant.' (*Pol. Econ.*, chap. iv.) We have seen that the loose and erroneous notion these economists entertain of profits must vitiate the correctness of their arguments in which this word is introduced. But abstracting this source of error, let us see what is meant by the above proposition. Wages, according to them, is the proportion of the produce which falls to the labourers, the remainder being the profit of the capitalist. In all cases, therefore, a rise of wages must be a fall of profits. But in those trades where fixed capital of great durability is employed, and little labour, the fall of profits is but small, while it is great in those of an opposite character. Hence, they argue, capital will be transferred from the latter occupations to the former, and the increased supply must speedily reduce the price of goods manufactured by capital above the medium degree of durability; while the diminished supply increases the price of such goods as are manufactured chiefly by labour, or capital below the medium of durability. Unluckily for the goodness of this argument, it is altogether forgotten in it, that the higher profit made on the former class of capital is reckoned on its previous value or cost, that it is limited in quantity, and can only be increased by the employment of labour at its increased price, that is at an increase of cost proportioned to the increase of wages. Because A., employing a machine, which does its work with the aid of very little labour, through the rise of prices, gets a higher profit upon the capital he expended on his machine, than B. does on his capital, employed solely in the payment of wages, there is no inducement for B. to leave his accustomed business for that of A.; since, to do so, he must get a *new* machine made like A.'s, and must pay for it according to the increased cost occasioned by the rise in wages; which would leave him

him no higher profit on the capital it must cost him, than what he receives at present. Obviously, all that can be said is, that a rise of wages, in the sense of the economists, presses upon individual capitalists with less severity, in proportion to the durability of the stock or machinery in which their capital is actually invested.

If we examine how it is that professors of a *soi-disant* science can bring themselves to publish such gross and obvious fallacies, we shall perceive it to be owing to their habitual, but dangerous practice of arguing on the equalizations that take place between antagonist forces in periods of long duration, as if these balances were constant at all times, and in every individual case. Mr. M'Culloch, in this argument, proceeds on the assumption, that profits must be equal in all businesses—and so they will be, *in the long run, and all circumstances taken into consideration.* But there is no reason why A. may not continue to make a higher profit upon the capital he originally expended on his machine, when wages were lower, than B. can now make on his capital, expended solely on wages. When profits are assumed to be equal in all cases, we must mean that *fixed* capital increases or diminishes in value with its variation from the general mean of profits. A fixed capital which, through some change, brings in a higher return than the average of other kinds of capital, has increased in value, though it continues to consist of the identical land, buildings, or machinery. The per centage profit on the actual value of durable capital cannot, therefore, rise above that on the most rapidly circulating; and there can be no temptation for the transfer of industry from one trade to the other, and, consequently, no change in the comparative prices of any.

Having persuaded themselves of the truth of these false conclusions, our economists go on, in the most self-satisfied way, to draw from them several corollaries, such as, 'It is abundantly certain, therefore, that no rise of wages *can* ever occasion a general rise of prices, and no fall of wages a general fall of prices.' (*M'Culloch*, p. 346.) Why, certainly, when wages are defined to be merely the labourer's share, as compared to that of the capitalist, their fall or rise can have no influence on the value of the joint return. When x varies inversely as y, the increase of x makes no difference in the value of $x+y$. We need no professor of political economy to announce, as a recondite proposition, what is identical with their own postulate. In the correct and ordinary sense of the word wages, the proposition is directly false.

But what was easily to be anticipated is, that these economists, having laid down the axiom, that prices are in no way influenced by the fall or rise of wages, which can only add to or diminish profits, have totally forgotten that the axiom is only true of the fiction

fiction they have chosen to set up as ' wages,' being, in fact, contained in their arbitrary definition; and have argued upon it as irrefragably true of *wages* in the ordinary and very different meaning of the term. They have done so with such assurance, as not only to deceive themselves, but merchants, manufacturers, and whole committees of the House of Commons, as may be seen *inter alia* in the following passage from the first ' Report of the Committee on Artisans and Machinery, Session 1824:'—

' Those *eminent persons!* who, during the last fifty years, have reduced the rules that govern the operations of trade and industry to a science, undertake to show, by arguments and facts, that the effect of low wages is not a low price of the commodity to which they are applied; but the raising of the average rate of profits in the country in which they exist. The explanation of this proposition occupies a large portion of the *justly-celebrated work* of the late Mr. Ricardo, on the Principles of Political Economy; and is also *ably set forth* in the following *evidence* of Mr. M'Culloch, to which your committee *particularly desire to draw the attention of the House.*'

Here follows, at length, this Professor's precious ' EVIDENCE,' in which he repeatedly asserts, that ' a rise of wages has no effect on prices;' that ' were wages in France half the amount of what they are in England, the *only* effect would be, the higher rate of profits in France than in England; and the French manufacturers would not, on that account, be a whit more likely to undersell the English in the common markets.' Now it is certain, that the term wages being here used without any qualifying prefix, Mr. M'Culloch's proposition was understood by every member of the committee, and by all who read his evidence, nay even by himself, to be true of wages, in their ordinary sense, namely, the money-price of labour, (in which sense the proposition is evidently false,) and that it escaped the teacher, as well as his hearers, whom he had mystified into believing so erroneous a paradox, that if prices do not rise with wages, it is only when wages are *defined* to be a proportion of produce uninfluenced by prices! And these are the *eminent* persons whose dicta are quoted in parliament, as decisive on questions involving the very existence of the trade and commerce of this mighty empire! We beg our readers, after having acquired the key we have given them to the fallacy, to read over the above passage, in which it is quoted with a reverential deference such as oracles alone have previously obtained from the legislatures of states. The understandings of the reporter and committee are evidently prostrated before the dictum of a professor of ' the science of wealth,' the proof of which ' occupies a large portion of the justly-celebrated work of the late Mr. Ricardo;' and smothering those inward whisperings which must doubtless have suggested

gested its opposition to the most obvious facts and reasonings, they venture not to question, what they nevertheless must have felt themselves incapable of understanding, and submissively lend their authority to the propagation of a miserable sophism.

The wages of labour, like the profits of capital, depend wholly on the proportion of the supply to the demand of the number of labourers, that is, to the quantity of employment. The wages of the several classes of labourers are proportioned to the different quantities of capital and labour expended in acquiring the necessary ability, to the unwholesome or disagreeable nature of the occupations—the risk of failures—the inconstancy of employment—the confidence necessarily reposed in the person employed,—and the rate of living which custom has sanctioned as appropriate to each class. Competition will, in the long run, keep the average wages of each class down to the proportion required by these several circumstances, as was long ago clearly shown by Adam Smith. But the question of general high or low wages must depend on other considerations. The only fund for the employment of labour and payment of wages is capital. The amount of capital seeking active occupation will be, therefore, the measure of the general demand for labour. Hence, as profits fall, wages will naturally rise, (other circumstances remaining the same,) and from the same cause, the competition, namely, of increased capital. If the capital of a country increases faster than the number of labourers, that is, its population, the rate of wages must increase, and, on the other hand, diminish, if the growth of population outruns that of capital. We have no space for entering here into an examination of the interminable fallacies set afloat by the political economists on this subject, such as the far-famed theory of the geometrical and arithmetical ratio, and the population-panic which it has propagated, with the mischievous result of fixing the attention of the benevolent on the means to be adopted, not for increasing the supply of food, but for diminishing the numbers of feeders.

The subject of wages has been lately treated by Mr. Senior with some novelty *, and his views, with certain corrections, appear to us to be sound. From the universal use of gold and silver as the medium of exchange, the rate of wages, or the reward for labour in commodities of all sorts, corresponds, with tolerable exactness, at one time, with their price in money. This must everywhere depend on the quantity of the precious metals for which the produce of the labourer's exertions will exchange in the general market. The value of the labour of an Englishman, a Pole, or a Chinese, in money, is determined by the value of its

* Lectures on the Cost of obtaining Money. 1830.

produce

produce in all the markets where gold and silver circulate. It follows that if wages are permanently twice as high in England as in Poland, and four times as high as in China, it is because the labour of an Englishman, aided by his superior skill, machinery, and natural resources, produces goods which will exchange for twice as much (of gold or silver, and consequently of any other commodities) in the general market, as the produce of the labour of a Pole, and four times as much as that of a Chinese. Thus high wages, instead of a disadvantage, are the greatest possible benefit to a community, giving them a proportionately larger share of the general produce of the world; being merely a *consequence* of the superior efficiency of our labour, they cannot take from our power of competing with foreigners, which obviously depends on that efficiency; and they are, in fact, the true test of the skill, industry, comforts, and civilization of the inhabitants of any country, whose condition must be deteriorated by every general fall of wages, and improved by every rise. This is Mr. Senior's argument. But, expressed in this general way, there is great danger of its being misunderstood. Mr. Senior has omitted to remark that all this is true *only* of the price of labour in a natural state of things, uninfluenced by taxation, monopolies, restrictions, or legal interference. Taxes, for instance, on any of the necessaries of life will, it is clear, raise the money-wages of labour, and yet deteriorate the condition of the labourer, diminish our power of competing with foreigners, and add nothing to the efficiency of labour. The operation of the poor-law, as at present administered in great part of England, will totally derange the natural condition of the wages of labour. Restrictions and monopolies, by which the prices of some goods are artificially increased, and labour is confined to channels where it is less efficient than it might be in others, are equally destructive of the truth of the general rule. Mr. Senior forcibly illustrates the false policy of such restrictions:

'When a nation in which the powers of production, and consequently the wages of labour, are high, employs its own members in performing duties which would be as effectually performed by the less valuable labour of less civilized nations, it is guilty of the same folly as a farmer who should plough with a race-horse.'—*Lecture on the Cost*, &c. p. 30.

But this author overlooks the influence of restrictions in that part of his argument in which he endeavours to prove that the rent of a landlord must increase in proportion as the rate of wages increases. Rent, he justly says, is the money-value of the produce of land beyond the expenses of cultivation. Were wages doubled in consequence of an increased productiveness of manufacturing

manufacturing labour, the costs of cultivation must be nearly doubled; and, 'therefore,' says Mr. Senior, 'the prices of farm produce must be doubled, and so also must the value of the surplus produce, or rent.'* Under an absolute prohibition of foreign agricultural produce this might be true;—and hence the rise of rents during the late war was no doubt chiefly owing to the increased productiveness of English manufacturing labour, attended by an increase of wages;—but with a free importation of corn, which Mr. Senior seems to contemplate in his argument, it is evident that importation will prevent the price of grain from rising very materially, and the effect of the increased cost of cultivation, through the rise of wages, can only be to throw a proportionate quantity of land out of tillage, and *lower* rents, not increase them, as the ingenious Professor imagines. We do not argue from this that landlords lose by every increase in the efficiency of manufacturing labour. As consumers of manufactures, they may be compensated by the fall in price for what they may lose in the money-value of their estates; or other circumstances, as we shall shortly see, may even obviate the fall of rents. Our only object at present is to exhibit the serious flaw which vitiates Mr. Senior's argument, when he asserts that a rise of wages, *by increasing the costs of cultivation, must increase rents!*

We are now naturally brought to the consideration of rent, a subject no less confused and mistaken by the modern school of political economy than those we have already discussed. In its ordinary acceptation, and as used by Adam Smith, the *rent* of land is the annual payment made to the owners for its use, by such persons as hire it for productive purposes. This, in the long run, must be the value of the produce beyond the expenses of production, namely, the wages of the labour and the profits on the stock employed. Mr. Ricardo, however, and after him the greater number of economists of the new school, not satisfied with this common-sense explanation of rent, have, as in the case of capital, labour, wages, and other terms, set up a definition peculiarly their own. 'Rent,' they say, 'is that portion of the produce of the earth which is paid to the landlord for the use of the original and indestructible powers of the soil.'† This description entirely omits what in reality constitutes by far the greater part of all rent, namely,—1. The interest of capital expended on houses, farm-buildings, fences, drains, roads, the original clearing, and the manure or other additions by which the *original* powers of the soil have been improved. There can be little doubt that more

* Three Lectures, &c. p. 17—20.

† Ricardo's Principles of Political Economy, Chap. ii. Mill's Elements, p. 39. M'Culloch's Principles, p. 431.

than one-half of the gross rental of the country is of this nature. —2. The value of position, with respect to markets, purchasable manures, and supply of labour. How much of the enormous rent of land in the neighbourhood of London, Liverpool, or Manchester, is owing to these circumstances, and how much to the natural powers of the soil? And yet we are told that these natural powers are all that are to be regarded as *rent*, in a strict scientific analysis of its nature. One simple question should have long ago placed the Ricardo definition in its true light. If rent depends solely on the natural fertility of the soil, why do some acres of land in England let for ten pounds a year, while an acre of the same quality in Canada will not fetch any rent at all? Mr. M'Culloch, in his last edition, has been driven to acknowledge, that

'No doubt can be entertained by any one who reflects for a moment on the vast sums,—the hundreds, if not thousands of millions, —that have been laid out upon the soil of England, that the rent paid to the landlords for the use of its natural powers is but inconsiderable compared to what is paid to them on account of improvements.'

But because 'it is impossible to distinguish accurately between this portion of rent and that which is the remuneration paid to the landlords for the use of the natural powers of the soil,' he continues to assert the latter 'inconsiderable' portion to be alone 'rent, properly so called.' Most logical conclusion! This is an extension of the rule of *pars pro toto* which we never expected to see. But we should like to know why, upon the same principle, the portion of rent which is paid for local advantages, or for expensive improvements, is not 'rent properly so called,' as much as the other 'inconsiderable' portion to which Mr. Ricardo and his followers have limited the term.

The 'theory of rent,' trumpeted forth as a great discovery of Mr. Ricardo by his followers, but which they now admit to have been previously developed by Smith, Anderson, West, Malthus, and many other writers, and which, we will assert, was, as far it is true, universally known and acted upon before political economy was dignified by the title of a science, requires no less correction than the definition. The increase of population, it is argued, compels them to have recourse for food to inferior soils. When soils of the second degree of fertility are taken into cultivation, rent arises from those of the first. When cultivation is extended to the third quality of soil, rent arises from the second, and that of the first increases in proportion; and so on with the fourth, fifth, sixth, and every other class of fertility. In order to make this theory correspond with the truth, we must first substitute for the expression 'fertility of soil,' favourable circumstances of any kind, whether derived from position, natural qualities, or the expenditure

penditure of capital. We must next remember that it is not a simple increase of the numbers of consumers which has any effect in forcing the cultivation of land under any comparative disadvantages. If population spread itself as fast as its numbers increase, the millions of acres yet uncultivated, of the very first quality of land, might supply them with subsistence for ages to come, without any increase in its necessary cost. It is the *concentration* of a population only, the increase of numbers within a limited space, which compels them to have recourse for subsistence to lands under increasing disadvantages, more distant, or less naturally fertile, and requiring a greater expenditure of capital to produce the same returns,—in other words, to procure their subsistence at a greater cost. But as there cannot be two prices in one market, it is the cost of the corn, or other raw produce, brought to market under the greatest disadvantages, which determines the price of the remainder, and consequently the rent of the lands on which that remainder is grown; since the rent is the difference between the price of the produce and the cost of raising and bringing it to market from the several lands, and is of course greater as that cost is less. Rent, therefore, does not affect price. It is price that determines rent. And both are determined by the cost of that portion of raw produce (that quarter of wheat, for example) which is permanently supplied under the greatest disadvantages. But this price also depends upon the ability of the would-be purchasers to pay it. The population of a country may increase, and with it the demand for an increase of food; but unless its wealth or productiveness increases in the same proportion, this demand will be *ineffectual*,—like that described by Adam Smith of a beggar for a coach-and-six,—the mass of the people will be forced to content themselves with an inferior quality or quantity of food, they will be unable to pay a higher aggregate price for their subsistence, the range of their supply cannot be enlarged, nor, consequently, the rents of the land whence it is derived. And this leads us to consider the policy of endeavours to keep up the prices of produce as a means of increasing rents.

We have said that the disadvantages under which the full supply of food is obtained, and which determine its price, are chiefly those of the distance and inferior fertility of the soils whence it is obtained. But artificial difficulties have been sometimes created with the express object of raising prices, and consequently rents. Such are duties on raw produce brought from a distance or from foreign countries. Such restrictions act precisely like a diminished fertility of the soil, a deterioration of climate, or a further removal of the places of supply; and the evil suffered by the

community from the increase of price far outweighs, we consider, the benefit derived by the landlord from an increase of rent. The price of the primary articles of subsistence determines in great measure the price of everything else, by influencing that of labour. Hence not only do the great body of consumers suffer from the forced increase of price of the necessaries of life, but the landlords themselves are scarcely gainers, since they are made to pay the dearer for every thing they consume. But this is not all; they are positively losers in a degree which is seldom contemplated. However free the importation of foreign agricultural produce into a manufacturing country, the landowners of the country itself must always retain their superior advantage of *proximity*, and this will occasion a constant increase of rent from a population increasing in numbers and wealth. But a population cannot increase in wealth, however they may in numbers and pauperism, if restricted from the free exchange of the produce of their industry for subsistence. To forbid them to buy in the cheapest market is to forbid them to sell their produce in the dearest, that is to the best advantage, and must check the development of their productive powers, and diminish their means of becoming customers to the neighbouring landowners for many of the products of the soil of which their proximity gives to the latter an effectual monopoly. Such conduct would be parallel to that of the miser who starved the goose that laid him golden eggs. We may illustrate the impolicy of such restrictions by supposing the landowners of the hundred of Salford, for instance, to have had the power and the will, at some former period, to restrict the inhabitants of Manchester to the consumption of corn grown within the hundred, in order to profit by monopolizing the supply of that increasing and populous district. For a short time they might by this measure have increased their rents, but the manufacturers, finding the dearness of provisions destroy their profits, would soon have migrated with their capital to other spots, and the ultimate effect would only have been to prevent altogether the growth of a manufacturing population in the district over which the monopoly extended. The landlords would then have remained at the point where they then were,—instead of getting the large rents they now receive for building-sites, garden-ground, accommodation-land, cattle and horse pastures, quarries, timber, butcher's meat, and other agricultural produce, not easily procured from a distance,—instead of reaping the advantages which the proximity to a thickly peopled and wealthy district must always confer, advantages which they were certain of retaining, and through which their rents must have continued indefinitely to increase with the increase of the manufacturing population.

Just

Just so would it be with England at large were her landowners to limit her population to the supply of food to be obtained from this country. All they could succeed in, would be to check the extension of manufacturing industry and the increase of her manufacturing population, their best customers. As Colonel Torrens justly observes,

'No proposition admits of a more rigid demonstration, than that the highest rents are paid in countries in which manufacturing industry is carried to the greatest height. But it is obviously impossible that manufactures should continue to flourish in a country where restrictions on the importation of corn raise the value of raw produce in relation to wrought goods, and thereby depress manufacturing profits below the rate prevailing in the neighbouring countries. If we do not freely import foreign produce, our manufacturing superiority cannot be maintained, and, by necessity, our high comparative rents cannot continue to be paid.'—*Treatise on External Corn Trade*, 4th edition, p. 168.

There is, however, one point of view in which restrictions to a moderate extent on the importation of foreign grain may be successfully defended, namely, as a compensation from the community at large for the peculiar burthens which at present fall, however unjustly, upon the land. There can be no doubt that the tithes and parochial rates, though raised for objects of common importance, are almost wholly paid from the land, adding so much to the costs of its cultivation, and requiring to be compensated by an increase of price in order to throw the burden where it ought to rest, namely, on the shoulders of consumers at large. It is true that the pressure of these burdens is augmented by this awkward method of distributing them, but the difficulties in the way of their equalization are so great as to lead us to acquiesce, for the present, in the present arrangement. At all events, so long as it exists, there can be no dispute as to the equitable claim of the owners and occupiers of land to a protecting duty on the importation of landed produce, to an extent sufficient to repay them what they contribute towards these common objects beyond the owners of other kinds of property.

We are thus brought to the question of free trade, on which so much has been lately written and spoken, but which yet, we think, has by no means been thoroughly cleared of its ambiguities. The general principle is undeniable, that every business must thrive most when permitted freely to sell and to buy in those markets which offer the greatest advantages. All commerce is merely an interchange of commodities, and our superior facilities for the production of particular goods are of no avail, if we refuse to take in

in exchange for them those articles in the production of which other countries have the advantage over us. But general rules of this kind often apply only to general cases, are true in a natural state of things, but are liable to be disturbed by combinations of circumstances. That the doctrine of free trade thus admits of exceptions, and is not so universal and imperative as its advocates have hitherto insisted, may be shown by the *reductio ad absurdum*. We need not invent any hypothetical case for this purpose. It has been done to our hands with a perfection which we must despair of rivalling, and with a naïveté only equalled by that with which he determined man to be capital, and profits labour, by the ingenious Professor of Political Economy to the London University. His doctrine of Absenteeism,—which the common sense of every person, not absolutely bound hand and foot *in verba magistri*, spontaneously rejected from its first utterance, even though the fallacy which supported it was not detected,—this portentous doctrine flows necessarily and immediately from the principle of free trade taken in an unlimited sense. If expenditure on foreign goods is in no case an injury to a country, absenteeism must be none, for it can clearly make no difference *where* the goods are consumed by the purchasers.

Put the case, however, of a purely agricultural country, producing scarcely anything but food: the other wants of the population, including the luxuries on which the rents of the landlords are chiefly spent, being supplied from abroad. The exchange of agricultural produce for manufactures takes place, of course, upon the principle of free trade, because they can be so acquired more cheaply than by making them at home. This *cheapness* is an evident advantage to some persons, as, for example, the landlords; but is it so to the majority of the community? Suppose an attempt made to produce any of these commodities at home; it would, according to the supposition, cost more: for example, the yard of cloth made at home would be paid for by a quarter of wheat, while it might be procured abroad for seven bushels, or one-eighth less. This is an evident loss to the purchaser; but are there no circumstances under which it may be beneficial to the country at large? Here, in one case, are seven bushels of home-grown corn given to a foreigner for his yard of cloth; in the other, eight bushels are paid to an inhabitant of the country for his! Surely the inhabitants of the country in their collective capacity may be gainers by this? The corn, which would be sent away to purchase foreign goods, is divided amongst them in requital of their labour in making the same goods at home. It is true, the owners of the corn being obliged to pay more for

for home-made than for foreign cloth, must either increase their supply of corn, in order to buy the same quantity of cloth, or be contented with one yard in eight less than they had before. Whether it is or is not advantageous to the country, on the whole, to make the sacrifice thus required of the consumers of cloth, namely, of one yard in eight, for the sake of creating an additional demand upon the industry of the country to the extent of the remaining seven yards, evidently must depend upon whether that industry is already in full employment or not. If it be so fully employed, that the cloth cannot be manufactured at home without taking away capital and labour, now profitably occupied in growing corn, so that, for every yard of cloth produced at home, there will be a quarter of corn less grown there than before, the assertion of the political economists will then, and then only, be true, that such restriction causes capital and labour to be forcibly withdrawn from a more into a less productive channel. If, on the contrary, the country is so circumstanced, that labour and capital are in excess, and seeking in vain for profitable modes of employment, it is undeniable, that the establishment of the new manufacture of cloth, by the aid of a moderate duty on imported cloth, will not diminish the powers of the country to grow corn, nor the demand for it when grown, since the same quantity which formerly went abroad to pay for foreign cloth, will now go to pay the home-producers of the same article. The country will then have gained an additional demand for its labour and capital; and the gross consumable produce of its industry to be divided amongst its inhabitants will be increased by the whole quantity of corn formerly exported to pay for cloth, and diminished on the other hand only by one yard in eight of the cloth formerly consumed by them. To illustrate from a fact: we have in Ireland a fertile country, producing large quantities of corn, beef, bacon, butter, &c.; of which, a certain portion goes to support the labourers employed in producing them, another to the farmer or capitalist for the advance of the labourers' pay, and the repairs of tools and buildings, the purchase of stock, &c.: the remainder is the *rent* of the owner of the soil, and is by him expended mainly in the purchase of various articles of luxury, such as carriages, clothes, furniture, &c.; that is to say, in the employment of certain individuals, makers of carriages, clothes, furniture, &c. Now, if the principle of free trade be universally true, it matters not to the inhabitants of the country in which this beef, corn, &c. are produced, whether they are laid out *there* in the employment of such tradesmen, or in another country: that is, it matters not to the inhabitants of Ireland, whether *they* are the persons so employed, or others; which, in the present dearth of employment throughou

throughout Ireland, appears to us about as wise as to say, it matters not to Patrick whether *he* eats his dinner or another person. We shall be told, perhaps, that, though labour is redundant in Ireland, capital is not; and that to enable Irish artisans to supply carriages, clothes, &c., to the landlords, capital must be withdrawn from the cultivation of the land, throwing an equal or greater number of agricultural labourers out of work. But this is not the fact. In reality, it is the very corn, beef, bacon, &c., the surplus produce or rent of the landlord's estates, which constitutes the substantial capital on which the artisans would be supported while administering to their wants. If *credit* were required to enable the tradesmen to command this in anticipation of the landlord's demand, can it be doubted that credit for capital to this extent would flow in from England or elsewhere, with the return of the absentee landlords? By the present system of commerce, and particularly through the agency of the general European stock-market, capital transfers itself readily to all those points where there is a profitable demand for its employment. Consequently, it is not true, that the opening of any new branch of industry in a country must *necessarily* cause the withdrawal of capital from some other, *in the same country*, in which it is now actively employed. There is, moreover, a species of elasticity in capital, by which it accommodates itself to the demand for it; and the economists themselves assert, that any new demand for capital is in effect immediately supplied from *new savings*. The return of the absentee landlords would, therefore, create an effectual demand for Irish labour, in the production of a great variety of articles consumed by them; and the beef, bacon, corn, &c., now exported on the landlord's account to pay for the labour of foreign artisans, would then find their way into thousands of Irish mouths, which now never enclose aught better than the begged or filched potato, and seldom enough of that.

The doctrine of free trade is, therefore, clearly untrue in an unlimited sense, since it will not apply to countries circumstanced like Ireland; namely, with an imperfectly employed population, and where the necessaries of life are the objects by exportation of which foreign goods are to be purchased, or rents paid to absentee landlords. It seems, indeed, on the face of it, unjust and impolitic for a country, *whose population is destitute of a sufficiency of food, owing to the want of demand for their labour, to send food away in exchange for the labour of foreigners.*

But if we take the case of a country possessing superior facilities for the production of manufactures, such as rich coal and iron mines, with the necessary ingenuity and skill, it will be directly for the interest of its inhabitants to export manufactures in

in exchange for food, because upon the imported food the population may be maintained while employing itself in producing a fresh supply of manufactures. If such a country were to restrict the importation of food, it would misdirect the employment of its own labour and capital, and check its own advancement in wealth, since *its population cannot subsist upon cutlery and cottons* while they are raising corn and other articles of future subsistence; whereas, by exchanging their cottons and cutlery with foreigners for the means of subsistence, they can go on to produce more. If Poland, for example, sent to England wheat in exchange for cloth, this trade would maintain and employ a certain large portion of the labouring population of the latter country, who would be otherwise unemployed and a burden to the community; because, from the limited fertility and extent of the English soil, they cannot be profitably employed in raising corn upon it. Any restriction on the importation of the means of subsistence can only render the condition of a redundant population, that is, of a people already unable to procure a sufficiency of the means of subsistence by its labour, still more deplorable,—can only force them to lose, by endeavouring to procure in a direct way, by the tillage of poor soils, a smaller quantity of food than they could obtain in an indirect way by fabricating manufactures to be exported in exchange for food.

It appears, then, that, 1. When the population of any country is redundant, it is injurious to permit the free importation of manufactures in exchange for food, since moderate restricting duties, by encouraging their production at home, would give employment and increased means of subsistence to the surplus population; and 2. It is a benefit to such a country to import food in exchange for manufactures, because this also increases the means of employment and subsistence for its population. There is a third case to be considered, namely, the policy of freely exchanging one sort of manufacture for another. Since such an exchange does not immediately affect the subsistence of the population, the general advantages derivable from the freedom of commerce may be secured without any countervailing injury. The exchange of cottons for silks, for example, does not necessarily add to or take from the quantity of food existing in a country, and is therefore of no moment to its inhabitants in their capacity of consumers of food. But it *is* of moment to the population in their capacity of consumers of manufactures, as by employing themselves on that manufacture for which they have the greater facilities, and exchanging the surplus beyond their own consumption for such other manufactures as they have less facility for producing, they procure the latter in greater abundance or of a better

a better quality than they could by fabricating them at home. Lastly, is it of advantage to a country, having a redundant population, freely to exchange one species of food for another? This will evidently depend on the degree to which the imported food is qualified to supply the necessities of the suffering class. Primary articles of subsistence, such as corn, cheese, beef, bacon, &c., it must evidently, under such circumstances, be advantageous to import and injurious to export, in exchange for articles of luxury, particularly such as wine, tobacco, spirits, oil, and refined sugars, which, having undergone a second process or more, are almost brought within the category of manufactures.

These maxims refer exclusively to a country in which a portion of the population are unable to obtain a sufficiency of the means of subsistence in exchange for their labour, and are wholly inapplicable to one, where an abundance of fertile soil offers the means of subsistence in plenty to all such of its population as are willing to labour for them. So long as there is a sufficient supply of the primary necessaries of life, the next desirable object is to gratify all the other multiplied wants of mankind, and this can best be done by an unlimited freedom of trade. Where good land is plentiful, the easiest and cheapest mode of obtaining manufactures will be, by exchanging the produce of land for articles worked up by the labour of those nations, whose soil is less fertile or abundant in relation to their population. Thus, though Ireland forms an exception to the rule of free trade, the interests of America require that it should be closely followed in her case. It is only the paramount importance of a sufficiency of subsistence for all the inhabitants of a country, that supersedes, in the instance of the former, the general advantages of complete freedom of exchange between the owners of property in different countries. It is a hardship, certainly, that the owners of the surplus produce of the soil should be forced, by a system of duties, to use a home-made article of inferior quality to what they might get at the same price abroad: but it is a greater hardship that, while the mass of the population are starving unemployed, immense quantities of food should be sent out of the country in exchange for the labour of foreigners.

The fallacy which has misled the writers who have supported free trade, as applicable without limit to all possible cases, has its roots deeply interwoven with the very ground-work of political economy. The whole science we consider to have been founded on a false principle; and if we are correct in this opinion, we need no longer wonder at the uncertainty and contradictions in which it has involved the question as to the best direction of the human powers of production. If political economy is to be of any real and

and practical utility, it must have for its object, not merely a dry enumeration of the different modes in which the productive powers of man are in practice applied to satisfy his desires, but also a comparison of the efficacy of these different modes towards the attainment of that end. It must not content itself with collecting facts, or arranging them into theories, but must deduce from these theories rules for the guidance of mankind to the best methods of applying their exertions. The results of the division of labour, of the improvement of machinery, and of the freedom of individual competition, if studied as barren phenomena, without any reference to their utility, would be no more interesting than the questions formerly argued in the schools. It is only the practical lesson to be derived from its study, that renders political economy a subject of deeper concern than the abstractions of pure mathematics or transcendental metaphysics. None will more readily subscribe to this assertion than the political economists themselves, who are perpetually claiming for their science a paramount importance to the interests of mankind, and urging its conclusions on governments and legislatures, as the only infallible guides for securing the welfare of states. But political economy, as hitherto pursued, is the science of wealth; its conclusions are guides to the increase of wealth, *in the sense of exchangeable value, not of utility;* and the fallacy to which we refer, as tainting its very essence, lies in the unwarranted assumption that these two are identical.

It is true, that some of the later writers have professed to recognize a distinction between value and utility. Air and water, they justly say, are highly useful, but possess no exchangeable value*. But while admitting that, with respect to such objects *as have no exchangeable value whatever*, like the unlimited gifts of nature, value and utility are quite distinct, it is undeniable, that throughout their discussions they have tacitly assumed the utility or advantageousness of all those objects which *are* purchaseable, to be determined precisely, or rather to be identical with, their exchangeable value; and have constantly argued, as if the rules they may discover for the augmentation of wealth, as measured by price or market value, are the rules which it would be wisdom for every community to follow with a view to the interest, that is, the greatest aggregate happiness, of its members.

And yet it is utterly false, that every increase of wealth is a proportionate increase of the aggregate means of enjoyment. Nay, some kinds of wealth may be vastly augmented with little or no increase of the means of enjoyment, and a very small increase of some sorts of wealth is often more beneficial to mankind than a large increase of others. Suppose, for illustration, a race of abso-

* M'Culloch, Principles, p. 4. Malthus, Definitions, p. 234.

lute

lute sovereigns to have a taste for jewels, and to employ several thousands of their subjects or slaves, generation after generation, in toiling to procure them. These treasures will be wealth of enormous *value*, but add barely anything to the aggregate means of enjoyment. Suppose another race of sovereigns to have employed equal numbers of workmen during the same time in making roads, docks, and canals throughout their dominions, and in erecting hospitals and public buildings for education or amusement. These acquisitions to the wealth of the country, having cost the same labour, may be of equal exchangeable *value* as the diamonds of the other sovereigns; but are they to be reckoned only equally *useful*, equal accessions to the aggregate means of human gratification? Suppose two tracts of ground of equal extent and fertility, one laid down as a deer-park for the mere pleasure of a wealthy individual, the other divided into a hundred allotments, each affording to the landlord a fair rent, and each, moreover, furnishing employment and abundance to an honest farmer, and a tribe of contented cottagers. Both may be equally valuable, but are they equal in their influence on the sum of human enjoyment? Who can doubt that slavery is a means of increasing the quantity of exchangeable wealth in the world? but will any one recommend it as a means of augmenting the mass of human happiness? The economists have hitherto, we believe without exception, considered wealth to increase in proportion to its increase of exchangeable value. If it is to be viewed in this light, then increase of wealth assuredly is no true measure of the increase of the means of human enjoyment; and the principles of the science of wealth, understood in this sense, may just as frequently lead to what will injure as to what will benefit the human race. If the greatest happiness of the community is the true and only end of all institutions, it follows that a government which should take political economy as a guide in its legislation, without continually correcting its conclusions by reference to the *moral code*, or the principles on which the happiness, not the wealth, of man depends, must often sacrifice the real interests of the people it presides over for a glittering fiction.

Without going, at present, fully into this new and important branch of political science, we think we may assert this proposition, at least, that the mass of human enjoyment is, *ceteris paribus*, proportioned to the number of human beings enabled, without excessive toil, to gain a comfortable subsistence. That the happiness of individuals does not necessarily increase with their wealth, needs not the combined authority of all the poets, philosophers, and moralists of past ages to convince us. The most cursory observation of mankind proves that there is often as much enjoyment beneath

beneath a straw roof as a painted cieling,—under a smock frock as a silken robe. Nay, there are who very plausibly argue that the cares of life increase with the increase of property.

'Quei che felici son non han camicia.'*

Without heaping together commonplaces on the subject, it will be disputed by few that, beyond a certain point, the amount of enjoyment shared by the different classes of society is pretty equal. 'Life,' says a shrewd writer, herself of the most elevated class, 'affords disagreeable things in plenty to the highest ranks, and comforts to the lowest; so that, on the whole, things are more equally divided among the sons of Adam than they are generally thought to be.'—(*Letters of Lady M. W. Montague.*) 'Quiconque jouit de la Santé et ne manque pas du nécessaire, est assez riche; c'est *l'aurea mediocritas* d'Horace.'†

This last passage will show us what that point is at which an increase of wealth ceases to be a proportionate increase of enjoyment. Had Rousseau's language possessed the word, instead of necessaries, he, probably, would have said 'comforts.' Our own poet confines the real wants of man to

'Meat, fire, and clothes; what more? meat, clothes, and fire.'

These, or, in other words, the means of comfortable subsistence, compose the competence which admits of, perhaps, as keen and complete enjoyment of life as any fortune can bestow. That this comfortable subsistence is to be procured only by labour, so that it be not excessive, is no detraction from the enjoyments it affords; but rather is, if anything, an addition to them. Nature has beneficently provided, that if her sons must eat their bread with the sweat of their brow, that bread is far sweeter for the previous exertion, than if it fell spontaneously into the hand of listless indolence. There is, too, no doubt, an animal pleasure in toil. It is questionable, even, whether the mental labour, to which the highest and wealthiest classes are forced to resort, as a resource against the foe of idleness, *ennui*, communicates, in general, as pleasureable an excitement as the muscular exertions of the common hind.

If, however, we come to the conclusion, that an individual who has within his reach the means of comfortable subsistence, enjoys as fair a chance of happiness as those who occupy the stations, in the opinion of the world, more enviable, it is very clear that less than this will not afford the same chance. Though the enjoyments of wealth may be, on the whole, balanced by the cares that accompany it, the evils of poverty are real and uncompensated. An individual who wants the means of subsistence, nay,

* Casti, La Camicia dell' uomo felice. † J. J. Rousseau.

of

of comfortable subsistence, together with security for its continuance, is in a state of suffering! Coarse diet may satisfy and please the hungry appetite of the peasant, as much, or more, than do costly viands the palate of the gourmand; but scanty, unvaried, or ill-flavoured food, or deficient clothing and fuel, must greatly detract from, if not entirely check the enjoyment of life.

The conclusion, then, is, that every individual who has assured to him the means of comfortable subsistence without excessive toil, has an equal chance for happiness with those who possess a larger share of wealth; but that any falling off from the means of comfortable subsistence will proportionably diminish the individual chance of enjoyment. Consequently, the means of enjoyment possessed by a limited number of individuals, as a nation, for instance, must be judged of by the number of those who possess the means of comfortable subsistence on these terms, compared with that of those who fail in obtaining them. And we thus acquire a primary measure of national happiness, which cannot but be of service in the study of the domestic economy of communities.

What are we to understand by the means of comfortable subsistence? A sufficiency of wholesome and palatable food, fuel, clothes, and a habitation. But, strictly speaking, the two latter may be said to be included in the full supply of food, since individuals so supplied, and with leisure time on their hands, can, by their own exertions, provide themselves with these other necessaries. Food is the principal and indispensable article of all. Where there is abundance of this, the other necessaries, and many of the comforts of life, will not long be wanting.

Adam Smith and Mr. Malthus seem to have perceived, without clearly comprehending, the superior importance of the primary means of subsistence to all the other kinds of wealth. This idea is evidently at the bottom of the just preference allowed by them (contrary in this to all the economists of the Ricardo school) to agriculture, over every other modification of industry. They give, as their reason, 'its being more advantageous to society;' a vague expression, which required much further development. In attempting this, they account for the fact on wrong grounds, attributing the superior advantages of agriculture to the circumstance, that 'nature does much in aid of this class of productions.' Mr. M'Culloch replies, with some truth, that nature co-operates equally in many or all other industrious occupations. The powers of water and wind, which move our machinery, support our ships, and impel them over the deep; the pressure of the atmosphere, and the elasticity of steam, are as completely the spontaneous gifts of nature, as the fertility of soils. The true cause of the superiority of

of agriculture, obviously, is, that its products are the primary necessaries of life, and, *therefore*, more valuable, and of greater importance to society, more really *useful*, than the products of other occupations which supply chiefly factitious wants, and, though equal in *price*, are by no means equal in *worth*. For, in spite of the Hudibrastic axiom,

> 'What is worth in anything,
> But so much money as 'twill bring?'

we maintain that the terms are not convertible; or at least ought not to be so considered by statesmen and philosophers. We have shown, that the aggregate happiness of a community is not increased in proportion to its wealth; that the latter may even be augmented at the expense of the former. It follows, that one of the foremost duties of statesmen and legislators should be, to learn to distinguish the circumstances which promote the happiness of a community from those which merely add to its stock of marketable wealth, in order to encourage the first in preference to the last, whenever they interfere one with the other. It will be said, perhaps, that such inquiry would be difficult and complicated; that it is impossible to weigh happiness, or establish a graduated scale by which to ascertain the utility of measures in this view. But the same argument might be as justly urged against all moral science. The precept of letting things alone to find their own level, may sound very agreeably in the ears of indolence, or of statesmen already overwhelmed with more business than they can master. But if it be just—if individuals are, as the economists strongly assert, when left entirely to themselves, 'certain to pursue that precise line of conduct which is most for the public advantage,' we wish to know why the thief, the coiner, and the smuggler are punished for pursuing *their* several avocations. The argument proves too much. It would turn the throne, the pulpit, and the bench into a sinecure, and lead to the abolition of all law and government as a needless interference with liberty of action. Lastly, it destroys the utility of political economy itself; for what avail rules for the guidance of nations to an increase of either wealth or happiness, if individuals are sure to take the right path of their own accord?

The inhabitants of no civilized country are, or can ever be, in the perfectly free and unfettered condition supposed by the economists, who would leave the common interests to the undirected and uncontrolled efforts of individuals. All our laws and usages, which determine the rights of property, and the mode of its succession, personal security, the sanctity of marriage, the reciprocal duties of the several classes, and the collection of the revenues of the state, are so many restraints upon the freedom of individual

individual action, intended solely to promote the general happiness. Their propriety or injustice can be judged of by no other rule or measure than their bearing upon the aggregate enjoyments of the community. To take, as an example, the laws which provide for the security of landed property. There can be no doubt of the general advantages of such an institution. Without security for the possession and enjoyment of the fields he inclosed, drained, and fertilized, and for the power of transmitting them, with all these added advantages, to his children, no man would have expended his labour or capital on the permanent improvement of land, and the present generation would have lost all the immense benefits we derive from these exertions of our forefathers. Still, the principle of appropriation may be carried too far; and our laws themselves recognize this, by providing, that when any members of the community are reduced by misfortune, sickness, or want of employment, to the risk of starvation, they shall have a claim for relief on the occupiers of the nearest lands. In this extremity, the right to landed property is justly made to give way before the paramount right of every individual, born into the world in civilized society, to be saved from starving in the midst of abundance. In a state of nature, the land would still have been open to him, and he would have been at liberty to use all his exertions to procure subsistence from it. But where it is all appropriated, and he is forbidden by the laws to do this, should no relief be afforded him by the same law, he is in effect commanded to starve without any effort to save himself. But what right has the society of which he is a member to inflict such a punishment on one who has committed no offence? What should induce him to comply with so unreasonable and inhuman a command? Under such circumstances, all conventional laws would be dissolved in regard to him. He would be restored to a state of nature, and would reacquire all those rights which that state implies; and amongst them, the right to derive his subsistence from the earth, and to acquire it how he may.

'In a society, therefore, which makes no provision for the poor or the unemployed labourer wanting support, the individual so circumstanced is at full liberty, in the eye of reason and justice, to use his whole force and his whole wisdom in any manner he thinks fit, short of inflicting death—the evil he would himself avoid—on another, in order to procure a pittance of food, when it becomes the only alternative by which he can save himself from dying of hunger.'—*Read, Pol. Econ.*, p. 367.

That this is the feeling of all men, when such cases are brought home to them, is evident from this, that in all trials where a person has been accused of laying hold, under the circumstances described,

scribed, of the first food that came in his way, he has invariably either been acquitted by the jury, or the penalty of the law has been remitted by the judge. The poor-law of England and Scotland, and the similar institutions of other countries, sanction and acknowledge the same principle. As if determined, however, to be always in error, the greater number of political economists have, till very lately, opposed the principle of a legal provision for the poor—and this, upon the alleged ground of the impossibility of maintaining all who may ultimately be in want of support. In plain words, they advocate the starving some for the benefit of the remainder. Mr. Malthus, in other respects a temperate and calm enquirer into these subjects, placed himself foremost in the support of this doctrine, which has, indeed, long gone by his name.

We need not at present enter into the population question, more especially since it has been shown in a former article*, that no real difficulty whatever exists in providing for any increase that can possibly take place in the numbers of a civilized, and especially of a maritime and wealthy community. A scheme of emigration was there proposed, by which the whole redundancy of population might be constantly taken off, without the cost of a single farthing to the country—requiring only the authority and agency of government to effectuate it—paying entirely its own expenses, besides affording a large eventual profit to be divided between all the parties concerned. How strange is it that in this the most civilized country of the globe, we are yet so deficient in real wisdom, as not to have learnt the means and the propriety of employing the collective power and wealth of the community to secure the major part of its members from intense suffering! Because the poor are *so poor*, as not to be able to remove themselves to our fertile colonies, where their labour would be a mine of wealth and happiness to themselves and to us at home, *therefore* they are not to be removed at all, but remain to drag out a miserable and useless existence, a burden to themselves and their fellow-countrymen! In the early stages of society, whenever the numbers of a people increased so as to be mutually troublesome, emigration took place as a thing of course, suggested by instinct and the desire of self-preservation. No doubt such a process was attended by much violence. The emigrants must have, no doubt, resorted for subsistence to plunder and spoliation on their route, and often ended it by forcibly ousting some weaker neighbouring people from their possessions. The progress of society has established laws, by which the weak are protected from the aggression of the strong, and migratory

* No. 85, Art. viii.

expeditions of this kind effectually prevented. But having thus placed a bar to the mode in which an excess of population seems naturally to have discharged itself, ought we not to have substituted some more orderly and regulated provision for effecting the same beneficial end? A systematic furtherance of emigration seems to us to be, though long neglected, as essential a branch of the duties of government, as the maintenance of that order and internal discipline over the poorer classes, which, though necessary for general purposes, prevents their migrating through their own exertions, and coops them up until their increase of numbers becomes a source of dreadful sufferings. Even should the expense fall as a burthen on the country at large, we should say that it were as wise and just an application of the national resources, as any to which we are at present accustomed; nay, in a country where the law properly provides for the support of the unemployed poor, it would prove by far the most economical and prudent course, in the interest of the wealthy classes alone. How much more expedient then is its adoption, when we have shewn that, so far from occasioning even a temporary sacrifice to any party, a scheme of emigration, conducted by government on right principles, would pay its own expenses, and be a source of vast eventual profit both to the mother country and her colonies.

We cannot quit this branch of our subject without adverting to the late sudden and ample recantations from Mr. Malthus's disciples on the subject of the poor-laws; very coolly given by them, after having been engaged all the previous part of their lives in dogmatizing on the contrary side. After having for years cried down this institution as the great sore in England's side, urging repeatedly on parliament its entire abolition, as the only means of saving the country from overwhelming pauperism; after treating with ineffable contempt the opinions of those who, from a practical knowledge of these laws, ventured to support them, these same writers quietly turn round, and, with equal effrontery, trumpet forth their tardily-acquired convictions on the blessings of the poor-laws, as a novel and important discovery of their own. We cannot, indeed, but agree in part with Mr. Read, when, speaking of this change in the orthodox creed of the modern school of economists, he says,

'Their nostrum had well nigh seared up the heart, and closed the hand of charity in these kingdoms, and had caused, perhaps, thousands of unfortunate persons to perish, from want of that proper nourishment and maintenance which every civilized community is bound, in justice, to administer to all who may be in want within its well-stored precincts. For it was nothing else but the prevalence of these nostrums which

which perverted men's minds, and steeled their hearts, and prevented timely and adequate public relief from being given to numerous bodies of men who were thrown out of employment upon several occasions, and at different places, since the conclusion of the late war. And now the very men, who were chiefly instrumental in propagating those dogmas, which have produced all this mischief and misery, come forward and declare them to be wholly visionary and unsound. To acknowledge an error when a person discovers he has fallen into one, is to be but barely honest; but to take up opinions involving such inhuman consequences, without the most rigorous investigation, and thus lightly to set them down as portions of *eternal truth and science*, is to incur a responsibility which is but ill excused by an unceremonious and disingenuous recantation of them.'—*Political Economy*, p. 347.

But the population-panic which has for so long a time past affected the imaginations of political economists, and been propagated by them with deplorable success, was but another of the errors into which they were led by the false direction we have shown their whole science to have taken. Had they not steadily kept their eyes fixed on the increase of wealth, in the sense of exchangeable value, as the only criterion of utility, had they been aware of the distinction between value and worth, and of the real circumstances on which the amount of the collective happiness of nations depends, they must have perceived that it is chiefly, if not entirely, by the increase of *the means of subsistence* that the increase of that happiness is to be measured. It would then have been recognised as the leading object of their studies to devise the best methods for increasing the means of subsistence, not for checking the multiplication of human beings. Strange hallucination of intellect, that from the wonderfully recondite *discovery*, that the numbers of mankind are limited by the quantity of food, drew the conclusion, that every effort should be employed—not to increase the supply of food—but to keep down the numbe of feeders! Until not only the whole of our own empire, but the *whole earth* is fully peopled, up to the extent of its powers of nourishment—until we have exhausted the means we unquestionably possess at present, of raising subsistence from any of the myriads of acres of fertile land yet uncultivated—until every corner of the globe is tilled, like a garden, with all the appliances which science has yet brought, or may be expected hereafter to bring, to the assistance of industry, all intentional prevention of the natural increase of population is a CRIME against society, of the same character as infanticide or the procuring abortion; it is voluntarily and unnecessarily to impede the increase of the sum of human happiness, which the Deity seems beneficently to have intended by His law of multiplication. In that process, let us leave Nature to do her best, or, as the Malthusians would say, her worst, and

apply all *our* efforts to make the increase of the means of subsistence keep pace with—we may easily make it exceed—that of population.

On the means which should be adopted to further this great and true object of economical science we have no room, at present, to dilate; but from what has preceded, it may be seen, that the following are among the most obviously expedient, viz. :—

1. The giving every rational encouragement, reward, and honour to *agriculture*, as the principal support of man; and to improved methods of culture, as the most beneficial of all discoveries. It was no shortsighted intellect, that declared the greatest benefactor of his kind to be the man who made two blades of grass grow where but one could grow before.

2. The giving the utmost freedom to the importation of food in exchange for manufactured articles, compatible with the due apportionment of the peculiar public burdens which are immediately paid from the produce of land alone.

3. The establishment of an organized and permanent system for aiding the removal of paupers *from* districts where labour is unable to command a comfortable subsistence, *to* those rich wastes whence the same labour could procure abundance, and ultimately repay tenfold the cost of conveying it thither.

Art. II.—*Attempts in Verse.* By John Jones, an Old Servant. *With some Account of the Writer, written by Himself; and an Introductory Essay on the Lives and Works of our Uneducated Poets.* By Robert Southey, Esq. London. 1830.

IN the autumn of 1827, Mr. Southey was spending a few weeks with his family at Harrowgate, when a letter reached him from John Jones, butler to a country gentleman in that district of Yorkshire, who, hearing that the poet laureate was so near him, had plucked up courage to submit to his notice some of his own 'attempts in verse.' He was touched by the modest address of this humble aspirant; and the inclosed specimen of his rhymes, however rude and imperfect, exhibited such simplicity of thought and kindliness of disposition,—such minute and intelligent observation of Nature,—such lively sensibility,—and, withal, such occasional felicities of diction,—that he was induced to make further inquiries into the history of the man. It turned out that Jones had maintained through a long life the character of a most faithful and exemplary domestic, having been no fewer than twenty-four years with the family, who, still retaining him in their service, had long since learned to regard and value him as a friend.

The

The poet laureate encouraged him, therefore, to transmit more of his verses, and the result is the volume before us—not more than a third of which, however, is occupied with the 'Attempts' of the good old butler of Kirby Hall, the rest being given to a chapter of our literary history from his editor's own pen, which, we venture to say, will be not less generally attractive than the 'Life of John Bunyan,' reviewed in our last Number.

'There were many,' says Mr. Southey, 'I thought, who would be pleased at seeing how much intellectual enjoyment had been attained in humble life, and in very unfavourable circumstances; and that this exercise of the mind, instead of rendering the individual discontented with his station, had conduced greatly to his happiness, and if it had not made him a good man, had contributed to keep him so. This pleasure should in itself, methought, be sufficient to content those subscribers who might kindly patronize a little volume of his verses.'

John Jones's own account of the circumstances under which his 'Attempts' have been produced, cannot fail to impress every mind with the moral lesson thus briefly pointed to by the editor. After a simple chronicle of his earlier life, he thus concludes:—

'I entered into the family which I am now serving in January, 1804, and have continued in it, first with the father, and then with the son, only during an interval of eighteen months, up to the present hour; and during which period most of my trifles have been composed, and some of my former attempts brought (perhaps) a little nearer perfection: but I have seldom sat down to study anything; for in many instances when I have done so, a ring at the bell, or a knock at the door, or something or other, would disturb me; and not wishing to be seen, I frequently used to either crumple my paper up in my pocket, or take the trouble to lock it up, and before I could arrange it again, I was often, Sir, again disturbed; from this, Sir, I got into the habit of trusting entirely to my memory, and most of my little pieces have been completed and borne in mind for weeks before I have committed them to paper. From this I am led to believe that there are but few situations in life in which attempts of the kind may not be made under less discouraging circumstances. Having a wife and three children to support, Sir, I have had some little difficulties to contend with; but, thank God, I have encountered them pretty well. I have received many little helps from the family, for which I hope, Sir, I may be allowed to say that I have shown my gratitude, by a faithful discharge of my duty; but, within the last year, my children have all gone to service. Having been rather busy this last week, Sir, I have taken up but little time in the preparation of this, and I am fearful you will think it comes before you in a discreditable shape; but I hope you will be able to collect from it all that may be required for your benevolent purpose: but should you wish to be empowered to speak with greater confidence of my character, by having the testimony of others in support of my own, I believe, Sir, I should not find much

much difficulty in obtaining it; for it affords me some little gratification, Sir, to think that in the few families I have served, I have lived respected, for in none do I remember of ever being accused of an immoral action, nor with all my propensity to rhyme have I been charged with a neglect of duty. I therefore hope, Sir, that if some of the fruits of my humble muse be destined to see the light, and should not be thought worthy of commendation, no person of a beneficent disposition will regret any little encouragement given to an old servant under such circumstances.'—pp. 179, 180.

The tranquil, affectionate, and contented spirit that shines out in the 'Attempts' is in keeping with the tone of this letter; and if Burns was right when he told Dugald Stewart that no man could understand the pleasure he felt in seeing the smoke curling up from a cottage chimney, who had not been born and bred, like himself, in such abodes, and therefore knew how much worth and happiness they contain; and if the works of that great poet have, in spite of many licentious passages, been found, on the whole, productive of a wholesome effect in society, through their aim and power to awaken sympathy and respect between classes whom fortune has placed asunder, surely this old man's verses ought to meet with no cold reception among those who appreciate the value of kindly relations between masters and dependants. In them they will trace the natural influence of that old system of manners which was once general throughout England; under which the young domestic was looked after, by his master and mistress, with a sort of parental solicitude—admonished kindly for petty faults, commended for good conduct, advised, and encouraged—and which held out to him who should spend a series of years honestly and dutifully in one household, the sure hope of being considered and treated in old age as a humble friend. Persons who breathe habitually the air of a crowded city, where the habits of life are such that the man often knows little more of his master than that master does of his next-door neighbour, will gather instruction as well as pleasure from the glimpses which John Jones's history and lucubrations afford of the interior machinery of life in a yet unsophisticated region of the country. His little complimentary stanzas on the birth-days, and such other festivals of the family—his inscriptions to their neighbour Mrs. Laurence of Studley Park, and the like, are equally honourable to himself and his benevolent superiors; and the simple purity of his verses of love or gallantry, inspired by village beauties of his own station, may kindle a blush on the cheeks of most of those whose effusions are now warbled over fashionable pianofortes.

The stanzas which first claimed and won the favourable consideration of the Poet Laureate were these 'To a Robin Red-Breast:'

'Sweet

Sweet social bird, with breast of red,
How prone's my heart to favour thee!
Thy look oblique, thy prying head,
Thy gentle affability;

Thy cheerful song in winter's cold,
And, when no other lay is heard,
Thy visits paid to young and old,
Where fear appals each other bird;

Thy friendly heart, thy nature mild,
Thy meekness and docility,
Creep to the love of man and child,
And win thine own felicity.

The gleanings of the sumptuous board,
Convey'd by some indulgent fair,
Are in a nook of safety stored,
And not dispensed till thou art there.

In stately hall and rustic dome,
The gaily robed and homely poor
Will watch the hour when thou shalt come,
And bid thee welcome to the door.

The Herdsman on the upland hill,
The Ploughman in the hamlet near,
Are prone thy little paunch to fill,
And pleased thy little psalm to hear.

The Woodman seated on a log
His meal divides atween the three,
And now himself, and now his dog,
And now he casts a crumb to thee.

For thee a feast the Schoolboy strews
At noontide, when the form 's forsook;
A worm to thee the Delver throws,
And Angler when he baits his hook.

At tents where tawny Gipsies dwell,
In woods where Hunters chase the hind,
And at the Hermit's lonely cell,
Dost thou some crumbs of comfort find.

Nor are thy little wants forgot
In Beggar's hut or Crispin's stall;
The Miser only feeds thee not,
Who suffers ne'er a crumb to fall.

The Youth who strays, with dark design,
To make each well-stored nest a prey,
If dusky hues denote them thine,
Will draw his pilfering hand away.

The

The Finch a spangled robe may wear,
The Nightingale delightful sing,
The Lark ascend most high in air,
The Swallow fly most swift on wing,

The Peacock's plumes in pride may swell,
The Parrot prate eternally,
But yet no bird man loves so well,
As thou with thy simplicity.'—p. 85.

Among many affectionate tributes to the kind family in whose service he has spent so many years, not the worst are some lines occasioned by the death of Miss Sadlier Bruere, written a few months afterwards (Dec. 1826) at Tours.

'Thou wert miss'd in the group when the eye look'd around,
And miss'd by the ear was thy voice in the sound;
Thy chamber was darksome, *thy bell was unrung,*
Thy footstep unheard, and thy lyre unstrung:
A stillness prevail'd at the mournful repast;
In tears was the eye on thy vacant seat cast:
Each scene wearing gloom, and each brow bearing care,
Too plainly denoted that death had been there.
* * * * *
To earth we consign'd thee, and made an advance,
The thought to beguile, to the vineyards of France.
But 'twould not be cheated; of all that was rare,
Fond nature kept whispering a wish thou could'st share:
No air softly swelling, no chord struck with glee,
But awoke in the bosom remembrance of thee.
Even now, as the cold winds adown the leaves bring,
We sigh that our flow'ret was blighted in spring.'—p. 328.

We now return to Mr. Southey's preface—which, after the sentences already quoted from it, thus proceeds:

'Moreover, I considered that as the age of reason had commenced, and we were advancing with quick step in the March of Intellect, Mr. Jones would in all likelihood be the last versifier of his class—something might properly be said of his predecessors, the poets in low life, who with more or less good fortune had obtained notice in their day; here would be matter for an introductory essay, not uninteresting in itself, and contributing something towards our literary history; and if I could thus render some little service to a man of more than ordinary worth, (for such, upon the best testimony, Mr. Jones appeared to be,) it would be something not to be repented of.'—p. 12.

Every one will rejoice that Mr. Southey has been led to write the essay thus introduced; but we, at least, cannot agree with him in thinking it likely that John Jones will be the last versifier of his class. It will take, we suspect, a long while before the march of intellect can be productive of such sweeping effects—and we are quite

quite sure, neither Mr. Southey nor we shall live to see the day. In spite of the diligence with which the self-elected schoolmasters are now scattering abroad their dry husks, we do not consider it as at all probable that, among those in the humbler classes of society who acquire the power of reading, the great majority will ever be satisfied with such fare. Their shamefully crude and wofully dull compendiums of the *omne scibile*, however gravely and even pompously lauded by authorities which ought to have been far above such condescensions, will soon run out their little hour and sleep with the trunkmaker. The solid wholesome literature of England will resume its rights; and, as the circle of cultivation widens, extend its influence, at once expanding the intellectual, and concentrating and purifying the moral energies of unborn readers. The great body of mankind must at all times continue, in the words of John Jones,

'To earn, before they eat, their bread.'

Say the diffusers of *Useful Knowledge** what they choose, the literature most serviceable, and most acceptable too, to hard-working men, will ever be that which tends to elevate and humanize the heart, through its appeals to the imagination; and the great poets who have ennobled our language will hardly possess more readers than they have hitherto done, without having their imitators increased in at least an equal proportion. The truth is, that several humble poets have very recently published volumes, which would have attracted more notice than Mr. Jones's—but that '*carent vate sacro*'—they have not been so fortunate as to come before the world with prefaces from pens such as Mr. Southey's. We allude in particular to the poor cobbler of Chichester, Charles Crocker, and John Wright, who describes himself as 'illiterate in the largest sense, never having had but six months' schooling in very early life,' and who has contrived, amidst the severest toils of a cotton manufactory at Glasgow, to embody images of rural scenery and trains of moral reflection, in stanzas, some of which would have done no discredit to more distinguished names.

In the 'Introductory Essay on the lives and works of our uneducated Poets,' which will float John Jones to posterity, the Editor has by no means exhausted his subject, but he has selected an interesting and multifarious bead-roll of specimens; for example, a Thames waterman—a farm-servant from Wiltshire—a village

* N. B.—A Frenchman's libel on the greatest of English philosophers, in which, *inter alia*, it is insinuated that his mental faculties had lost their vigour before he thought of writing on theological subjects, has been literally translated, and published as the 'Life of Newton,' by the Society for the Diffusion of *Useful Knowledge*.

cobbler

cobbler from the neighbourhood of Birmingham—a journeyman shoemaker of Woodstock—a milk-woman, and a maker of tobacco-pipes, both from his own native city of Bristol. The names of Duck, Woodhouse, Bennet, and even the more recent ones of Ann Yearsley and John Frederic Bryant, have probably never met the eye of many who will read Mr Southey's account of them; but the name, at least, of John Taylor, must be sufficiently familiar to them all. 'The water poet' enjoyed in his day greater celebrity than the whole of the rest put together; his talents were of a higher order than any of theirs—his life more picturesque, his experience and information much wider; his writings out of sight more numerous, various, and vigorous;—and he occupies a proportionate space in the Essay of the Poet Laureate, who thus introduces him:

'The distinction between the language of high and low life could not be broadly marked, till our language was fully formed, in the Elizabethan age: then the mother tongue of the lower classes ceased to be the language of composition; that of the peasantry was antiquated, that of the inferior citizens had become vulgar. It was not necessary that a poet should be learned in Greek and Latin, but it was that he should speak the language of polished society.

'Another change also, in like manner widening the intellectual distinctions of society, had by that time taken place. In barbarous ages the lord had as little advantage over his vassal in refinement of mind as of diction. War was his only business; and war, even in the brightest days of chivalry, tended as surely to brutalize the feelings of the chiefs, and render their hearts callous, as the occupations of husbandry did to case-harden and coarsen the hind and the herdsman; but when arts and luxuries (of that allowable kind for which a less equivocal term is to be desired) had found their way from cloisters into courts and castles, an improvement, as well of intellect as of manners, rapidly ensued. Then, also, the relations of states became more complicated, and courts in consequence more politic: the minds of the great grew at the same time more excursive and more reflecting; and in the relaxation which they sought in poetry, something more was required than the minstrels afforded in their lays, whether of ribaldry or romance. Learning being scarce, they who possessed a little were proud of exhibiting in their writings the extent of that small stock; and the patrons whom they courted, and who themselves were in the same stage of intellectual culture, were flattered at being addressed in a strain which must have been unintelligible to the multitude. When literature revived, the same kind of pleasure which had just before been given by a pedantic vocabulary, was produced by classical allusions, and imitations of ancient, or of Italian writers. The language then improved so suddenly, that it changed more in the course of one generation than it had done in the two preceding centuries; Elizabeth, who grew up while it was comparatively barbarous, lived

lived to see it made capable of giving adequate expression to the loftiest conceptions of human imagination. Poets were then, perhaps, more abundant than they have been in any subsequent age until the present: and, as a necessary consequence of that abundance, all tricks of style were tried, and all fantasticalities of conceit abounded; they who were poets by imitative desire or endeavour, putting forth their strength in artificial and ambitious efforts, while the true poets held the true course,—though the best of them did not always escape from what had thus been made the vice of their age.

'The circumstances, therefore, of low breeding and defective education, were so unfavourable, that the first person who, in a certain degree overcame them, obtained great notoriety, and no inconsiderable share of patronage. This was John Taylor, the Water-Poet, a man who has long been more known by name than by his writings.'—p. 13—15.

He was born somewhere in Gloucestershire, in the year 1580, and in due season put to the village school, where he proved, by his own account, no very hopeful scholar;—

> 'And reading but from *possum* to *posset*,
> There I was mired, and could no further get.'

He was therefore taken from school and bound apprentice to a Thames waterman—as soon, probably, as he could handle a scull. This calling was most likely his own choice, for he was evidently a bold, hardy lad, fond of exertion and of sport, and nowise averse to danger; and in those days the waterman's life had enough of all these elements of excitement. It was, besides, a thriving occupation. Greenwich was the favourite residence of the court; at London, the river was bestridden by only one narrow and inconvenient bridge; there were no hackney coaches; the places of public amusement were almost all on the Surrey side; and, as Taylor says, 'the number of watermen, and those that lived and were maintained by them, and by the only labour of the oar and scull, betwixt the bridge of Windsor and Gravesend, could not be fewer than forty thousand.' There may be some exaggeration here, but we must remember, that in Elizabeth's time the Thames had always been looked to as the great nursery of the navy. Every summer during her wars, some two thousand of the watermen were employed in her ships; and in her service Taylor himself made not less than sixteen voyages, including the expeditions under Essex at Cadiz and the Azores. He might therefore have announced himself in his title-page as an old seaman, had that denomination sounded in those days more respectably than his own.

No other occupation could have furnished him with more opportunities of leisure for reading; and, idle as he had been at school, he soon became a very diligent reader.

'There are many in these days,' says Mr. S., 'who set up, not alone for

for simple authors in prose or rhyme, but as critics by profession, upon a much smaller stock of book-knowledge than Taylor the Water-Poet had laid in.

> "I *care* to get good books, and I take heed
> And *care* what I do either write or read. . . . . .
> Godfrey of Bulloyne, well by Fairfax done ;
> Du Bartas, that much love hath rightly won ;
> Old Chaucer, Sidney, Spenser, Daniel, Nash,—
> I dipt my finger where they used to wash. . . . . .
> Of histories I have perused some store,
> As no man of my function hath done more.
> The Golden Legend I did overtoss,
> And found the gold mixt with a deal of dross.
> I have read Plutarch's Morals and his Lives,
> And like a bee suckt honey from those hives.
> Josephus of the Jews, Knowles of the Turks,
> Marcus Aurelius, and Guevara's works ;
> Lloyd, Grimstone, Montaigne, and Suetonius,
> Agrippa, whom some call Cornelius,
> Grave Seneca and Cambden, Purchas, Speed,
> Old monumental Fox and Holinshed ;
> And that sole Book of Books which God hath given,
> The blest eternal Testaments of Heaven,
> *That* I have read, and I with *care* confess
> Myself unworthy of such happiness."—p. xxv.

But Taylor had had other helps besides reading. The old 'license of wit' on the Thames, which lasted even as late as Dr. Johnson's time, was then in its most palmy state, and afforded an excellent school for the sort of ability which he possessed. His calling on the river brought him into constant intercourse with persons of all descriptions. He could hardly pursue it without being a habitual visiter of the theatres on the *bank-side;* and, an active mind being thus fed and stimulated, ere long the jolly waterman began to attract notice by his rhymes.

> "I that in quiet, in the days of yore,
> Did get my living at the healthful oar,
> And with content did live, and sweat, and row,
> Where, like the tide, my purse did ebb and flow ;
> My fare was good, I thank my bounteous fares,
> And pleasure made me careless of my *cares.*
> The watry element, most plentiful,
> Supplied me daily with the oar and scull ;
> And what the water yielded, I with mirth
> Did spend upon the element of earth.
> Until at length a strange poetic vein,
> As strange a way possest my working brain."—p. xxiii.

The business of the waterman had much fallen off before Taylor became

became known for his verses. The peaceful policy of James had put an end to the annual drain for the sea service; and, as misfortunes seldom come single, several of the players' companies had removed to the Middlesex side of the river—so that there were more hands than before, and less work to be divided among them. Taylor therefore hoped, that, by occasional broadsides and pamphlets, he might eke out his means of subsistence; and, in effect, this subsidiary trade of his appears to have been crowned with very considerable success.

'The manner in which he published his books, which were separately of little bulk, was to print them at his own cost, make presents of them, and then hope for "sweet remuneration" from the persons whom he had thus delighted to honour. This mode of publication was not regarded in those days so close akin to mendicity as it would now be deemed; pecuniary gifts of trifling amount being then given and accepted, where it would now be deemed an insult to offer, and a disgrace to receive them..... Ben Jonson is one of the persons to whom he declares himself "much obliged for many undeserved courtesies received from him, and from others by his favour." And in a Dedication to Charles I. he says, "My gracious Sovereign, your Majesty's poor undeserved servant, having formerly oftentimes presented to your Highness many such pamphlets, the best fruits of my lean and steril invention, always your princely affability and bounty did express and manifest your royal and generous disposition; and your gracious father, of ever blessed and famous memory, did not only like and encourage, but also more than reward the barren gleanings of my poetical inventions."

'The Earl of Holdernesse was one of his good patrons, and moved King James to bestow a place upon him. What this place was does not appear in his writings, nor have his biographers stated: one office, which must have been much to his liking, he held at the Tower, by appointment of Sir William Wade; it was that of receiving for the lieutenant his perquisite of "two black leathern bottles or bombards of wine," (being in quantity six gallons,) from every ship that brought wine into the river Thames, a custom which had continued at that time more than 300 years. This was a prosperous part of Taylor's life, and if he did not write like Homer in those days, it was not for any failure in drinking like Agamemnon. He says—

> "Ten years almost the place I did retain,
> And gleaned great Bacchus' blood from France and Spain;
> Few ships my visitation did escape,
> That brought the sprightful liquor of the grape:
> My bottles and myself did oft agree,
> Full to the top, all merry came we three!
> Yet always 'twas my chance, in Bacchus' spite,
> To come into the Tower unfox'd, upright."

'But the spirit of reform was abroad: the merchants complained that

that the bottles were made bigger than they used to be, and "waged law" with the lieutenant; and had it not been for the Wine-Poet's exertions, in finding and bringing into court those witnesses, who could swear to the size of the bottles for fifty years, they would have carried their cause. Poor Taylor was ill-rewarded for his services; no sooner had he established the right, than the office which he had held was put to sale, and he was discharged because he would not buy it. "I would not," he says, "or durst not, venture upon so unhonest a novelty, it being sold indeed at so high a rate, that whoso bought it must pay thrice the value of it."'—p. 28—32.

Mr. Southey's extracts are all from 'The Works of J. Taylor, the Water-Poet; being Sixty-three in Number, collected into One Volume by the Author, 1630;"—a volume 'of a nondescript size, which may be called *sexto*, the sheet being folded into six leaves,' and containing 600 pages. But the author lived twenty-four years after 1630, and published a great deal more—some account of which we hope we may yet look for. The productions actually collected appear to be of the most heterogeneous sort—of all lengths and on all subjects: epitaph—epithalamium—song—ballad—serious, comic, serio-comic, didactic, narrative, descriptive, and downright rampant nonsense, of which last we have one specimen, in the Cambyses' vein truly:

"Think'st thou a wolf thrust through a sheepskin glove,
Can make me take this goblin for a lamb?
Or that a crocodile in barley-broth
Is not a dish to feast Don Belzebub?
Give me a medlar in a field of blue
Wrapt up stigmatically in a dream,
And I will send him to the gates of Dis,
To cause him fetch a sword of massy chalk
With which he won the fatal Theban field
From Rome's great mitred metropolitan."

'If any celebrated person died, he was ready with an elegy; and this sort of tribute always obtained the acknowledgment in expectation of which it was offered. But it is evident that he delighted in acquiring knowledge, and took pleasure in composition for its own sake, as in the exercise of a talent which he was proud to possess. His Memorial of all the English monarchs, from Brute to King Charles, was probably composed as much from this motive as to impress upon his own memory the leading facts of English history; then a set of miserable portraits cut in wood, without the shadow of resemblance till we come to bluff King Henry VIII., fitted it for popular and perhaps for profitable sale. It is probably, from this bald and meagre chronicle in rhyme, which, for the subject, is likely to have been more common than any other of his tracts, that the commonly expressed opinion of his writings has been drawn, as if they were wholly worthless, and not above the pitch of a bellman's verses. But a more injurious

jurious opinion has seldom been formed ; for Taylor had always words at will, and wit also when the subject admitted of its display. His account of the Books in the Old and New Testament, is in the same creeping strain. The best specimen of his historical verses is entitled God's Manifold Mercies in the Miraculous Deliverance of our Church of England, from the year 1565 until this present 1630, particularly and briefly described. This is in a series of what some late writers have conveniently called quatorzains,* to distinguish them from sonnets of proper structure: they are introduced thus:—

"There was a Bull in Rome was long a breeding,
Which Bull proved little better than a Calf;
Was sent to England for some better feeding,
To fatten in his Holiness' behalf.
The virtues that this Beast of Babel had
In thundering manner was to bann and curse;
Rail at the Queen as it were raging mad;
Yet, God be thanked, she was ne'er the worse."

'He goes through the series of treasons which the bull produced, down to the Gunpowder-plot, and concludes with this Thanksgiving.

"And last of all, with heart and hands erected,
Thy Church doth magnify thy name, O Lord!
Thy Providence preserved, thy Power protected
Thy planted Vine, according to thy word.
My God! what shall I render unto Thee,
For all thy gifts bestowed on me always?
Love and unfeigned thankfulness shall be
Ascribed for thy mercies, all my days.
To Thee, my Priest, my Prophet, and my King,
My Love, my Counsellor and Comforter,
To thee alone, I only praises sing,
For only Thou art my Deliverer.
All honour, glory, power, and praise, therefore,
Ascribed be to Thee for evermore."

'These are no mean verses. Indeed, in every general Collection of the British Poets, there are authors to be found, whose pretensions to a place there are much feebler than what might be advanced on behalf of Taylor the Water-Poet. Sometimes he has imitated the strongly-marked manner of Josuah Silvester; sometimes George Wither's pedestrian strain; in admiring imitation of which latter poet, (and not with any hostile or envious feeling, as has somewhere been erroneously stated,) he composed a piece which he called Taylor's Motto,—the Motto (which is his only opposition to Wither) being, *Et habeo, et careo, et curo.* There is in Wither, when in his saner mind and better mood, a felicity of expression, a tenderness of feeling, and

* 'It is remarkable, that Mr. Wordsworth should have cast his Ecclesiastical Sketches in a form so nearly similar. The coincidence (for I know Mr. Wordsworth had never seen Taylor's works, nor heard of this portion of them) may seem to show the peculiar fitness of this form for what may be called memorial poetry.'

an

an elevation of mind, far above the Water Poet's pitch; nevertheless, Taylor's Motto is lively, curious, and characteristic, as well of the age as of the writer..... He has imitated Chaucer in a catalogue of birds, which, though mostly a mere catalogue, has some sweet lines in it; and in other places he enumerates the names of rivers, the variety of diseases, and, more curiously and at greater length, the different trades and callings which were exercised in his days. Like poor Falconer, he made use also of his nautical vocabulary in verse.

> "You brave *Neptunians*, you saltwater crew,
> Sea-ploughing mariners, I speak to you:
> From hemp you for yourselves and others gain
> Your spritsail, foresail, topsail, and your main,
> Top, and top-gallant, and your mizen abaft,
> Your coursers, bonnets, drabblers, fore and aft,
> The sheets, tacks, boliens, braces, halliers, tyes,
> Shrouds, ratlings, lanyards, tackles, lifts, and gies,
> Your martlines, ropeyarns, gaskets, and your stays,
> These for your use, small *hemp-seed* up doth raise:
> The buoy-rope, boat-rope, quest-rope, cat-rope, port-rope,
> The bucket-rope, the boat-rope, long or short rope,
> The entering-rope, the top-rope, and the rest,
> Which you that are acquainted with know best."—p. 35.

'Among his exhibitions of metre are some sonnets, as he calls them, composed upon one rhyme: one little piece in which all the lines rhyme upon *Coriat*, and another in which *crudities* is the key-word,—levelled against the same poor inoffensive humourist, who, ridiculous as he was, and liked to make himself, is nevertheless entitled to some respect for his enterprising spirit, his perseverance, and his acquirements; and to some compassion for his fate. It may be more worthy of notice, that Hudibrastic rhymes are to be found in the Water-Poet's works: there may be earlier specimens, and probably are, for Taylor possessed an imitative rather than inventive talent; but this is the earliest that I have seen.'—p. 44.

We cannot but express some surprise at the concluding sentence of the above extract. Surely the species of jingle, which has won the name of *Hudibrastic*, forms the very staple of Skelton.

The Water-Poet was already an established favourite with the public, when, in 1616, his stirring spirit led him to engage its notice by another sort of adventure, which, during his subsequent life, he frequently repeated. In those days, the men of his order were, indeed, no fresh-water sailors; and, when there were no longer an Elizabeth and an Essex to carve out warlike work for them, they were at no loss to devise schemes of needless and profitless peril for themselves. Another versifier of the time, S. Rowlands, enumerates some of the most famous of these.

> 'Ferris gave cause of vulgar wonderment,
> When unto Bristow in a boat he went:

Another

Another with his sculler ventured more,
That rowed to Flushing from our English shore:
Another did devise a wooden whale
Which unto Calais did from Dover sail:
Another with his oars and slender wherry
From London unto Antwerp o'er did ferry:
Another, maugre fickle fortune's teeth,
Rowed hence to Scotland and arrived at Leith.'

These were all, it seems, wagering adventures; and the Water-Poet soon became celebrated as the most audacious of such life-gamblers. His first *cast* was that of which he has published an account with this title—'Taylor's Travels; three weeks, three days, and three hours' observations from London to Hamburgh in Germany, amongst Jews and Gentiles; with descriptions of Towns and Towers, Castles and Citadels, artificial Gallowses and natural Hangmen.' He performed a second wherry-trip of the same sort to the coast of Germany in 1617; and in 1618, some considerable excursion being now, we suppose, a regular part of his summer's work, he laid and won a wager attended with less of serious peril, namely, to walk afoot from London to Edinburgh, 'not carrying any money to or fro; neither begging, borrowing, or asking meat, drink, or lodging.' Of this expedition also he put forth an account, partly in verse and partly in prose, (like the more celebrated *Voyage* of Bachaumont and La Chapelle,) entitled 'The Pennyless Pilgrimage, or Moneyless Perambulation of the King's Majesty's Water-Poet.'

'This journey,' says he, 'was undertaken, neither in imitation or emulation of any man, but only devised by myself, on purpose to make trial of my friends, both in this kingdom of England and that of Scotland, and because I would be an eye-witness of divers things which I had heard of that country. And whereas many shallow-brained critics do lay an aspersion on me that I was set on by others, or that I did undergo this project either in malice or mockery of Master Benjamin Jonson, I vow, by the faith of a Christian, that their imaginations are all wild; for he is a gentleman to whom I am so much obliged, for many undeserved courtesies that I have received from him, and from others by his favour, that I durst never to be so impudent or ingrateful, as either to suffer any man's persuasions, or mine own instigation, to make me to make so bad a requital for so much goodness.'—pp. 46, 47.

The undertaking, after all, was not a very arduous one. Taylor had friends on the road; his reputation was general—his wit was ready—and, moreover, he had his man, and a sumpter mule to accompany him.

"There in my knapsack to pay hunger's fees,
I had good bacon, bisket, neat's tongue, cheese,

With roses, barberries, of each conserves,
And mithridate that vigorous health preserves;
And, I intreat you take these words for no lies,
I had good aquavita, rosasolies,
With sweet ambrosia, the gods' own drink,
Most excellent gear for mortals, as I think."

'Thus provided he set forth, baiting and lodging as he went with friend or acquaintance, or at the cost or invitation of good-natured strangers. He says—

"I made my legs my oars, and rowed by land."

But he, and probably his man too, had been more used to ply their arms than their legs, for they were poor pedestrians; and had nearly foundered by the time they reached Daventry. It had been a wet and windy day, and meeting with something like Tom Drum's entertainment from the hostess of the Horse-shoe in that town, who had "a great wart rampant on her snout," they were fain

——————"to hobble seven miles more,
The way to Dunchurch, foul with dirt and mire,
Able, I think, both man and horse to tire:
On Dunsmore-heath, a hedge doth then enclose
Grounds on the right-hand, there I did repose.
Wit's whetstone, Want, then made us quickly learn
With knives to cut down rushes and green fern,
Of which we made a field-bed in the field,
Which sleep and rest and much content did yield.
There with my mother Earth I thought it fit
To lodge.—
My bed was curtained with good wholesome airs,
And being weary, I went up no stairs;
The sky my canopy; bright Phœbe shin'd;
Sweet bawling Zephyrus breath'd gentle wind;
In heaven's star-chamber I did lodge that night,
Ten thousand stars me to my bed did light.
There barricadoed with a bank lay we,
Below the lofty branches of a tree.
There my bedfellows and companions were,
My man, my horse, a bull, four cows, two steer;
But yet for all this most confused rout,
We had no bed-staves, yet we fell not out.
Thus Nature, like an ancient free upholster,
Did furnish us with bedstead, bed, and bolster;
And the kind skies (for which high Heaven be thanked!)
Allowed us a large covering, and a blanket."'—p. 47.

At Coventry the Water Poet was entertained for three days by Philemon Holland, famous in his day, 'who used, in translation, more paper and fewer pens than any other writer before or since;' and who 'would not let Suetonius be Tranquillus.' He encountered

encountered equal hospitality at Lichfield, and at Adlington, near Macclesfield, under the roof of Sir Urien Leigh, who disdained not to receive him at his own table, though he had not 'shifted a shirt' since he left London. Sir Urien provided him with letters of recommendation onwards; and at Manchester, in particular, he seems to have been welcomed with a superabundance of 'good provant.'

> 'Their loves they on the tenter-hooks did rack,
> Roast, boiled, baked, too—too much, white, claret, sack;
> Nothing they thought too heavy or too hot;
> Cann followed cann, and pot succeeded pot.'

Thus riotously he progressed until he reached the Scotch border, at which point, the inspiration of Ceres and Bacchus considerably failing him, he leaves off his rhyme, and continues the narrative in prose. He seems to have been 'sore bested,' as the ballads have it, between the Esk, and Edinburgh, which 'wished, long-expected, and famous city' he reached on the 13th of August, having started from London on the 14th of July.

'I entered like Pierce Pennyless, altogether moneyless, but, I thank God, not friendless; for, being there, for the time of my stay, I might borrow—if any man would lend; spend—if I could get; beg—if I had the impudence; and steal—if I durst venture the price of a hanging. But my purpose was to house my horse, and to suffer him and my apparel to lie in durance, or lavender, instead of litter, till such time as I could meet with some valiant friend that would desperately disburse. Walking thus down the street, (my body being tired with travel, and my mind attired with moody, muddy, Moor-ditch melancholy,) my contemplation did devoutly pray, that I might meet one or other to prey upon, being willing to take any slender acquaintance of any map whatsoever; viewing and circumviewing every man's face I met, as if I meant to draw his picture; but all my acquaintance was *non est inventus:* (pardon me, reader, that Latin is none of my own, I swear by Priscian's pericranium, an oath which I have ignorantly broken many times!) At last I resolved that the next gentleman that I met withal, should be acquaintance whether he would or no: and presently fixing mine eyes upon a gentleman-like object, I looked on him as if I would survey something through him, and make him my perspective. And he much musing at my gazing, and I much gazing at his musing, at last he crossed the way and made toward me, and then I made down the street from him, leaving him to encounter with my man, who came after me, leading my horse; whom he thus accosted: "My friend," quoth he, "doth yonder gentleman" (meaning me) "know me, that he looks so wistly on me?" "Truly, Sir," said my man, "I think not: but my master is a stranger come from London, and would gladly meet some acquaintance to direct him where he may have lodging and horse-meat." Presently the gentleman (being of a generous disposition) overtook me, with unexpected and unde-

served courtesy, brought me to a lodging, and caused my horse to be put into his own stable: whilst we, discoursing over a pint of Spanish, I related so much English to him, as made him lend me ten shillings: (his name was Master John Maxwell,) which money, I am sure, was the first that I handled after I came from out the walls of London.'—p. 55.

This good-natured stranger walked about the city with Taylor. The Water-Poet had seen many fortresses in Germany, the Netherlands, Spain and England, but all, he thought, must give place to Edinburgh Castle, both for strength and situation. Nor was his admiration less for the High Street.

'The fairest and goodliest that ever his eyes beheld, as well as the largest that he had ever heard of; the buildings being all of squared stone, five, six, and seven stories high, and many bye-lanes and closes on each side of the way, wherein are gentlemen's houses, much fairer than the buildings in the High Street; for in the High Street the merchants and tradesmen do dwell; but the gentlemen's mansions and goodliest houses are obscurely founded in the aforesaid lanes; the walls are eight or ten feet thick, exceeding strong, not built for a day, a week, or a month, or a year, but from antiquity to posterity, for many ages.'—p. 57.

Here John soon found or made abundance of acquaintances, who seem to have been right liberal, not only of their wine and ale, but of 'bullets of gold,' wherewith they amply 'replenished the vastity of an empty purse.' He dwells with special delight on a dinner given to him at Burnt-Island, by Master Robert Hay, Groom of his Majesty's Chamber, and some other gentlemen, Scotch and English; and here he introduces an anecdote of his earlier life which well illustrates the utility and capacity of that piece of dress which served Hudibras for a commissariat-waggon.

'I know not upon what occasion they began to talk of being at sea in former times, and I (amongst the rest) said, I was at the taking of Cades: whereto an English gentleman replied, that he was the next good voyage after at the Islands. I answered him that I was there also. He demanded in what ship I was? I told him in the Rainbow of the Queen's: why (quoth he) do you not know me? I was in the same ship, and my name is Witherington. Sir, said I, I do remember the name well; but by reason that it is near two-and-twenty years since I saw you, I may well forget the knowledge of you. Well, said he, if you were in that ship, I pray you tell me some remarkable token that happened in the voyage; whereupon I told him two or three tokens, which he did know to be true. Nay, then, said I, I will tell you another, which (perhaps) you have not forgotten. As our ship and the rest of the fleet did ride at anchor at the Isle of Flores, (one of the isles of the Azores,) there were some fourteen men and boys of our ship that for novelty would go ashore, and see what fruit the island did bear, and what entertainment it would yield us: so being landed, we went up and down and could find nothing but stones, heath,

heath, and moss, where we expected oranges, lemons, figs, musk-millions, and potatoes: in the mean space the wind did blow so stiff, and the sea was so extreme rough, that our ship-boat could not come to the land to fetch us, for fear she should be beaten in pieces against the rocks; this continued five days, so that we were almost famished for want of food; but at the last, (I, squandering up and down,) by the providence of God, I happened into a cave or poor habitation, where I found fifteen loaves of bread, each of the quantity of a penny loaf in England; I, having a valiant stomach of the age of almost a hundred and twenty hours breeding, fell to, and ate two loaves and never said grace; and as I was about to make a horse-loaf of the third loaf, I did put twelve of them into my breeches, and my sleeves, and so went mumbling out of the cave, leaning my back against a tree, when upon the sudden a gentleman came to me, and said, friend, what are you eating? Bread (quoth I). For God's sake, said he, give me some! With that I put my hand into my breech, (being my best pantry,) and I gave him a loaf, which he received with many thanks, and said that if ever he could requite it he would. I had no sooner told this tale, but Sir Henry Witherington did acknowledge himself to be the man that I had given the loaf unto two-and-twenty years before: where I found the proverb true, that men have more privilege than mountains in meeting.'—p. 59—61.

Taylor now proceeded to Stirling, designing to spend two or three days at the seats of the Earl of Marr and Sir William Murray of Abercairney; but as he went on, he learned that these 'honourable friends' were gone to the great hunting on the Brae of Marr; and was told that, if he made haste, he might overtake them at Brechin. The Water-Poet's curiosity was roused, and he pursued them manfully 'by strange ways, over mountains and rocks;'—'the way so uneven, stony, and full of bogs, quagmires, and long heath, that a dog with three legs would there outrun a horse with four.' In short, he never came up with his friends until, 'with extreme travail,' he had reached their wild encampment on the Brae of Marr, 'Which is a large country, all composed of such mountains, that Shooter's Hill, Gad's Hill, Highgate Hill, Hampstead Hill, Birdtop Hill, or Malvern Hills, are but mole-hills in comparison, or like a liver or gizzard upon a capon's wing, in respect of the altitude of their tops, or perpendicularity of their bottoms.'

Here he found his friends 'with lords and ladies, and hundreds of knights, esquires, and followers,' all in the dress of the country, which he very quaintly describes, and adds—

'Any man of what degree soever, that comes amongst them, must not disdain to wear it; for if they do, then they will disdain to hunt, or willingly to bring on their dogs: but if men be kind unto them and be in their habit, then are they conquered with kindness, and the sport will be plentiful.'

The Water-Poet was forthwith put into 'this shape,' and therein equipped, he remained twelve days, faring plentifully, and partaking

partaking heartily in the sport of the Tinchell-hunt, without seeing all the time 'either house, corn-field, or habitation, or any creature but deer, wild horses, *wolves* (?), and the like.'

'I thank my good Lord Erskin, he commanded that I should always be lodged in his lodging, the kitchen being always on the side of a bank, many kettles and pots boiling, and many spits turning and winding, with great variety of cheer;—as venison baked, sodden, roast, and stewed; beef, mutton, goats, kid, hares, fresh salmon, pidgeons, hens, capons, chickens, partridges, moorecoots, heathcocks, caperkellies, and termagants; good ale, sack, white and claret, tent (or allegant), with most potent aquavitæ. All these, and more than these, we had continually, in superfluous abundance, caught by falconers, fowlers, fishers, and brought by my lord's tenants and purveyors to victual our camp, which consisteth of fourteen or fifteen hundred men and horses. The manner of the hunting is this: five or six hundred men do rise early in the morning, and they do disperse themselves divers ways, and seven, eight, or ten miles compass; they do bring or chase in the deer in many herds, (two, three, or four hundred in a herd,) to such and such a place, as the noblemen shall appoint them. Then, when day is come, the lords and gentlemen of their companies do ride or go to the said places, sometimes wading up to the middle through bournes and rivers; and then they, being come to the place, do lie down on the ground, till those foresaid scouts, which are called the Tinckhell, do bring down the deer. But as the proverb says of a bad cook, so these Tinckhell men do like their own fingers; for besides their bows and arrows, which they carry with them, we can hear now and then an arquebuss or a musket go off, which they do seldom discharge in vain. Then, after we had stayed there three hours or thereabouts, we might perceive the deer appear on the hills round about us, (their heads making a show like a wood.) which, being followed close by the Tinckhell, are chased down into the valley where we lay; then all the valley on each side being waylaid with a hundred couple of strong Irish greyhounds, they are let loose as occasion serves upon a herd of deer, that with dogs, guns, arrows, dirks, and daggers, in the space of two hours, fourscore fat deer were slain.

'If sport like this can on the mountains be,
Where Phœbus' flames can never melt the snow,
Then let who list delight in vales below,
Sky-kissing mountain-pleasures are for me.
What braver object can man's eyesight see
Than noble, worshipful, and worthy wights,
As if they were prepared for sundry fights,
Yet all in sweet society agree?
Through heather, moss, 'mongst frogs and bogs and fogs,
'Mongst craggy cliffs and thunder-batter'd hills,
Hares, hinds, bucks, roes, are chas'd by men and dogs,
Where two hours' hunting fourscore fat deer kills.
Lowland, your sports are low as is your seat!
The highland games and minds are high and great.

'Being

'Being come to our lodgings, there was such baking, boiling, roasting, and stewing, as if Cook Ruffian had been there to have scalded the devil in his feathers; and after supper a fire of fir-wood as high as an indifferent may-pole; for I assure you that the Earl of Marr will give any man that is his friend, for thanks, as many fir-trees (that are as good as any ship's masts in England) as are worth (if they were in any place near the Thames, or any other portable river) the best earldom in England or Scotland either; for I dare affirm, he hath as many growing there as would serve for masts (from this time to the end of the world) for all the ships, caracks, hoyes, galleys, boats, drumlers, barks, and water-crafts, that are now or can be in the world these forty years.'—pp. 64—67.

We must pass over the circumstances of his return from this *ultima Thule* to London, as also the details of many succeeding perambulations, in the course of which he seems to have been munificently treated by many of the most eminent persons of his time. He visited the unfortunate Queen of Bohemia at Prague, when she had Prince Rupert in her arms; Tobias Mathew, the good old Archbishop of York, made him dine with him another summer at his own table;—in a word, these various progresses all abound in anecdotes of remarkable persons and manners now forgotten; so that it is to be wished Mr. Southey might be induced to make larger use of them than his present limits have permitted. Of all his adventures, the most desperate was that of going from London to Queenborough in a paper boat, with two stockfish tied to two walking-canes for oars. Roger Bird, a vintner, and probably not his own worst customer, was Taylor's associate in this precious enterprise.

'They took with them eight large and well-blown bladders, which were found necessary in the course of half an hour; for before they had got three miles, the paper bottom fell to pieces, and they had only the skeleton of the boat to trust to, and their bladders, four on each side. There they sat, "within six inches of the brim."

"Thousands of people all the shores did hide,
And thousands more did meet us on the tide,
With scullers, oars, with ship-boats and with barges,
To gaze on us they put themselves to charges.
Thus did we drive, and drive the time away,
Till pitchy night had driven away the day.
The sun unto the under world was fled,
The moon was loth to rise, and kept her bed;
The stars did twinkle, but the ebon clouds
Their light, our sight, obscures and overshrouds.
The tossing billows made our boat to caper,
Our paper form scarce being form of paper;
The water four miles broad, no oars to row;
Night dark, and where we were we did not know:

And

And thus 'twixt doubt and fear, hope and despair,
I fell to work, and Roger Bird to prayer;
And as the surges up and down did heave us,
He cried most fervently, 'Good Lord, receive us!'"

'Taylor tells us, honestly, that he prayed as much, but he worked at the same time, which the poor wineman was not waterman enough to do; and having been on the water from Saturday, "at evening tide," till Monday morning, they reached Queenborough; and he says, being

"aland,
I took my fellow Roger by the hand;
And both of us, ere we two steps did go,
Gave thanks to God that had preserved us so;
Confessing that his mercy us protected,
Whenas we least deserved, and less expected."

'They arrived on the fair day, when the mayor entertained all comers with bread, beer, and oysters. They presented him with the skeleton of their boat, which,

"to glorify that town of Kent,
He meant to hang up for a monument;"

but while he was feasting them, the country people tore it piecemeal, every man wishing to carry away a scrap as a memorial of this mad adventure.'—p. 77.

When the civil war broke out, the loyal water-poet retired to Oxford, where he supported himself by keeping an eating-house, employed his pen valiantly against the Roundheads, and made himself, it is said, 'much esteemed for his facetious company.' Some humble humorist may commonly be found hanging on the skirts of an English university, half butt, half pet to the 'young bloods;' but neither Oxford nor Cambridge records such another non-graduate of this class as Taylor. When the royal cause was ruined, he returned to Westminster, and kept a public-house in Phœnix Alley, near Long Acre. Here, after the king's death, he set up a mourning crown for his sign; but this he soon found necessary to take down, and hung his own effigies in its stead. His old age was healthful and merry; he died in 1654, in his seventy-fourth year, and was buried in the churchyard of St. Paul's, Covent Garden, with an epitaph somewhat in his own style:—

"Here lies the Water-Poet, honest John,
Who rowed in the streams of Helicon;
Where having many rocks and dangers past,
He at the haven of Heaven arrived at last."

'There is a portrait of him (says Mr. S.) bearing date 1655, by his nephew, who was a painter at Oxford, and presented it to the Bodleian, where it was thought not unworthy of a place. He is represented in a black scull-cap, and black gown, or rather cloak. The countenance is described

described to me as one of well-fed rotundity; the eyes small, with an expression of cunning, into which their natural shrewdness had probably been deteriorated by the painter; their colour seems to have been hazel: there is scarcely any appearance of eye-brows; the lips have a slight cast of playfulness or satire. The brow is wrinkled, and he is in the fashion of mustachios, with a tuft of beard under the lip. The portrait now is, like the building in which it has thus long been preserved, in a state of rapid decay:" "I hope," says the friend to whom I am obliged for this account of it, "his verse is of a more durable quality:—for *ut pictura poësis* would annihilate him altogether."

> "All making, marring, never-turning Time,
> To all that is, is period and is prime;
> Time wears out Fortune, Love, and Death, and Fame."

So sung the Water-Poet;—it wore out him, and is now wearing out his picture and his works; and he is not one of those writers for whom a palingenesia can be expected from their dust. Yet we have lately seen the whole of Herrick's poems republished, a coarse-minded and beastly writer, whose dunghill, when the few flowers that grew therein had been transplanted, ought never to have been disturbed. Those flowers indeed are beautiful and perennial; but they should have been removed from the filth and ordure in which they are embedded. There is nothing of John Taylor's which deserves preservation for its intrinsic merit alone, but in the collection of his pieces which I have perused there is a great deal to illustrate the manners of his age; and as he lived more then twenty years after this collection was printed, and continued publishing till the last, there is probably much in his uncollected works also which for the same reason ought to be preserved.

'If the Water-Poet had been in a higher grade of society, and bred to some regular profession, he would probably have been a much less distinguished person in his generation. No spoon could have suited his mouth so well as the wooden one to which he was born. His way of life was best suited to his character, nor could any regular education so fully have brought out the sort of talent which he possessed. Fortunately, also, he came into the world at the right time, and lived in an age when kings and queens condescended to notice him, nobles and archbishops admitted him to their table, and mayors and corporations received him with civic honours.'—p. 83—84.

We have dwelt so long on the Water-poet, that we must hurry over his successors; of whom, however, it is pleasing to find, notwithstanding the reflection with which Mr. Southey concludes the life of Taylor, that hardly one failed to receive, in his day, a toleable share of notice and assistance from his superiors in station.

Stephen Duck (now hardly remembered but by Swift's malicious epigram) attracted by his verses, while a poor hardworking farm-servant, the notice of a young Oxonian, by name Stanley, who

who gave him such encouragement, and such advice, that he at last deserved and obtained the patronage of Queen Caroline. Her Majesty settled 30*l.* a-year on him (which was then no poor provision), made him a yeoman of the guard, and soon afterwards keeper of her private library at Richmond, where he had apartments given him, and was encouraged to pursue his studies with a view to holy orders His poems being published by subscription, under the care of Mr. Spence, met with very considerable success; and he himself was at length preferred to the living of Byfleet in Surrey, where he maintained the character of an exemplary parish priest; and long after his first celebrity had worn itself out, was much followed as a preacher. Stephen united keen susceptibility of temperament with patience, modesty, and all those household virtues, which it has been the cant to proclaim hardly reconcileable with the impulses of the '*mens divinior*.' But his end was unhappy: the sensibilities which originally drew him from obscurity, and for which, when his mind had been opened by instruction, he discovered himself to be gifted with no such powers of expression as could hold out the prospect of lasting distinction in literature, seem to have turned inwards with fatal violence. Placed in a situation of external comfort and respectability far beyond the warmest dreams of his youth—surrounded with honourable duties, which he discharged not only blamelessly, but with general applause—the one darling hope, on which his boyish heart had fastened its ambition, had withered, exactly as his reading and intercourse with the upper world had extended—he went mad, and drowned himself, near Reading, in 1756. The best of his verses are among the earliest of them; and no one can read some of the descriptions of rural life, so unlike the effusions of the pastoral-mongers, which they contain, without admitting that his original patrons had some reason to expect from his maturer pen 'things that the world would not willingly let die.' A small specimen must suffice here:—

> 'The birds salute us as to work we go,
> And with new life our bosoms seem to glow.
> On our right shoulder hangs the crooked blade,
> The weapon destined to uncloath the mead:
> Our left supports the whetstone, scrip, and beer,
> This for our scythes, and these ourselves to cheer.
> And now the field designed to try our might
> At length appears and meets our longing sight.
> The grass and ground we view with careful eyes,
> To see which way the best advantage lies;
> And, hero-like, each claims the foremost place.
> At first our labour seems a sportive race:

With

With rapid force our sharpen'd blades we drive,
Strain every nerve, and blow for blow we give.
All strive to vanquish, tho' the victor gains
No other glory but the greatest pains.
But when the scorching sun is mounted high,
And no kind barns with friendly shade are nigh,
Our weary scythes entangle in the grass,
While streams of sweat run trickling down apace;
Our sportive labour we too late lament,
And wish that strength again we vainly spent.

* * * * * * *

With heat and labour tir'd, our scythes we quit,
Search out a shady tree, and down we sit;
From scrip and bottle hope new strength to gain;
But scrip and bottle too are tried in vain.
Down our parch'd throats we scarce the bread can get,
And, quite o'erspent with toil, but faintly eat;
Nor can the bottle only answer all;
The bottle and the beer are both too small.
Time flows: again we rise from off the grass;
Again each mower takes his proper place;
Not eager now, as late, our strength to prove,
But all contented regular to move.
We often whet, and often view the sun;
As often wish his tedious race was run.
At length he veils his purple face from sight,
And bids the weary labourer good night.
Homewards we move, but spent so much with toil,
We slowly walk and rest at every stile.
Our good expecting wives, who think we stay.
Got to the door, soon eye us in the way.
Then from the pot the dumpling's catch'd in haste,
And homely by its side the bacon placed;
Supper and sleep by morn new strength supply,
And out we set again, our work to try;
But not so early quite, nor quite so fast,
As to our cost we did the morning past.
Soon as the rising sun has drank the dew,
Another scene is open to our view:
Our master comes, and at his heels a throng
Of prattling females, arm'd with rake and prong;
Prepar'd, whilst he is here, to make his hay,
Or, if he turns his back, prepared to play;
But here, or gone, sure of this comfort still,—
Here 's company, so they may chat their fill.
Ah! were their hands so active as their tongues,
How nimbly then would move the rakes and prongs!'—
p. 99—101.

'At one time,' says Mr. Southey, 'he was in such reputation, that Lord

Lord Palmerston appropriated the rent of an acre of land, for ever, to provide a dinner and strong beer for the threshers of Charlton at a public-house in that valley, in honour of their former comrade. The dinner is given on the 30th of June. The poet himself was present at one of these anniversaries, probably the first, and speaks thus of it in a pleasing poem addressed to that nobleman.

" Oft as this day returns shall Threshers claim
Some hours of rest, sacred to Temple's name;
Oft as this day returns shall Temple cheer
The Threshers' hearts with mutton, beef, and beer.
Hence, when their children's children shall admire
This holiday, and whence derived inquire,
Some grateful father, partial to my fame,
Shall thus describe from whence and how it came:—
'Here, child, a Thresher liv'd in ancient days;
Quaint songs he sung and pleasing roundelays.
A gracious Queen his sonnets did commend,
And some great Lord, one Temple, was his friend.
That Lord was pleased this holiday to make,
And feast the Threshers for *that Thresher's sake.*'
Thus shall tradition keep my fame alive;
The bard may die—the Thresher still survive.'—p. 110.

Passing over Robert Dodsley, because 'the muse in livery' is sufficiently recorded in the general collection of our poets, Mr. Southey proceeds to the cobbler of Rowley, James Woodhouse, who had the good fortune to have the benevolent Shenstone for his neighbour, and therefore wanted neither advice nor assistance, so soon as his turn for ballad-inditing had made him known beyond his stall. This too was a good, honest, sober, humble-minded man; and, being judiciously patronized in his own calling, so as to improve his condition, but not subjected to the hazardous experiment of a forcible elevation out of his natural sphere and method of life, his days were passed and ended in more comfort than has fallen to the lot of most of the masters in the art. The sedentary occupation which he followed leaves abundant opportunity for meditation; and if, as has been alleged, more than their just proportion of the murders recorded in our Newgate Calendars belongs to this brooding fraternity, it may serve to balance the account, that it has also produced more rhymers than any other of the handicrafts.

'Crispin's sons
Have, from uncounted time, with ale and buns,
Cherish'd the gift of song, which sorrow quells;
And, working single in their low-built cells,
Oft cheat the tedium of a winter's night
With anthems.'*

* Charles Lamb—Album Verses (1830), p. 57.

Two

Two of these ultra-crepidarians are included in Mr. Southey's present chapter of chronicles;—we have already incidentally alluded to another, now flourishing at Chichester—a man who is described to us as not less estimable in character than his predecessor of Woodstock;—and there remains a name (we hope still a living one), worth all these put together—that of Mr. John Struthers, of Glasgow, author of 'The Sabbath;' a poem of which unaffected piety is not the only inspiration; and which, but for its unfortunate coincidence of subject with the nearly contemporary one of the late amiable James Grahame, would probably have attracted a considerable share of favour, even in these hypercritical days.

'Shenstone found that the poor applicant (Woodhouse) used to work with a pen and ink at his side, while the last was in his lap;—the head at one employ, the hands at another; and when he had composed a couplet or a stanza, he wrote it on his knee. In one of the pieces thus composed, and entitled Spring, there are these affecting stanzas:—

"But now domestic cares employ
And busy every sense,
Nor leave one hour of grief or joy
But's furnish'd out from thence:

Save what my little babes afford,
Whom I behold with glee,
When smiling at my humble board,
Or prattling at my knee.

Not that my Daphne's charms are flown,
These still new pleasures bring,
'Tis these inspire content alone;
'Tis all I've left of spring.

I wish not, dear connubial state,
To break thy silken bands;
I only blame relentless fate,
That every hour demands.

Nor mourn I much my task austere,
Which endless wants impose;
But oh! it wounds my soul to hear
My Daphne's melting woes!

For oft she sighs and oft she weeps,
And hangs her pensive head,
While blood her furrowed finger steeps,
And stains the passing thread.

When orient hills the sun behold,
Our labours are begun:
And when he streaks the west with gold,
The task is still undone."

'In

'In 1803, the author was living near Norbury Park, where he seems to have found a generous friend in Mr. Locke. He was then above sixty-eight years of age; I do not know when he died. In his case, as in Stephen Duck's, the persons who befriended him had the satisfaction of knowing that their kindness was well bestowed. And if the talents which they brought into notice were not of a kind in either case to produce, under cultivation, extraordinary fruits, in both a deserving man was raised from poverty, and placed in circumstances favourable to his moral and intellectual nature.'—p. 115, 120.

The next on Mr. Southey's list is John Bennet, of Woodstock, a shoemaker also, who was patronised by Thomas Warton in the same wise manner in which Woodhouse was by Shenstone and Mr. Locke. The account of him is brief, and contains nothing on which we can afford to dwell. The once familiar name of Anne Yearsley, the milkwoman of Bristol, follows; and Mr. Southey, being himself by birth a Bristol man, tells her story with lively interest and mournful effect. She was first heard of in 1784, when some verses were shown to Miss Hannah More as the production of a poor illiterate female who gained her living by selling milk from door to door.

'The story,' says Miss More, 'did not engage my faith, but the verses excited my attention; for, though incorrect, they breathed the genuine spirit of poetry, and were rendered still more interesting by a certain natural and strong expression of misery, which seemed to fill the head and mind of the author. On making diligent inquiry into her history and character, I found that she had been born and bred in her present humble station, and had never received the least education, except that her brother had taught her to write. Her mother, who was also a milkwoman, appears to have had sense and piety, and to have given an early tincture of religion to this poor woman's mind. She is about eight-and-twenty, and was married very young to a man who is said to be honest and sober, but of a turn of mind very different from her own. Repeated losses and a numerous family, for they had six children in seven years, reduced them very low; and the rigour of the last severe winter sunk them to the extremity of distress. Her aged mother, her six little infants, and herself (expecting every hour to lie in) were actually on the point of perishing, when the gentleman (Mr. Vaughan), so gratefully mentioned in her poems, providentially heard of their distress, which, I am afraid, she had too carefully concealed, and hastened to their relief. The poor woman and her children were preserved; but for the unhappy mother all assistance came too late; she had the joy to see it arrive, but it was a joy she was no longer able to bear, and it was more fatal to her than famine had been.' This 'left a settled impression of sorrow on Mrs. Yearsley's mind.'

'When I went to see her,' Miss More continues, 'I observed a perfect simplicity in her manners, without the least affectation or pretension

tension of any kind; she neither attempted to raise my compassion by her distress, nor my admiration by her parts. But on a more familiar acquaintance, I have had reason to be surprised at the justness of her taste, the faculty I least expected to find in her. In truth, her remarks on the books she had read are so accurate, and so consonant to the opinions of the best critics, that from this very circumstance they would appear trite and common-place to any one who had been in habits of society; for without having ever conversed with any body above her own level, she seems to possess the general principles of sound taste and just thinking.'—p. 125.

Under this good lady's patronage Ann Yearsley now read, and studied, and composed; and presently a small volume of poems was published with such success that the sum of three hundred and fifty pounds was placed in the funds under the names of Miss More and Mrs. Montague, as trustees, for the benefit of the authoress and her children. Mrs. Yearsley fancied that she ought to have had the management of the money herself,—disputes arose,—and the result was a lasting breach between her and the person who had been her first, and would have continued to be her best, friend. She set up a circulating library, which she did not know how to manage; her affairs became sorely embarrassed; she tried a tragedy, and a novel,—things obviously beyond her reach,—and, it is said, sunk from despondency into insanity some time before she died, in 1806, at Melksham. Her disposition had, from the beginning, been a melancholy one.

'The culture which she received, such as it was, came too late; nor does she appear to have derived any other advantage from it than that it enabled her to write with common grammatical accuracy. With extraordinary talents, strong feelings, and an ardent mind, she never produced a poem which found its way into any popular collection; and very few passages can be extracted from her writings which would have any other value than as indicating powers which the possessor knew not how to employ. But it ought to be observed here, that I have never seen either her novel or her tragedy. The best lines which I have noticed are in her second publication.

"———————— Cruel the hand
Which tears the veil of time from black dishonour;
Or, *with the iron pen of Justice, cuts*
Her cypher on the scars of early shame."

'There is a like felicity of expression in these lines on the remembrance of her mother:—

"How oft with thee, when life's keen tempest howl'd
Around our heads, did I contented sit,
Drinking the wiser accents of thy tongue,
Listless of threatening ill. *My tender eye*

Was

Was fix'd on thine, inquisitively sad,
Whilst thine was dim with sorrow: yet thy soul
Betray'd no innate weakness, but resolv'd
To tread thy sojourn calm and undismay'd."

'Flourishing reputations (of the gourd tribe) have been made by writers of much less feeling and less capability than are evident in these lines. Ann Yearsley, though gifted with voice, had no strain of her own whereby to be remembered, but she was no mocking-bird.' —pp. 132, 133.

The history of Bryant, the tobacco-pipe maker, who went through many strange changes and chances of life with a buoyant heart, and died at last in the reputable station of a bookbinder, in London (in 1791), is, after that of Taylor, the most interesting of these sketches; but we have already exhausted our limits, and must leave it untouched. Mr. Southey thus concludes:

'I do not introduce Robert Bloomfield here, because his poems are worthy of preservation separately, and in general collections; and because it is my intention one day to manifest at more length my respect for one whose talents were of no common standard, and whose character was in all respects exemplary. It is little to the credit of the age, that the latter days of a man whose name was at one time so deservedly popular, should have been past in poverty, and perhaps shortened by distress, that distress having been brought on by no misconduct or imprudence of his own.

'A newspaper paragraph, which has been inserted in one of the volumes before me, quotes from Sheridan the elder an illnatured passage in allusion to the writers who have here been noticed. "Wonder," he says, "usually accompanied by a bad taste, looks only for what is uncommon; and if a work comes out under the name of a thresher, a bricklayer, a milkwoman, or—a lord, it is sure to be eagerly sought after by the million."

'"Persons of quality" require no defence when they appear as authors in these days: and, indeed, as mean a spirit may be shown in traducing a book because it is written by a lord, as in extolling it beyond its deserts for the same reason. But when we are told that the thresher, the milkwoman, and the tobacco-pipe-maker did not deserve the patronage they found,—when it is laid down as a maxim of philosophical criticism that poetry ought never to be encouraged unless it is excellent in its kind,—that it is an art in which inferior execution is not to be tolerated,—a luxury, and must therefore be rejected unless it is of the very best,—such reasoning may be addressed with success to cockered and sickly intellects, but it will never impose upon a healthy understanding, a generous spirit, or a good heart.

'Bad poetry—(if it be harmless in its intent and tendency)—can do no harm, unless it passes for good, becomes fashionable, and so tends to deprave still further a vitiated public taste, and still further to debase

base a corrupted language. Bad criticism is a much worse thing, because a much more injurious one, both to the self-satisfied writer and the assentient reader; not to mention that without the assistance of bad criticism, bad poetry would but seldom make its way.

'The mediocres have long been a numerous and an increasing race, and they must necessarily multiply with the progress of civilization. But it would be difficult to say wherefore it should be treated as an offence against the public, to publish verses which no one is obliged either to purchase or to read. Booksellers are not likely to speculate at their own cost in such wares; there is a direct gain to other branches of trade; employment is given where it is wanted; and if pecuniary loss be a matter of indifference to the author, there is then no injury to himself, and he could not have indulged himself in a more innocent folly, if folly it should deserve to be called. But if he is a good and amiable man, he will be both the better and the happier for writing verses. "Poetry," says Landor, "opens many sources of tenderness, that lie for ever in the rock without it."

'If, indeed, a poet feels in himself a constant craving for reputation, and a desire of depreciating those who have been more successful than himself,—if he looks upon them as his competitors and rivals, not as his brethren in the art,—then verily it is unfortunate for such a man that he possesses the talent of versifying. And in that case he will soon betake himself to criticism, as a more congenial calling; for bad poets become malevolent critics, just as weak wine turns to vinegar.

'The benevolent persons who patronised Stephen Duck, did it not with the hope of rearing a great poet, but for the sake of placing a worthy man in a station more suited to his intellectual endowments than that in which he was born. Bryant was befriended in a manner not dissimilar, for the same reason. In the cases of Woodhouse and Ann Yearsley, the intention was to better their condition in their own way of life. The Woodstock shoemaker was chiefly indebted for the patronage which he received, to Thomas Warton's good-nature, for my predecessor Warton was the best-natured man that ever wore a great wig. My motives for bringing forward the present "attempts in verse" have already been explained.'—p. 163—165.

The proud name of Robert Burns does not occur in this Essay; Mr. Southey estimates him too justly to class him, on any pretext, with uneducated poets. That extraordinary man, before he produced any of the pieces on which his fame is built, had educated himself abundantly; and when he died, at the age of thirty-seven, knew more of books, as well as of men, than fifty out of a hundred in any of the learned professions in any country of the world are ever likely to do. We might speak in nearly the same way of Burns' two popular successors in Scottish minstrelsy. When the Ettrick Shepherd was first heard of, he had indeed but just learned to write by copying the letters of a printed ballad, as he lay watching his flock on the mountains; but

thirty years or more have passed since then, and his acquirements are now such, that the Royal Society of Literature, in patronizing him, might be justly said to honour a laborious and successful student, as well as a masculine and fertile genius. We may take the liberty of adding, in this place, what may not perhaps be known to the excellent managers of that excellent institution, that a more worthy, modest, sober and loyal man does not exist in his Majesty's dominions than this distinguished poet, whom some of his waggish friends have taken up the absurd fancy of exhibiting in print as a sort of boozing buffoon; and who is now, instead of revelling in the licence of tavern-suppers and party politics, bearing up, as he may, against severe and unmerited misfortunes, in as dreary a solitude as ever nursed the melancholy of a poetical temperament. Mr. Allan Cunningham needs no testimony either to his intellectual accomplishments or his moral worth; nor, thanks to his own virtuous diligence, does he need any patronage. He has been fortunate enough to secure a respectable establishment in the *studio* of a great artist, who is not less good than great, and would thus be sufficiently in the eye of the world, even were his literary talents less industriously exercised than they have hitherto been. His recent Lives of the British Painters and Sculptors form one of the most agreeable books in the language; and it will always remain one of the most remarkable and delightful facts in the history of letters, that such a work—one conveying so much valuable knowledge in a style so unaffectedly attractive—so imbued throughout, not only with lively sensibility, amiable feelings, honesty and candour, but mature and liberal taste, was produced by a man who, some twenty years before, earned his daily bread as a common stone-mason in the wilds of Nithsdale. Examples like these will plead the cause of struggling genius, wherever it may be found, more powerfully than all the arguments in the world.*

* We hope to be pardoned for taking this opportunity of bearing witness to the wise and generous method in which the Managers of the London Literary Fund conduct that admirable charity. It may not be known in many parts of the empire that such an institution exists at all; and even this casual notice may be serviceable to its revenues. We have had occasion to observe the equal promptitude and delicacy with which its Committee are ever ready to administer to the necessities of the unfortunate scholar, who can satisfy them that his misery is not the just punishment of immoral habits. Some of the brightest names in contemporary literature have been beholden to the bounty of this Institution; and in numerous instances its interference has shielded friendless merit from utter ruin.

ART. III.—*Essays on the Principles of Morality, and on the Private and Political Rights and Obligations of Mankind.* By Jonathan Dymond, Author of 'An Inquiry into the Accordancy of War with the Principles of Christianity,' &c. 2 vols. 8vo. London. 1829.

THE author of this work died in the spring of 1828, leaving in manuscript the three essays of which it consists. He was one of the society of Quakers. That society, which, in its first age, affected more learning than it possessed, and afterwards appeared to hate it only 'not worse than toad or asp,' has in this generation produced authors of whom any society might be justly proud. Mr. J. J. Gurney, if he had been a clergyman instead of a quaker, would have deserved a bishopric for his book upon the evidences of Christianity. The poems of William and Mary Howitt are known to all lovers of poetry; and who has not heard of Bernard Barton? The present work is one which the same society may well consider it an honour to have produced; it is, indeed, a book of such ability, and so excellently intended, as well as well executed, that even those who differ most widely, as we must do, from some of its conclusions, must regard the writer with the greatest respect, and look upon his early death as a public loss.

Mr. Dymond, having too sincere an understanding to perplex his readers or himself with needless subtleties, (the frothy food upon which metaphysicians and meta-politicians—calling themselves political economists—feed, and so become flatulent,) makes no attempts at strictness of definition. Beginning, therefore, with moral obligation, he says, it is of little consequence to explain critically in what it consists; sufficient is it for his purpose 'that man is under an obligation to obey his Creator;' and if any one curiously asks 'why?' he answers, '*one* reason, at least, is, that the Deity possesses the power, and evinces the intention, to call the human species to account for their actions, and to punish or reward them.' The standard of right and wrong, he says, consists in the Will of God—an assertion in which he expects the concurrence of most men; and that Will, in common with all Christians, he finds revealed in Scripture.

Mr. Dymond then inquires into the principle of expediency, when applied to the Divine law; and here he exposes some glaring, as well as perilous, inconsistencies upon that subject in Rees's 'Cyclopædia,'—not seeming to be aware that it would be as easy to make three asses perform a piece of vocal music, one taking the bass, another the tenor, and the third the treble, and all keeping time and tune, as to make many of the articles in that

voluminous compilation accord with one another, or some of them even with themselves. Here, too, he touches upon errors of a similar kind in Paley, who, after declaring that the Scriptures inculcate the duty, and enforce the obligation, of civil obedience, pronounces, nevertheless, that the *only* ground of the subject's obligation consists in expediency: but if so, says Mr. Dymond, the divine law upon the subject is a dead letter. He notices the objection that the greater part of mankind have no access to the written will of God; and how can that be the final standard of right and wrong for the human race, of which the majority have never heard? The question, he admits, is reasonable, and he answers it satisfactorily, by affirming, that they who are destitute of Scripture are not destitute of a direct communication of the will of God;—limited it may be, it may be incomplete; but it exists, and is enough to indicate a distinction between right and wrong, enough to make them moral agents and reasonably accountable to our common Judge.

Among the subordinate means of discovering the Divine will, the author first considers the law of the land; and here, as one who grounds his whole system upon the Scriptures, he explicitly asserts the authority of civil government as a director of individual conduct. 'Be subject to principalities and powers. Obey magistrates. Submit yourselves to every ordinance of man for the Lord's sake.' By the general sanction, he says, a multitude of questions respecting human duty are at once decided. 'Obedience to the law is obedience to the expressed will of God. He who, in the payment of a tax to support the just exercise of government, conforms to the law of the land, as truly obeys the Divine will, as if the Deity had regulated questions of taxation by express rules.'

But the authority of civil government is a subordinate authority. If the magistrate enjoins what is criminal, he has exceeded his power,—he has gone beyond his commission. The apostles, therefore, notwithstanding the inhibition of the rulers, taught daily in the Temple, and in every house. 'Nor let any one,' says Mr. Dymond, 'suppose that there was anything *religious* in the motives of the apostles, which involved a peculiar obligation upon them to refuse obedience; we have already seen that the obligation to conform to religious duty, and to moral duty, is *one*.' But surely it should have been observed here, that the apostles *were* under a peculiar obligation, and could neither be mistaken in their credentials, nor in the power which authorized and enabled them to act as they did. The Quaker would err grievously who should think their example justified him in bearing testimony against idolatry in St. Peter's, during high mass,

or

or the missionary who should attempt to preach in a Turkish mosque. Except in this omission, the author has justly qualified his doctrine, by saying that it is not a light thing to disobey the civil magistrate; that when the Christian conceives the requisitions of government to be opposed to a higher law, he must exercise a strict scrutiny into the principles of his conduct; and that the principle respects non-compliance only, not implying any right of resisting in any other manner—and this he exemplifies by the practice of his own society. 'It is one thing,' he says, 'not to comply with laws, and another to resist those who make or enforce them. He who thinks the payment of tithes unchristian, ought to decline to pay them; but he would act upon strange principles of morality, if, when an officer came to distrain upon his property, he forcibly resisted his authority.' The illustration is sectarian, but the principle is the old and true doctrine of the Church of England.

Some wholesome observations follow in opposition to Paley's reprehensible assertion, that 'so long as we keep within the design and intention of a law, that law will justify us, *in foro conscientiæ*, as well as in *foro humano*, whatever be the equity or expediency of the law itself.' Few disquisitions, Mr. Dymond says, are of greater practical utility than those which show, that not everything which is legally right is morally right; and that a man may be entitled by law to privileges which morality forbids him to exercise, or to possessions which it forbids him to enjoy. An historical illustration of Paley's loose principle is adduced, which well exemplifies the morality of revolutionary governments and revolutionary times.

'During the revolutionary war in America, the Virginian legislature passed a law, by which "it was enacted, that all merchants and planters in Virginia who owed money to British merchants should be exonerated from their debts, if they paid the money due into the public treasury, instead of sending it to Great Britain; and all such as stood indebted were invited to come forward and give their money, in this manner, towards the support of the contest in which America was then engaged." Now, according to the principles of Paley, these Virginian planters would have been justified, *in foro conscientiæ*, in defrauding the British merchants of the money which was their due. It is quite clear that the "design and intention of the law" was to allow the fraud,—the planters were even *invited* to commit it; and yet the heart of every reader will tell him, that to have availed themselves of the legal permission would have been an act of flagitious dishonesty. The conclusion is therefore distinct,—that legal decisions respecting property are not always a sufficient warrant for individual conduct. To the extreme disgrace of these planters it should be told, that although at first, when they would

would have *gained* little by the fraud, few of them paid their debts into the treasury, yet afterwards many large sums were paid. The legislature offered to take the American paper money; and as this paper money, in consequence of its depreciation, was not worth an hundredth part of its value in specie, the planters, in thus paying their debts to their own government, paid but one pound instead of a hundred, and kept the remaining ninety-nine in their own pockets! Profligate as these planters and as this legislature were, it is pleasant for the sake of America to add, that in 1796, after the supreme court of the United States had been erected, the British merchants brought the affair before it; and the judges directed that every one of these debts should again be paid to the rightful creditors.'—vol. i. p. 121.

—But as courts of law usually regard the letter of a statute rather than its intention, and as the intention itself, though generally good, may, in particular cases, sanction a great injustice, many duties devolve upon individuals in the application of the laws to their own affairs, and these can only be satisfied by conscientious and forbearing integrity.

Mr. Dymond next considers the authority in moral affairs, of what are called Natural Instinct and Natural Right, which authority he entitles the Law of Nature; an authority, like every other, subordinate to that of the moral law, as is plainly proved by the language of Scripture. And here the author implies an opinion upon the instinct of self-preservation and the right of self-defence, which is peculiar to his sect. That opinion it is not necessary for us to examine: here we have the pleasanter duty of expressing our entire assent to his declaration, that, necessary as the artificial distinctions of society are, inequality is carried to an excess among us, and 'the general rights of nature are invaded *in a degree* which nothing can justify. There are natural claims of the poor upon the rich, of dependants upon their superiors, which are very commonly forgotten; there are endless acts of superciliousness, and unkindness, and oppression in private life, which the law of nature emphatically condemns.' He guards against the vague and dangerous use of the word Nature, saying with Boyle, 'that as the word is sometimes commonly taken for a kind of semi-deity, in that sense it is best not to use it all; that such indistinctness of language is likely to produce a correspondent indistinctness of moral notions.' A law possesses no authority; the authority rests only in the legislator; and as nature makes no laws, a law of nature involves no obligation but that which is imposed by the Divine will.

The next of the subordinate means for discovering the Divine will, into which he inquires, is Utility, a regard to which he shows is enforced in Scripture; for Scripture enjoins the exercise of pure and universal benevolence, which benevolence is exercised in

in consulting the interests, the welfare, and the happiness of mankind. But utility, as it respects mankind, cannot be properly consulted without taking into account our interests in futurity; 'and this truth,' he says, 'is too little regarded in talking of expediency and general benevolence.' The Utilitarians, indeed, are far from thinking it expedient that any such interest should be taken into the account,—it would be looking farther than they like to look. They can persuade themselves of fallacies in their own pseudo-science, as gross and palpable as the doctrine of transubstantiation; but they will not be persuaded of those truths on which the temporal welfare of the human race, in the highest degree, and the eternal welfare of individuals certainly, and alike, depend. That statesman was an utilitarian in this respect, who, when the Virginians, in Queen Anne's time, entreated government to have some consideration for their souls, and provide them with the means of religious instruction, replied by imprecating an anti-blessing upon them, in three monosyllables, and bidding them make tobacco,—which was all that he supposed Virginians were made for!

The general experience, Mr. Dymond asserts, and truly, is, that what is most expedient with respect to another world, is most expedient with respect to the present; but were it otherwise, men's happiness, and especially the happiness of good men, does not consist merely, nor mainly, in external things. The promise of an hundred fold in the present life may still be fulfilled in mental felicity. With equal truth he laments that, both in private and public affairs, the species of utility which respects the religious and moral welfare of mankind is deplorably disregarded,—by statesmen in their schemes of policy; by legislators in their enactments; by parents and guardians in the destination of those who are committed to their charge.

In his remarks upon the law of honour, he censures Paley for enumerating it as one of the three rules of life,—that law being, as Paley himself has stated, unauthorized, capricious, and giving its sanction to crimes of a deep dye. The man of honour, according to Mr. Dymond, should pay a gambling debt, but he should not send a challenge, or accept it; the one is permitted by the moral law, because the guilt consists not in paying the money, but in staking it—the other is forbidden. But the law of honour, he says, by inculcating some things that are right, and permitting others that are wrong, practically sanctions the wrong. It attaches disgrace to falsehood; but, in the one sex, little or none to drunkenness; none to debauchery, none to adultery.

'Is it not true,' he asks, 'that men and women of honour indulge with less hesitation in some vices, in consequence of the tacit permission

mission of this law? What, then, is to be done but to reprobate the system as a whole? In this reprobation the man of sense may unite with the man of virtue; for, assuredly, the system is contemptible in the view of intellect, as well as hateful in the view of purity.'

This censure is too severe, because it is indiscriminating. We agree with the moralist, that the law of honour ought to be wholly disregarded by those who act upon a holier principle of conduct; and in fact it is so. They need no such rule when they are required to do that which is lawful and right; and in other cases they safely despise it, appealing to a higher sanction. But where men are Christians in name only, as so many are, or not even nominally Christians,—for in this portentous age, when infidelity is publicly and ostentatiously implied, in sneers and insults—almost in menaces and anticipations of a speedy triumph;—when it is all but openly avowed in high places, as if the declaration were one way to the attainment of popularity and power: in such times we may be thankful that there is a law of honour for such persons; a law which operates as some restraint upon those who are under no other restraint, moral or religious; which keeps them decently honest in spite of themselves; which makes the man who is not ashamed of being a profligate or an adulterer, ashamed of being a liar and a scoundrel; and which, in higher stations, deters men from carrying into private life that utter disregard of probity and truth which they manifest in their public conduct.

Mr. Dymond barely mentions duelling, which is the only crime into which an upright man, wanting in moral firmness, can be impelled by the law of honour. Surely there could be no difficulty in putting an end to this absurd and abominable practice by wholesome laws. Appoint six months' imprisonment for the offence of sending a challenge, or of accepting it; two years if the parties meet; and if one falls, transport the other for life: appoint the same punishment in all cases for the seconds; and from the day in which such a law should be enacted, not a pair of duelling pistols would ever again be manufactured in this country, even for the Dublin market.

There are other cases in which the laws of the land might go far towards counteracting the abuse of the law of honour. The fine for adultery might be imposed by a criminal court, instead of being awarded as a compensation in an action for damages; and imprisonment might be added in aggravated cases. And for seduction, it would be a wholesome law which should take from the seducer the same proportion of his property which the law would award to his widow, leaving it at the discretion of the judge to assign as much or as little to the woman as the circumstances

stances might render fitting, and applying the residue to some specific charities. Where there was no property which could be thus tangible, fine, or imprisonment, or both, might be imposed. Laws frustrate their own intent when they are unreasonably severe; experience has made all persons sensible of this truth; but it is not less certain, that when they are unreasonably lenient, they operate as an encouragement to wickedness.

The second essay is upon private rights and obligations, and, beginning with such as are religious, Mr. Dymond comments temperately but forcibly upon what he calls factitious semblances of devotion. As contrasted with this he describes pure worship in the best spirit of his sect, but not in a sectarian temper.

'To the real prostration of the soul in the Divine Presence, it is necessary,' he says, 'that the mind should be still: "Be still, and know that I am God." Such devotion is sufficient for the whole mind; it needs not—perhaps in its purest state it admits not—the intrusion of external things. And when the soul is thus permitted to enter, as it were, into the sanctuary of God, when all its desires are involved in the one desire of devotedness to Him, then is the hour of acceptable *worship*, then the petition of the soul is *prayer*, then is its gratitude *thanksgiving*, then is its oblation *praise*.'

This passage is eminently beautiful; and it would be as unfair on the one hand to deduce, that its principles necessarily lead to the extravagances of the mystics and the philosophy of the Mohammedan suffees or the Hindoo devotees, as to argue from it, on the other, that external aids to devotion either can or ought to be dispensed with. But no where will the author so surely incur the displeasure of those persons who call themselves the religious public, as when he deems it expedient to affirm, that 'religious conversation is one of the banes of the religious world,' and that 'the habit' of communicating 'experiences, is, in the great majority of instances, very prejudicial.' The Jesuits themselves could not, indeed, have devised a better preparation for popery than this practice.

Reasoning upon 'Sabbatical Institutions,' and admitting the propriety of *united* worship, and, as a necessary consequence, that the days for such worship must be fixed, the author says that, whether they should recur at intervals of seven days, or of five, or of ten, does not appear to be indicated by the light of reason, neither can he discover any thing in scripture which makes a specific interval obligatory upon us. Yet surely the general practice of the Christian world shows that it has been considered obligatory; and as surely in all those who hold that a specific interval was divinely appointed, (in other words, those who believe the

the scriptures,) general feeling, setting prejudice aside, would come to the same conclusion. To us it seems surprising that Mr. Dymond should have doubted this; and also that he should not have perceived the septenary division to be most convenient, because it neither interrupts industry too often, nor exacts from it too much. Too many of our political economists and economical reformers would gladly avail themselves of such an authority — the authority of one who builds his moral philosophy upon the foundation of revealed religion; too many of those who make laws, or who direct that public opinion in conformity to which laws are now made and unmade, would think the abolition of Sundays, and the introduction of decades in their stead, a notable means of adding to the productive industry of the country. The anti-Christian party attached no little importance to such an alteration during their tyranny in France.

The author, however, comes to the conclusion, that as one interval is not more appropriate than another, nor one day, the interval and day which have been fixed upon are therefore right and best; and he proceeds to inquire, how far we are bound on the Sabbath to a cessation from labour, which he says is no where enjoined in the Christian Scriptures. 'The *day* is not sacred, therefore business is not necessarily sinful; the day ought to be devoted to religion, therefore other needless concerns generally are wrong.' 'There will be little difficulty in determining what it is allowable to do, and what it is not, if the inquiry be not, how much secularity does religion allow? but, how much can I properly avoid?' Like a reasonable man, he allows enough to reasonable calls, and, like a religious one, not too much. Sunday newspapers he would put an end to by an additional twopence on the stamp-duty. Sunday stage-coach travelling he would check by an increase of the duty per mile on those coaches which travel every day; and in regulating this evil, he says, there would be not more difficulty or inconvenience than have been found in closing the General Post Office on Sundays. He adds, on the authority of a coachman, that this class of men would gladly unite in a request to their employers for this end, if it were likely to avail. But on the whole, Sunday travelling, being necessary in very many cases, and of such convenience as men cannot be expected to forego in many more, may better be regulated by individual feeling and sense of duty than by any legislative enactments.

Private amusements Mr. Dymond condemns as clearly wrong on the Sabbath, and public ones as especially so. Sunday excursions of pleasure he thinks rarely defensible, because they are not

not comporting with the purposes to which this day is appropriated. But, he says, not everything which partakes of recreation is unallowable; a walk in the country may be right, when a party to a watering-place would be wrong. The religious public, as they call themselves, will think that too much is allowed here; not so those persons who inquire what are the direct and visible consequences of enforcing, or rather attempting to enforce, a puritanical observance of the Sabbath. A day of rest it is by the laws of the land, and ought to be by the laws of God—let us be thankful when we thus find them in agreement; but a day wholly dedicated to devotion it was not intended to be by either, nor in the nature of things can it possibly be so. The greater part of it must be spent in the quiet enjoyment of domestic life, or in out-of-door recreation, or in idleness. In the former and better manner it is passed by the majority of the middle classes; it is the day on which friends and relations meet whom business keeps apart during six days of the week; and the stoppage of stage-coaches within twenty miles of London on the Sunday would take away more moral and wholesome enjoyment than any act of the legislature can produce. But supposing public worship were duly attended by all persons, as, according to what has now become a fiction of the law, it is designed to be, how are the remaining portions of the day to be disposed of by those who have no domestic circle to which they can repair; no opportunities for that refreshment both of body and mind, which the sabbath, when wisely and properly observed, affords; or who, if belonging to or placed in religious families, are not yet at years of such discretion as suffices to repress their natural activity and the instinctive desire of recreation? Rigorous game laws do not more certainly encourage poaching, than the puritanical observance of the Sabbath leads to sabbath-breaking.

We pass over the author's remarks upon Ceremonial Institutions and Devotional Formularies; they are in the spirit of Quakerism, but of Quakerism such as it appears in his writings and in those of Mr. Gurney, not in those of George Fox and the Sons of Thunder, who poured forth volumes of vituperation. The opinions of that sect appear to less questionable advantage in the chapter of Property, where he shows in how many instances the defect of the laws is to be supplied, or their injustice, where they act (as they needs must sometimes do) injuriously, to be remedied, by the exercise of virtue in individuals—a subject of great interest and of extensive practical application; the occasional opposition between the moral and the legal right to property being inseparable from that principle of acting upon general rules on which law is founded. Thus with regard to insolvency:

insolvency: the general principle is just which discharges a bankrupt, who has given up all his property, from any demands upon what he may afterwards acquire; but no law can exempt him from the moral obligation of paying in full (should it ever be in his power) debts which he has justly contracted. The amount of property which, in this commercial nation, is lost by insolvency, is great enough to constitute a considerable national evil, and the fraud practised under this cover is, of all kinds of private robbery, the most extensive. He who was a bankrupt yesterday, riots in luxuries to-day, 'bows to the creditors whose money he is spending, and exults in the success and the impunity of his wickedness'—a wickedness which far exceeds that of the common robber. 'Happy,' he says, 'if it could not be practised with legal impunity; happy if public opinion supplied the deficiency of the law, and if we would no more sit at the table of such a man or take his hand, than if we knew that he had obtained his money last night on the highway!' Here Mr. Dymond refers with becoming pride to the official documents of his Society, wherein it is declared, that the Quaker meetings ought not to receive collections or bequests for the use of the poor, or for any other service of the Society, from persons who have fallen short in the payment of their just debts, though legally discharged by their creditors; 'for until such persons have paid the deficiency, their possessions cannot in equity be considered as their own.' This law of the Society, and the opinion of the community in which they move, come strongly in aid of private integrity among the Quakers; and keep the standard higher than in the general public. There will be bad subjects among them as in every other society; and the knavish Quaker, so long as he continues undetected, has opportunities of carrying on his fraudulent practices with the more effect, because he obtains a certain degree of credit on the score of the body whereto he belongs. But as a body, it is certain that more deference to just and religious considerations is generally to be found among them than in any other people. If a Quaker does not regard any thing in which his own interest is concerned in its moral bearings; if he does not weigh well what part he is conscientiously bound to take, and does not take that part in consequence, his conduct might be looked upon to be as remarkable in a Quaker, as, in these times, a strict adherence to rectitude, at the cost of some self-sacrifice, would be in the member of any other community. This tribute is not of flattery but of justice, from us who, far from courting their favour with any interested views, know that the sect originated in a wild and gross delusion, and believe that among many erroneous opinions, it holds some which, if they became general, would

would be in the highest degree injurious to the public weal. But their discipline keeps them in this respect up to the standard of their principles; whereas, in the great body of the nation, even the semblance of discipline has disappeared; and few indeed are the cases in which public opinion has in any degree supplied its place.

Pursuing the better principles of Quakerism, which are here those of Christianity pure and undefiled, Mr. Dymond requires from heirs and legatees that regard to equity and natural rights which the law is so far from observing in all cases, that in some it must necessarily set it aside. It might be well if we sometimes heard this topic enforced from the pulpit instead of the common-places and generalities with which too frequently a half-hour's discourse is filled there. What may be called pocket-sins are not more dangerous than bosom ones, but they are perhaps more reachable, and therefore more within the power of curative applications; and where the law affords a sanction for injustice, there it is of most consequence that men should be referred to an unerring standard, and have it impressed upon them with all the solemnity of religion, that what is lawful is not always right, but that that which is right as well as lawful must be done by him who would save his soul alive.

Concerning the law of distraints for rent a case is related in these volumes, which well deserves the publicity thus given it. A man applied to a friend of the author's, and proposed to take a number of his sheep to graze; the parties came to an agreement, the sheep were sent, and the next day they were seized; the matter having been preconcerted between landlord and tenant, in order that the former might thus secure his rent. They had the effrontery to come to the person whom they had thus defrauded, and offer to compound the matter, by sending back the sheep, which were worth (perhaps) fifty pounds, if he would pay them thirty in money. But the injured person, who appears to have been a Quaker, chose rather to endure the whole loss, than countenance such villainy by the remotest implication. Cases of similar injustice, though rarely, it may be hoped, of such preconcerted fraud, are continually occurring; Mr. Dymond, clearly perceiving how impossible it is that the law can proceed otherwise than upon general principles, calls for no specific legal remedy. He only observes, that as the object of the law in allowing landlords to seize whatever they find, is to protect them from fraud, and not to facilitate the oppression of under-tenants and others, it is a violation of the *intention* of the law thus to enforce it.

A melancholy opinion is advanced in these volumes, that 'tradesmen

'tradesmen rarely practise any other justice than that which the law will enforce, as if not to be compelled by law was to be exempt from all moral obligation.' But it is not to persons in trade alone that the spirit of this remark is applied; for what rank or calling is there in our state of society which is not in some degree affected by matters of profit and loss, and which does not consequently, so far as it is thus affected, partake of the spirit of trade? The greatest landed proprietor is a dealer in land, as Mr. Dymond shows; he is bound to regulate his rent by a conscientious reference to equity, and may be guilty of great injustice if he exacts in all cases what legally he is authorized to do. 'If it were not,' he says, 'that a want of virtue is so common among men, we should wonder at the coolness with which some persons of decent reputation are content to let their houses to persons of abandoned character, and put periodically into their pockets the profits of infamy.' Public-houses, which are notoriously places of resort for the most abandoned of mankind, are purchased by respectable brewers; 'perhaps there is a competition among them for the premises; they put in a tenant of their own, supply him with beer,' and regularly receive a profit from the wickedness by which the house thrives, as if there were no such thing as guilt without a *personal* participation in it! The just severity of this censure will apply to worse places than flash houses, and, if newspaper authority may be trusted, to persons higher in station than the great brewers of the metropolis. 'Upon similar grounds, there are some profits of the press which a good man cannot accept—some periodical works and some newspapers from which, if he were offered an annual income, he would feel himself bound to reject it.' 'Suppose there is a newspaper which is lucrative, because it gratifies a vicious taste for slander or indecency; or a magazine, of which the profits result from the attraction of irreligious or licentious articles, I would not receive every quarter of a year the money which was gained by vitiating mankind.' A virtuous man would hesitate even to contribute an article to such a publication, lest they who knew he was a contributor, should think they had his example to justify improprieties of their own. Upon his own principles the author might have assigned a stronger motive; a virtuous man, though it could be done with perfect secrecy, would bear no part in such a publication, because he would not assist in promoting its circulation; no man, indeed, can hold himself guiltless if he encourages, even by purchasing it, the publication of any work which he knows to be immoral or otherwise injurious in its tendency.

Mr. Dymond approaches nearer to debateable ground when he enters upon the inequality of property; not that he declaims against

against it; the real evil, he says truly, 'is, not that it is unequal, but that it is greatly unequal: not that one man is richer than another, but that one man is so rich as to be luxurious, or imperious, and profligate; and that another is so poor as to be abject and depraved, as well as to be destitute of the proper comforts of life.' But though riches afford facilities for the indulgence of evil propensities, and thus become a snare to the inconsiderate and the unprincipled, men are not necessarily vicious because they are rich; the fault, if they become so, is in themselves, not in the distribution of property, or the institutions relating to it: on the contrary, when the poor are in consequence of their poverty depraved, heavy as may be the burthen of their individual sins, the primary evil lies in those defective institutions, under which depravity becomes a consequence of their condition.

Large possessions, he thinks, are, in a great majority of instances, injurious to the possessor; in proof of which opinion the fact is noticed, that the worst examples among the Quakers are generally among the children of the rich. And he quotes the observation of Voltaire, that the English people are like their butts of beer, froth at the top, dregs at the bottom, in the middle excellent.

'The most rational, the wisest, the best portion of mankind, belong to that class who possess "neither poverty nor riches." Let the reader look around him; let him observe who are the persons that contribute most to the moral and physical melioration of mankind; who they are that practically and personally support our unnumbered institutions of benevolence; who they are that exhibit the worthiest examples of intellectual exertion; who they are to whom he would himself apply if he needed to avail himself of a manly and discriminating judgment. That they are the poor is not to be expected; we appeal to himself, whether they are the rich?'

But the appeal is not to be answered with so little hesitation or reserve as the author expected. The numerical proportion of the rich to what he would denominate the middle class is to be taken into consideration; and among the great names which confer lasting honour upon England, (speaking, be it remembered, of moral and intellectual greatness,) one at least (and that, perhaps, the greatest) is of a king, and not a few have been of noble parentage. So far, also, as a 'a manly and discriminating judgment' depends upon natural strength of mind, and not upon acquired knowledge, it is as likely to be found in the prince as in the peasant, and in the peasant as in the prince, and in either as in any intermediate station. Mr. Dymond asks 'who, then, would make his son a rich man? Who would remove his child out of that station in society which is thus peculiarly favourable

favourable to intellectual and moral existence?' But ere this can be answered, it should be asked whether our moral nature is likely to be more endangered by the hereditary enjoyment of wealth or by the pursuit of it? Possibly it might be found that more and greater temptations befall the man who is struggling for fortune, than him who has been always in possession of it.

When Mr. Dymond deduces from his principles on this subject an inference against the law of primogeniture, he is biassed by the opinions of his sect. So, too, in his assertions, that as men advance in intellectual, and especially in moral, excellence, the desire of keeping up a family will become less and less an object of solicitude;—that such a desire is not, in its ordinary character, recommended by any considerations which are obviously deducible from virtue or from reason; but that it is an affair of vanity, and that vanity, like other weaknesses, may be expected to diminish as sound habits of judgment prevail in the world. Not looking at this subject in all its bearings, he has overlooked the moral advantages arising from that inequality in society, the fitness as well as the necessity of which he seems previously to have admitted, or against which, at least, he has not contended—only against its excess. The excess, indeed, of that inequality is a growing as well as an enormous evil, which it behoves the moralist to proclaim and the statesman to perpend. It has diminished the happiness, and in the same degree the security of the commonwealth, by ruining the race of small farmers, thus destroying that yeomanry in which no inconsiderable part of the strength of England formerly consisted. It is now ruining the small traders, much to the satisfaction of that eminent dealer in gin, uni—and utilitarianism, Mr. Henry Bradshaw Fearon,* who looks upon the effect with great complacency, as the result of a *revolution* in commerce!

But 'live and let live' was an old maxim of trade in this country, and England was in a healthier and happier state while it continued to be so. 'The wealth of a nation,' says Mr. Dy-

* This same disinterested philanthropist assures us that gin is a spirit 'peculiarly English,' that *when genuine*, it is of all spirits the most inoffensive; and moreover, that a ginshop, 'conducted as such establishments are now generally in London, *contributes most beneficially towards public morals*, and lessens—essentially lessens—the inducements to sottishness and depravity!' Mr. Fearon has politely invited us to inspect *his* ginshop on Holborn Hill, saying he should be most happy to afford us an entire and comprehensive view of the interior. We thank him for his civility, as it deserves, though without intending to avail ourselves of it. We might trust his opinion upon the quality of gin, and take it for granted that he is well acquainted with the interests of the gin-trade; but opinions concerning public morals and the interests of society must originate in better principles than those which Mr. Fearon has so often obtruded upon the public—must be accompanied with better feelings, and be advanced in a better temper, before they can deserve any other notice from us than such as is here cursorily bestowed.

mond,

mond, 'is a sort of common stock, of which the accumulations of one man are usually made at the expense of others. A man who has acquired a reasonable sufficiency, and who nevertheless retains his business to acquire more than a sufficiency, practises a sort of injustice towards another who needs his means of gain. There are always many who cannot enjoy the comforts of life, because others are improperly occupying the means by which those comforts are to be obtained. Is it the part of a Christian to do this?' This appeal he makes on the score of religion to those great capitalists who, like Aaron's rod, swallow up the weaker ones of their kind. An appeal to their worldly wisdom might touch them where they are more sensitive. If it be true that the effect of what Mr. Fearon may well call a *revolution* of commerce—(and which, he tells us, has taken place in the tea business, and in the haberdashers' and drapers' trades, as well as in his own spirit business,)—if the effect of this be to establish an aristocracy, or rather an oligarchy in trade; enormously to enrich a few great traders, and consequently to ruin the 'third and fourth rate' tradesmen—a numerous and most useful, as they were formerly a frugal and a thriving class, among whom as many household virtues were found as in any class of the community, as much domestic comfort, as much worth, and perhaps more true contentment, than in any other;—if the tendency of this revolution be (as assuredly it is) to ruin that class of men—while, by the application of great capitals to the manufacturing branch of trade, and consequent use of machinery upon the greatest scale, both the home and foreign markets are glutted with our goods, those goods worsening in quality, as, in order to obtain vent for them, it becomes necessary to supply them at a cheaper rate; if these things are so—if in the manufacturing districts thousands and tens of thousands are thrown out of work by the operation of such a system, or employed at such wages as will barely procure mere necessaries for their families, not the decent comforts of life; if the distress of the manufacturers and tradesmen aggravates that of the agricultural population, whose distress again (ground to the earth as they now are) reacts upon manufactures and trade; —if there be thus a general and growing distress, with which a growing discontent necessarily keeps pace, then indeed those who have what they call a stake in the country, and desire no *revolution in the state*, would do well to consider whether it be desirable to extend this *revolution in commerce*, which renders men disaffected by reducing them to want; and whether it be wise to promote those *revolutions of opinion* which are generally forwarded in the beginning by men of good intentions, but are presently

directed by persons of the very worst, and can end only in anarchy and ruin—the misery of the whole existing generation, the degradation of the English nation, and the downfal of Great Britain.

Mr. Dymond enters next upon the subject of litigation. Of the three possible modes by which that evil might be averted or diminished, he says, (and all must agree with him,) that private adjustment is the best; that unprofessional arbitration is good; and that law is good only when it is the sole alternative. He admits that so much of St. Paul's expostulation with the early Christians for their litigiousness as was occasioned by the paganism of the courts, is not applicable at present, except among those 'who think it right to withdraw from other protestant churches, in order to maintain sounder doctrines or purer practice;' such persons casting a reproach upon their own community if they cannot settle their disputes among themselves. But he insists, and with reason, that the apostle's language conveys a general disapprobation of appeals to the law; and that the state of that Christian country must be bad indeed which does not contain, even in every little district, one who is able to judge between his brethren. Even in cases where neither party, though both are disposed to do what is lawful and right, can distinctly tell what justice requires of them, till the law informs them, they may obtain 'opinions,' which is a much better mode of procedure than by prosecuting suits: for, besides the grievous expense, the grievous delays, and the grievous uncertainty of litigation, 'the technicalities of the law,' he says, 'and the artifices of lawyers are almost innumerable.'

> 'Because their end, being merely avarice,
> Winds up their wits to such a nimble strain
> As helps to blind the judge, not give him eyes.
> And when successively these come to reign,
> Their old acquainted traffic makes them see
> Wrong hath more clients than sincerity.'

Sometimes, when a party thinks he is on the eve of obtaining a just verdict, he is suddenly disappointed, and his cause lost by some technical defect, which in no degree affects the justice of his claim. Mr. Dymond insists, that if arbitration had no other advantage than its exemption from these evils, it would be a sufficient argument in its favour; it might be concluded, he says, from plain reasoning, that two or three upright and disinterested persons would come to as equitable a decision as can be obtained by human means; and this conclusion is confirmed by experience: the Quakers are not allowed, by the rules of their Society, to carry disagreements with one another before courts of law; they must submit to arbitration; and if they did not practically find that justice

tice is administered, in this manner, more satisfactorily than in the courts, the community would abandon the practice. They adhere to it because it is the most Christian way—and the best.

This introduces a searching chapter upon the Morality of Legal Practice, 'in the ordinary character of which public opinion pronounces that there is much which is not reconcileable with rectitude.'

It is related by Laud, in his Diary, that when he was standing one day, during dinner, near his unfortunate master, then Prince Charles, the prince, who was in cheerful spirits, talking of many things as occasion offered, said, that if necessity compelled him to choose any particular profession of life, he could not be a lawyer; 'for,' said he, 'I can neither defend a bad cause, nor yield in a good one.' '*Sic in majoribus succedas, in æternum faustus!*' was the aspiration which his faithful servant and fellow victim breathed, when he recorded this trait of Christian character in private notes, which, beyond all doubt, were never intended to be seen by any eyes but his own. Even then, the practice had become so much an exercitation of subtlety, on the part of its professors, to the utter disregard of its original end and object, that, as Donne strongly expressed himself, the name of 'law' had been 'strumpeted.' Mr. Dymond asks, if this be the fault of the men or of the institutions—of the lawyers or of the law? and he maintains, that the original fault is in the law: a conclusion more charitable than satisfactory; for, by whom has the law been made what it is, but by the lawyers?

The first cause of the evil, he thinks, is to be found in the uniform and literal application of the rules of law, and is not 'evitable so long as numerous and fixed rules are adopted in the administration of justice.' The second is in the extreme complication of the law, the needless multiplicity of its forms, the inextricable intricacy of its whole structure; and, till it has been in this respect reformed, he affirms, there can be no efficient reform among lawyers.

'But whilst thus the original cause of the sacrifice of virtue amongst legal men is to be sought in legal institutions, it cannot be doubted that they are themselves chargeable with greatly adding to the evils which these institutions occasion. This is just what, in the present state of human virtue, we might expect. Lawyers familiarize to their minds the notion, that whatever is legally right is right; and when they have once habituated themselves to sacrifice the manifest dictates of equity to law, where shall they stop? If a material informality in an instrument is to them a sufficient justification of a sacrifice of these dictates, they will soon sacrifice them because a word has been misspelt by an attorney's clerk. When they have gone thus far, they will go further. The practice of disregarding rectitude in courts of justice will

become habitual. They will go onward, from insisting upon legal technicalities to an endeavour to *pervert* the law, then to the giving a false colouring to facts, and then onward and still onward until witnesses are abashed and confounded, until juries are misled by impassioned appeals to their feelings, until deliberate untruths are solemnly averred, until, in a word, all the pitiable and degrading spectacles are exhibited which are now exhibited in legal practice.'—vol. i., pp. 247, 248.

He then, like Arthegal's iron man, falls to work with his flail upon the arguments by which Paley, and Gisborne, and Johnson have excused the practice of our lawyers in defending any cause; of *our* lawyers, we say, because, though the same disregard of right and wrong may prevail in other countries, this is the first, if not the only country, where the practice has been justified. By the Roman laws, every advocate was required to swear that he would not undertake a cause which he knew to be unjust, and that he would abandon a defence which he should discover to be supported by falsehood or iniquity. This is continued in Holland at this day; and if an advocate brings forward a cause there, which appears to the court plainly iniquitous, he is condemned in the costs of the suit: the example will, of course, be very rare; more than one however has occurred within the memory of persons who are now living. The possible inconvenience that a cause just in itself might not be able to find a defender, because of some strong and general prejudice concerning it, is obviated in that country by an easy provision; a party who can find no advocate, and is nevertheless persuaded of the validity of his cause, may apply to the court, which has, in such cases, the discretionary power of authorising or appointing one.

The consequences of our opposite practice are severely noticed by this uncompromising moralist. The same excuse, he says, whereby an advocate justifies himself for defeating a just cause by some verbal flaw, or technical objection, would justify a pirate or a troop of banditti; and yet it is the everyday practice of the profession.

'An unhappy father seeks, in a court of justice, some redress for the misery which a seducer has inflicted upon his family; a redress which, if he were successful, is deplorably inadequate, both as a recompense to the sufferers and as a punishment to the criminal. The case is established, and it is manifest that equity and the public good require exemplary damages. What then does the pleader do? He stands up and employs every contrivance to prevent the jury from awarding these damages. He eloquently endeavours to persuade them that the act involved little guilt; casts undeserved imputations upon the immediate sufferer and upon her family; jests, and banters, and sneers, about all the evidence of the case; imputes bad motives (without

out truth or with it) to the prosecutor; expatiates upon the little property (whether it be little or much) which the seducer possesses: by these and by such means he labours to prevent this injured father from obtaining any redress, to secure the criminal from all punishment, and to encourage in other men the crime itself. Compassion, justice, morality, the public good, everything is sacrificed—to what? To that which, upon such a subject, it were a shame to mention.'—vol. i., pp. 257, 258.

In a similar strain of indignant feeling he comments upon the ingenuity which is employed in our courts, to save from conviction criminals of whose guilt there is no doubt. How much worse this would be if felons were allowed the benefit of counsel's defence, we may judge by what occurred upon the trial of those wholesale murderers in Scotland, Burke and his accomplice. The woman was acquitted solely through the dexterity of her advocate, whose speech is said to have been the most masterly stringing together of fallacies, and the most perfect piece of sophistry that was ever brought to bear.

'It is reported,' said one of the newspapers, 'that they who were near enough, heard him from time to time express his own opinion and the exultation of professional success, in whispered apostrophes of "infernal hag!"—and "the gudgeons swallow it!" The advocate, indeed, must have been marvellously struck with the gullibility of jurors; and the hag—against whom there was evidence enough even to prove a miracle—the hag escaped, because her advocate has the gift of making the worse appear the better reason!'

Well may Mr. Dymond say, that a counsel who thus exerts himself, not for the furtherance, but for the defeat of public justice, renders an injury to the commonweal, and holds out direct encouragement to wickedness. On even a more memorable occasion, one who deserves to be called the most eminent person at the English bar* (whatever may be thought of the purposes to which his transcendant abilities have mostly been directed) said, publicly, 'I shall attend to the interests of my client alone. I cast my country to the winds!' Other considerations which, to a righteous man, should be dearer than life, must have been cast to them, before such an avowal could be made! *Sans doute,* says Bayle, Tacitus has comprised *bien des défauts sous les termes de* PROFESSORIA LINGUA.

The following observations of Lord Eldon are related in the newspaper report of a cause, on which one of the counsel had not thought it necessary to examine a paper which contained something fatal to his case, but had taken it for granted, on his instructions so representing,—'that all was correct:'—

* While this sheet is passing through the press, we are informed of this gentleman's elevation to the highest judicial office in the empire.

'Mr. Agar,'

'Mr. Agar,' said the Lord Chancellor, 'you have acted properly: counsel are obliged to know nothing more than what is stated to them in their brief; though it is occasionally wholesome that judges should not be limited in their information to a knowledge of such circumstances only as counsel may think proper to state to them. Mr. Solicitor-General may remember a case in which he was concerned before me, where the gentlemen on both sides went into a lengthened discussion, communicated most detailed information, and had actually brought the case to a very extreme stage, and yet had never made the slightest mention, not one word, of an act of parliament most vitally affecting the ultimate decision of the question: nor would it ever have been mentioned had I not been so fortunate as to know it. I know it has been an opinion—a maxim—a principle—aye, an honest principle, on which several of those who have presided in this court have acted, that a judge is obliged to know nothing more than counsel think proper to communicate to him relative to the case. But for myself I have thought and acted otherwise: and I know, yes, I could swear, upon my oath, that if I had given judgment on such information and statements only as I have received from counsel on both sides, I should have disposed of numerous estates to persons who had no more title to them than I have; and, believe me, Mr. Agar, that I feel a comfort in that thought—a comfort, of which all the observations on my conduct can never rob me.'

Belonging to a sect which considers the legal profession as essentially immoral, and, therefore, prohibits its members from engaging in it, Mr. Dymond has treated the subject without any of that reserve which is produced by personal considerations:—

'Upon such a subject,' he says, 'it is difficult to speak with that plainness which morality requires, without seeming to speak illiberally of men; but it is not a question of liberality, but of morals. When a barrister arrives at an assize town, on the circuit, and tacitly publishes that (abating a few, and only a few cases) he is willing to take the brief of any client; that he is ready to employ his abilities, his ingenuity, in proving that any given cause is good, or that it is bad; and when, having gone before a jury, he urges the side on which he happens to have been employed with all the earnestness of seeming integrity and truth, and bends all the faculties God has given him, in promotion of its success—when we see all this, and remember that it was the toss of a die whether he should have done exactly the contrary, I think that no expression characterises the procedure but that of *intellectual and moral prostitution.*'

He then proceeds to show, with great ability, that if a lawyer were to enter upon life with a steady determination that his professional conduct should be regulated by principles of strict integrity,—he would, supposing him to be a man of abilities, find in his own case, that the path of virtue is the path of interest; and his example, by inducing others to follow it, might lead to the reform of what is now an iniquitous profession.

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The question of promises voluntary or extorted, well-intended falsehoods, hyberbole and irony, complimentary untruths, &c., are treated in the spirit of Quakerism: so are the unlawfulness of oaths, their inexpediency and their ill effects; and the question of subscription to articles of religion. Then follows a chapter upon Immoral Agency, the author premising that a great portion of the moral evil in the world results, not so much from the intensity of individual wickedness, as from the incompleteness of individual virtue, that is, from the practical inconsistency in moral conduct of those who consider themselves, and are generally considered, as upright men. They who print and they who publish, and they who sell, and they who buy books, of which the tendency is evil, as well as they who write them, are severally and justly censured. There are so few Quaker booksellers, he says, because of the difficulty of obtaining considerable business in that trade without circulating injurious works. A sufficient reason may be found without recurring to this; the number of booksellers among the Quakers being fully in proportion to that of the Society. But he might have asserted with perfect truth, that though the booksellers' business is, in its nature, the most liberal of all trades, and is properly so esteemed, there is no other in which such open and impudent knavery is practised. Now and then a dealer in sedition and blasphemy may, perhaps, stand excused to his own conscience, because the devil has given him such a sop that, while he is doing the devil's work, he is acting upon his own principles of duty. But the traders in obscenity know themselves to be villains, and proclaim themselves as such; all arts of vamping and piracy are put in use by the pettyfoggers of the profession; and what is piracy, in every moral point of view, is sometimes practised without shame by those from whom some regard to character might be expected, because it just lies out of the law's reach. Respecting newspapers, Mr. Dymond says, that without speaking of 'editors who intentionally mislead and vitiate the public, and remembering with what carelessness respecting the moral tendency of articles a newspaper is filled, it may safely be concluded that some creditable editors do harm in the world, to an extent in comparison with which robberies and treasons are as nothing.' Guy Faux, indeed, was unfortunate in having been born two centuries too soon; in these days he might have flourished as the editor of a leading journal, and been lauded in public by a minister of state!

More like a Quaker of the last age than of the present, this author delivers an opinion against the utility of classical learning. Latin and Greek, he says, contain an extremely small portion of that knowledge which the world now possesses; an extremely small portion of that which it is of most consequence to acquire: and he

he thinks it would be well for society if this word *learning* could be forgotten, or made the representative of other and very different ideas. He has been led to this by his sectarian breeding and sectarian views, not by any consequence deducible from those moral, or more accurately speaking, those religious principles, to which we hold with him in maintaining that all things ought to be referred. And in this opinion he will have the full concurrence of that crew, who, if power were in their hands, would as little tolerate an aristocracy of learning as of rank. From the same sectarianism the objection has arisen that great mischief is effected by the pervading spirit and tenour of those classics which are read in schools,—'they are Pagan books for Christian children; they neither inculcate Christianity, nor Christian dispositions, nor the love of Christianity; they do inculcate that which is adverse to Christianity and to Christian dispositions.' That schools are ill seminaries of religion and morality is but too true; but this is from their defective economy, not from any thing inherent in the studies which are pursued there. No man was ever made less a Christian by his classical education, nor do we believe that any boy's morals ever received a taint from his school books,—a subject on which we might appeal to all who have gone through a public school. The consequence which Hobbes has remarked, that 'an exceeding great number of men of the better sort' are made republicans by their classical studies, would appear no evil to Mr. Dymond; neither does it to us, though for a different reason,—because it is well for young and generous minds that they should pass through this stage of opinion, or rather of feeling,—they will not remain in it if they grow in wisdom as they advance in years. His objection that these studies occupy time which might be more beneficially employed, holds good only where time is wasted in ill teaching them. There is time enough for acquiring this knowledge, and what Mr. Dymond desiderates in their stead, and more than what he asks for, in the years which are commonly allowed for education, if the Madras system were carried into full effect, and this not merely without imposing any additional confinement upon the pupils, but with a growing interest and delight on their parts, from the consciousness of constant improvement. What the author says of English Grammar, and the absurdity of attempting to teach children formally that which they will learn practically without teaching, is so sensible, that it ought to have the effect of sending the existing impression of Lindley Murray's Grammar, and all other such books, to the trunkmakers.

It is with surprise as well as regret that we find this writer agreeing in his general views of education with the Utilitarians, a class

a class of men whose opinions upon any subject he ought to have regarded with distrust, because he could have with them no moral or religious sympathy. From his 'improved system' of school education Latin is excluded,—and Greek of course,—languages, he says, which they who are so disposed may learn in after life, or leave unlearnt. What if those tongues have been considered as the necessary and only introduction to sound and orthodox learning? they are not required in his religion, nor in their philosophy! and among the school studies for which time is to be gained by excluding them, the principles are to be taught of 'Religious and Civil Liberty,—of Civil Obedience,—of Penal Law, and the General Administration of Justice; of Political Economy, &c. &c.!'

Cedite Romani scriptores, cedite Graii.

Horace and Cicero, Homer and Thucydides, are to be discarded, that room may be made for the Malthuses,—and the Mac Cullochs,—and the Jerry of all Jeremies! Instead of those studies which at once refine the mind and elevate it, which give society a grace, and from which those who pursue them derive a life-long pleasure, boys are to be trained in pursuits which will make them pragmatical in youth, and mischievous in manhood, sciolists and sophists,—too ignorant as well as too conceited to suspect themselves of any deficiency in knowledge,—a race *quibus omnia contemnere et nescire satis est.*

In his notions of the manner wherein instruction should be conveyed, by divesting it of all the useless and repulsive forms with which in the common methods it is encumbered and impeded, Mr. Dymond accords more entirely, than he seems to have been aware, with the Madras System,—a system which is as much disparaged as it is little understood by those who suppose that its principles and its practices are applicable only to elementary teaching,—and that of the lowest kind. We agree with him also, and with those who best understand the nature, and the object, and the power of that system, in maintaining that the farther the education of the people can be carried, the better will be the condition of the people and the securer the fabric of society, provided always that education be conducted upon those principles which teach men their duties towards God and towards their neighbour, only by the faithful discharge of which can they perform their duty to themselves, and ensure their own welfare. The Quaker moralist, laying it down as 'an undisputed proposition that no bad institution can permanently stand against the distinct opinion of the people,' and regarding like a Quaker the most important of our institutions as in their nature contrary to his religious principles and therefore bad, says that, 'if increase of knowledge and habits of investigation tend to alter any established institution, it

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is fit that it should be altered;' and assuming that an extended education of the people must have this tendency, regards this consequence as a recommendation. We, on the contrary, look upon it to be the best means, as well in quiet as in stirring times, of effecting what was the great object of Elizabeth's home-policy during her wise, and glorious, and happy reign,—that of 'keeping our ancient under-earth buildings upon their first well-laid foundations.'

Public amusements come of course under Mr. Dymond's anathema, and it would not be easy to defeat or weaken his arguments, which show that, as at present conducted, they do more harm than good. But though this should be admitted, it would still be true that they have even now their good as well as their evil; that there have been times when the good greatly preponderated; that they have contributed in no slight degree to civilization and refinement; and that in calling forth Shakspeare's genius, which, by no other means, and in no other way, could have been called forth with equal effect, they have done more good than outweighs all the evil that they ever have done, or can do. Public spectacles have been regarded in this light by the wisest legislators; nor is it only human authority which has given them its sanction; they made an essential part of the Jewish law; there is nothing opposed to them in the spirit of Christianity; and if they are at any time perverted to the gratification of evil passions, or the depravation of manners, the fault is in that public opinion which calls for and encourages such gratification, and in those governments which, neglecting their paramount duty, tolerate such perversion.

We come now to political rights and obligations. The fundamental principles of political truth and of political rectitude are stated to be,—1st. That political power is rightly *possessed* only when it is possessed by the consent of the community; 2d. It is rightly *exercised* only when it subserves the welfare of the community; 3d. And only when it subserves this purpose by *means* which the moral law permits. The first of these principles is not to be received with an unqualified assent. It would indeed conveniently dispose of all troublesome questions concerning kings *de jure* and *de facto*, and invest with clear right any ephemeral idol of a populace, or of a nation: Jack Cade and Massaniello, as well as great Oliver and Napoleon; but it would divest them also as easily: for such a right, instead of being fixed upon the strong foundation of principles and laws, veers with the weathercock of public opinion. Political power is rightly possessed by that individual, or that body, to whom or which it has duly devolved according to the laws and institutions of their ancestors. It may be overthrown by wrongful violence, or it may be forfeited by gross

gross abuse; then comes the government by consent,—and with it come instability, insecurity, disorder,—an age of convulsions, anarchy, and misery. To the two other maxims we subscribe without reserve, and agree with him in his humiliating remark, that present expedients for present occasions, rather than a wide-embracing and far-seeing policy, are the great characteristic of European politics. But when the author asks, 'who has been more successful in this huckster policy than France,' he singles out for his example that nation which, of all others, has acted with most consistency upon a wide-embracing and far-seeing scheme,—a scheme, indeed, of thoroughly unscrupulous ambition, but systematically kept in view,—conceived before the age of the League, developed under Louis XIV., pursued by Napoleon Buonaparte, and if,—as is but too likely,—again to be renewed, again, with God's blessing, to be put down by that spirit which triumphed over it at Blenheim and at Waterloo. 'And what is France,' this moralist asks, 'and what are the French people at this present hour? Why, as it respects real welfare,' he replies, 'they are left at an immeasurable distance by a people who sprung up but as yesterday,—by a people whose land, within the memory of our grandfathers, was almost a wilderness, and which actually was a wilderness long since France boasted of her greatness.' Here Mr. Dymond ascribes to the principles of government a difference which arises from locality, and from the different circumstances of a new and of an old country. And there must have been a thick film before his eyes if he could suppose that he saw in the principles of the American government any thing more scrupulous, or more accordant with Christianity, than in those of the Tuileries.

We have entered now upon political ground; and it becomes necessary to bear in mind that the very able author of these Essays was a Quaker, and as such conscientiously (though not perhaps consistently) a leveller; the distinctions of society were sinful in his judgment, the national church an abomination, and monarchy and its appendages (in Calvin's phrase) *tolerabiles ineptiæ*, to be borne with only till men become wise and virtuous enough to dispense with them. Thus trained up from a child in a way, which is not that in which an Englishman should go, his feet departed not from it. Contented with the excellent morality and pure devotion of his sect, and heartily conforming to it in all its better parts, he received as essential parts of it, heresies, which are harmless to the individual who sincerely and humbly holds them, and political opinions which are not harmless when brought into action, because they strike at the roots of the British constitution. Those principles are here brought forward mildly and decorously,

decorously, in the spirit of mitigated Quakerism, mitigated as to its temper and manners, but in its essential character unchanged. But this would be no convenient place for entering upon a controversy which has been so often and so sufficiently treated; our remaining space will be more appropriately employed in following the author through his speculations for the improvement of society. Assuming it as not likely to be disputed that if the world were wise and good the simplest democracy would be the best form of government, 'the mind,' he says, 'as it passes onward and still onward in its anticipations of purity, stops not until it arrives at that period when all government shall cease,—when there shall be no wickedness to require the repressing arm of power,—when terror to the evil-doers and praise to them that do well shall be no longer needed, because none will do evil though there be no ruler to punish, and all will do well from higher and better motives than the praise of man.' But this pure democracy is no other than what in old times was called the Fifth Monarchy and the Kingdom of the Saints.

Meantime, while in patient expectation of the Greek kalends, the author makes many important concessions. He admits that those advocates of religious liberty assert too much who maintain that a government can have no just concern with religious opinions; he, on the contrary, holds it as not to be denied, that a state may lawfully provide for the education of the people, and endeavour to diffuse just notions and principles, moral and religious, into the public mind. He allows that men who in consequence of their opinions disturb the peace of society by any species of violence are doubtless to be restrained;—with little consistency when he affirms that religious liberty and religious establishments are incompatible things, and that as we have advanced from intolerance to toleration, it is now time for us to advance from toleration to religious liberty! The question of resistance to the civil power is somewhat Jesuitically treated, and it is the only part of these volumes which deserves to be so reprehended. Here he stands upon sure ground, when he takes the Quaker position, and says, that force may be overcome by force, but nothing can overcome a calm and fixed determination not to obey.

The Roman Catholics, he says, who declare that they will not endeavour to bring about an alteration in the religious establishment of the country, promise more than they ought to promise, and more than they can, will, or ought to perform; no unimportant admission from one who was decidedly for opening the legislature to them. With perfect candour he allows, that that form of government is best for a people which the people themselves

selves prefer, even though it may not be intrinsically the best, 'for public welfare and satisfaction are the objects of government, and this satisfaction may sometimes be ensured by a form which the public prefer more effectually than by one essentially better which they dislike.' In the present condition of mankind, he thinks it probable that some species of monarchy is best for the greater part of the world; and to this he adds the following reasoning, which ought to have its weight with all who wish, like him, for the peace and welfare of mankind.

'Republicanism opens more wide the gate of ambition. He who knows that the utmost extent of attainable power is to be the servant of a prince, is not likely to be fired by those boundless schemes of ambition which may animate the republican leader. The virtue of the generality of mankind is not sufficiently powerful to prompt them to political moderation, without the application of an external curb; and thus it happens that the order and stability of a government is more efficiently secured by the indisputable supremacy of one man. Now order and stability are amongst the first requisites of a good constitution, for the objects of political institutions cannot be secured without them.'

Here Mr. Dymond follows the dictates of his understanding: in qualifying this, by saying, 'it is not necessary that the monarch should possess what we call kingly power,' he relapses into the opinions which are congenial to the spirit of his sect; and in questioning whether an elective be not preferable to an hereditary monarchy, he follows that convenient system of political philosophy, by which history is regarded as an old almanac.

The reasoning faculty again prevails with him, when he agrees with Hume, that the influence of the crown could not be abolished without the total destruction of monarchy, and even of all regular authority; and, meeting the question, whether that influence might not usefully be transferred to the House of Commons? 'No,' he replies, 'not merely because it would overthrow (*for it certainly would overthrow*) the monarchy; but because I know not that any security would be gained for a better employment of this influence than is possessed already.' Presently he says, that this is speaking only of governments and nations as they are; that there is no necessity for influence to support good government over a good people; and that all influence, except that which addresses itself to the judgment, is wrong in morals, and, therefore, indefensible upon whatever plea. Take away that wickedness and violence, he says, in which hostile measures originate, and fleets and armies would no longer be needed; and with their dissolution there would be a prodigious diminution of patronage and influence. 'We are little accustomed to consider how simple a thing

a thing civil government is,' (alas, it is a simple thing to think it so!) 'nor what an unnumbered multiplicity of offices and sources of patronage would be cut off, if it existed in its simple and rightful state.' Yes, as was said twenty years ago, in answer to all such reasoning as this: 'Better systems than that of the British government, no doubt, are conceivable—for better men. The theory of a pure republic is far more delightful to the imagination; it is to our constitution as a sun-dial to a time-piece; simpler, surer, and liable to no derangement—if the sun did but always shine! When society shall be so far advanced in its progress that all men live in the light of reason, then we may have the dial.'—Then, and not till then. And he who thus expressed himself would not now, in his maturer mind, prefer even in theory a commonwealth to a well-tempered monarchy. For what man, who regards the security and comforts of life, would not rather have been the subject of Trajan or of the Antonines, than the fellow-citizen of Pericles or Phocion? Even if Mr. Dymond's impossible postulate of having the world wise and good were granted, there would not only be less of the grace and glory of society in a system of equality, but less of intellectual excitation and of moral improvement; some of the best and purest sources of virtue and of enjoyment would be dried up. There is room, now, for the virtues of moderation in the great, and contentment in the low; for humility in both; for affability and bounty in the one; for grateful and generous attachment in the other; for that beneficence which is doubly blest, and that mutual dependence, in which the strength of our social system formerly consisted; but which the perversion of that system, and the evils which have been suffered to grow up under it, have long been tending to destroy. The dead level of the great theorist's antediluvian world is far less beautiful, less majestic, less habitable on the whole, than the globe in its present state, with its inequalities of hills and vales, its seas and mountains, though it have its variable seasons, its rains and tempests, its deserts and volcanos.

Our constitution Mr. Dymond admits to be 'relatively good,' because it has made our 'country, in almost every respect, among the first in whatever dignifies and adorns mankind.' We may rest assured that it is good; but this moralist thinks it might and ought to be improved; not calling to mind the fate of that poor man, whose epitaph relates that he was well, wished to be better, took physic from some St. John Long, and died. He would have the influence of the crown diminished. He thinks the privileges of the peers offer considerable temptation to their political virtue; that the House of Lords is an objectionable species of assembly; and that there would be no need for it, were it not wanted to counteract the purposes of a purely constituted legislature, or to effect

effect such, as in such a legislature could not be effected. Then come some sectarian remarks upon titles and upon bishops; a just observation, that the rapid increase of the number of peers diminishes their practical rank; and a Quaker's hope, that, in consequence, these distinctions 'will be yielded up to the general weal more willingly when they have become insignificant by diffusion.' As the House of Lords is thus deemed useful in an unhealthy state of the social body, but useless if it were sound, so it is said that there is not 'a just and sufficient identity' between the public voice and the measures of the House of Commons, because the practical representation is defective; but how this defect may be remedied is, he admits, 'of far less easy solution than some politicians would persuade us. Not frequency of parliaments—not extension of the franchise—not altering the mode of election—will be sufficient,' because 'the evil is seated, primarily and essentially, in the impure condition, in the imperfect virtue of man.'. . .' You cannot make men proof against political temptations but by making them good, and this only reformation must result from the reformation of the heart.' Mr. Dymond would have found few reformers to agree with him in this incontrovertible truth; nor in his honest admission that, 'in the present state of private virtue,' a purely popular assembly would probably seek by 'both injudiciously and unjustifiably exciting political distractions, to establish popular power in opposition to the general good.' He pleads, however, for some mild and gradual alterations which would render the representation more popular; and recommends some of those regulations which, because of their obvious utility, are likely to be made, but among these we do not include his recommendation of the ballot, and of biennial parliaments. He would admit the clergy as representatives; but whether or no it was wise to exclude them, these are not times for commencing a doubtful experiment. These political disquisitions are concluded by his stating, and urging upon other reformers his deliberate and clear conviction, that there is nothing, either in the theory or practice of the British government, which warrants an attempt at amendment by any species of violence; an opinion which he declares he should hold, even if it were not a necessary part of his religious principles.

Mr. Dymond's next topic is the Education of the People; holding it the duty of government to provide for this, or at least to see that it be provided; and having stated that 'so far as is practicable, a government ought to be to a people what a judicious parent is to a family, not merely the ruler, but the instructor and the guide,' he says, 'the great danger is, that national education should become, like national churches, an *ally* of the state;' and he would have the

the government forget the peculiarities of creeds, political or religious! No sane person could hold such an opinion, unless it were his wish to prepare for the subversion of both our political and religious establishments; and though, in some cases, it may be *fas ab hoste doceri*, it would be, in this, the most consummate of all follies. He has admitted the parental relation in which a government stands, or ought to stand, to the people; and yet he forgets, that the first duty of a parent is to train up his children in the way that they should go. If he be right in his reasoning, not the creed and the church catechism only must be excluded from his system of national education, but the New Testament also, and whatever implies a belief in it. If he be right, the veriest infidel has nothing more to demand than what, consistently with this principle, ought to be conceded. If he be right, Moses was wrong, when he charged the Israelites to write his precepts upon their doorposts and their gates, and bind them for a sign upon their hands, and teach them to their children, when sitting in the house or walking in the sun; at lying down and at rising up; for, though the Mosaic law be abrogated, this is one of its injunctions, the spirit of which remains in as full force as the Decalogue.

What he recommends is, that government should provide schoolhouses, books, &c., and leave the choice of teachers and of the kind of instruction to the people. He wishes that fifty thousand pounds a-year had been given to the Bible Society, a society which, he says, has done more direct good in the world—has had a greater effect in meliorating the condition of the human species, than all the measures which have been directed to the same ends of all the prime ministers in Europe during a century. This it may have done, and yet have done marvellously little. Such an appropriation of money by a government would, probably, he thinks, do much in propitiating the friendliness and good offices of other nations. Not of any nation, however, among whom the Romish religion is dominant. But, as a singular, as well as single instance in support of his opinion we may here notice, that during the short continuance of hostilities with Sweden, the Dalecarlians, because they had been supplied with Bibles by means of this Society, asked from their own government, and obtained permission, to omit in their church service the prayer against the British as their enemies. He considers it, most justly, as a needful measure of moral legislation, to diminish the number of public-houses, of which all that are not necessary for the accommodation of travellers are directly injurious to public morals. The game laws he would have thoroughly amended, and so that the amendment would 'not be far from abolition.' From these he passes at once to the question of primogeniture, and disposes of it, *quakericè*, by a few

few superficial reasons, saying, with almost inconceivable complacency, he can discover no conceivable reason why one brother should possess ten times as much as another, because he was born before him ;—as if the reasonableness of the law rested upon this ! Mr. Dymond is consistent in reprobating all those institutions whereby a system of inequality is regulated, because it is his hope that society, in the march of intellect, will arrive at a perfect level. The Rogues' March indeed is now beating quick time, and in that direction.

Let us not be misunderstood. Inequality, in the excess wherein it now exists, in most European countries, and nowhere more glaringly than in our own, is a great and crying evil; and would be intolerable if it were irremediable ; and will and must become so, if it be not remedied. The physical and moral condition of the populace must be greatly and essentially improved, or no human policy can save us from greater calamities than have ever yet been poured out from the vials of wrath. Statesmen must look to this as their first and most important object ; the better classes will co-operate with them, both from a sense of interest and of duty ; and the means are in their power. There is land enough to reclaim at home ; wide regions abroad are, as it were, inviting us to replenish and subdue them ; the seas are open ; and when our measures are in accord with the plain and manifest course of benevolent Providence, we may then rely in full faith upon that Providence for a blessing. What must be done is to provide, not merely that none shall perish for want of necessaries, but that none, except through their own misconduct, shall be without the decent comforts of civilized life. The humblest occupations of honest labour ought to procure these. No considerations of revenue, or of any other kind, must deter us from discouraging whatever tends to debase and brutalize the populace. They must be made comfortable in their station, and then they will be contented in it ; they must be so trained as to make them wise unto salvation, and they will then be wise to their own temporal welfare, and to the general weal. But the physicians who are to heal our state maladies must first be made sound themselves ; they must take their lessons from Mr. Sadler and the Bible, not from Mr. Malthus, and those who (in reference to the appellation of a sect, not more presumptuous, and somewhat less impious) deserve to be called the Theomisanthropists ; they must be fed with the bread of wholesome doctrine, not from the mills that grind nothing but chaff ; they must drink from the living spring of religion, not from the broken cistern of political economy.

In these views, Mr. Dymond, were he living, would accord with us ; for we agree with him in his fundamental religious prin-

ciples, and in his moral deductions, and differ only when we come to their ultimate political application;—then, indeed, we differ *toto cælo*, because we are of the school of Hooker, and he of George Fox. That difference renders it unnecessary for us to discuss any of those subjects upon which his opinions are strictly those of quakerism.

He would prevent what may reasonably be deemed the unreasonable accumulation of wealth by 'some regulations respecting wills, such as refusing a probate for an amount exceeding a certain sum.' There is already a progressive taxation, both upon probates, legacies, and the distribution of personal property, which, in the great majority of cases, is even cruelly oppressive, which ought to be wholly taken away below a certain point, greatly lightened in another part of the scale, and might properly be, in a still greater proportion, increased in cases of enormous wealth. A sweeping remedy is proposed in the administration of justice; simply, that we should get rid of all fixed laws, establish courts of arbitration, and let these decide always upon the equity of the case, employing in every cause only one professional man, whose sole business should be to elicit the truth from the witnesses on both sides; '*pleading*,' he says, 'being a thing which, in the administration of justice, ought not to be so much as named.' He would have criminal debtors rigidly treated, because 'the whole amount of injury which is inflicted upon the people of this country by criminal insolvency is much greater than that which is inflicted by any other crime which is punished by the law.' Upon this subject his remarks are severe, but wholesome. Because he deems it impossible to frame any definition of libel which should not 'either on the one hand give license to injurious publications by its laxity, or on the other prohibit a just publication of the truth by its rigour,' he would allow all libels their free course; as if, because the law cannot be perfect, it were better to have none! On this score, they who are of his opinion have, for some time, had little to desire. Blasphemy and treason enjoy among us the most unrestricted use of a free press; and, indeed, in all cases of public libel, law might be supposed to have been stricken with the dead palsy, if it had not been seized, not long since, with Scarlatina, and, under the influence of that disease, made some very violent exertions. 'Truth,' says Mr. Dymond, 'is an overmatch for falsehood.' Yes, when Ithuriel meets with Satan; but what is it when Satan deals with Adam and Eve? He would have all offences of this kind punished by public opinion alone; yet public opinion is so far from punishing or checking other crimes, (adultery, for example, seduction, duelling,) that he has himself in those instances called for the aid of law; and these are

cases

cases in which the direct tendency of the offence is to vitiate public opinion. If ever there was a judicious enactment against seditious libel, it was that which punished the second offence with banishment: the penalty was mild—it was effectual; and no one could incur it without having doubly deserved and wilfully provoked it.

> 'Small punishments fail not to multiply
> These hydra heads, and give them glory cheap:
> Blood were too much.'

Here the just medium had been chosen; and yet this law has been repealed!—but the repeal was another effect of the Scarlatina, and took place during a delirious stage of the disease.

Mr. Dymond's arguments against the punishment of death rest upon some strange assumptions. If reformation be the primary object of punishment, he says, this punishment is wrong, because it precludes attention to that object. It would not be more illogical to argue that because healing is the primary object of the surgeon, therefore it is wrong to cut off a limb which is incurably diseased. Thus, to talk of punishment in the abstract, when the justice and necessity of applying it in particular cases are under consideration, is an abuse of reasoning. There are cases wherein, not reformation, but punishment is the object—the primary and proper object; and the welfare of society is best consulted by making it so; the much greater frequency of murder in those countries where murder is not punished with death, is proof of this. The author says, that when capital punishments are defended, we hear 'almost nothing about the moral law;' and nearly every argument that is used in support of them would be as valid and as appropriate from a Pagan as from a Christian. He asks, if it can be right thus to exclude all reference to the expressed will of God, and says, that this exclusion is to him almost a conclusive argument, that the punishment is wrong; and assumes that, in inflicting it, the requisitions of the Christian law are sacrificed. An expression of Beccaria's is then quoted, as if it were anything better than a paltry sophism, the Italian asking, whether it be not an absurdity, that, in order to prevent murder, the laws should publicly commit murder themselves? And as an argument to prove the inexpedience of the punishment, it is remarked, that the criminals reconcile themselves to the prospect of being publicly executed, by the predestinarian notion, that those who are born to be hanged cannot escape hanging; though others look upon such a death as an atonement for their sins, and so pacify their consciences when they come to it; and that some convicts have suffered unjustly.

There is some fallacy in this and some weakness. The punishment of death is clearly wrong, wherever the moral feeling is not

in accord with the sentence; but it is in accord with it in all cases of atrocious wickedness. And you might as easily prove that the Ten Commandments have been abrogated by Christianity as that the punishment appointed for murder, by the Mosaic law, has been taken away by the New Covenant. But if we are authorised to inflict it for murder, it cannot but be justifiable in other cases of enormous pravity; and when justice manifestly requires the infliction, the piety and the humanity which would shrink from it are alike questionable. Pitiably, indeed, do those persons derogate from the Almighty, who exclaim against the awful responsibility which human lawgivers take upon themselves when by their sentence they hurry a criminal into his presence! As if the final decree of the Omniscient and All-merciful could be affected by any act or error of theirs! And with regard to the cruelty of the infliction, who is there who would not, in his sane mind, rather choose death for himself, than any of those punishments which, in cases that confessedly are deserving of death, have been proposed for it? Even toward the innocent connexions of the criminals (and for them alone it is that the plea has any plausible appearance of validity) the commutation, which might at first seem merciful, would be, in effect, an indefinite prolongation of their distress.

On this subject, as, indeed, upon most others, public opinion is easily led astray. We have passed from one extreme to another; for it ought not to be dissembled, that our own laws have been most atrociously inhuman and unjust. Little more than fifty years have elapsed since a girl just turned fourteen was condemned to be burnt alive, having been found guilty of treason as an accomplice with her master in coining, because, at his command, she had concealed some whitewashed counters behind her stays. The master was hanged. The faggots were placed in readiness for her execution; and it was averred, in the House of Commons, by Sir William Meredith, at the time, that 'the girl would have been burnt alive, on the same day, had it not been for the humane, but casual interference of Lord Weymouth.' Mere accident saved the nation from this crime and this national disgrace; but so torpid was public feeling in those days, that the law remained unaltered till the year 1790, till which time the sheriff who did not execute a sentence of this kind was liable to prosecution; though, it may well be believed, no sheriff was then inhuman enough to adhere to the letter of such a law. Sir William Meredith related, in the same speech, the then recent instance of an execution, which is not to be called by any lighter name than that of judicial murder. There have been times and circumstances, indeed, in which the ministers of the law, from the judge down to the executioner, seem to have looked upon themselves as mere instruments of legal machinery, and to

to have acted with as little regard for moral considerations, and the sufferings of flesh and blood, as the wheels and cogs of a steam-engine. But now, when the severity and injustice of our old criminal laws have been perceived and acknowledged, and, in a great degree, practically remedied, a sickly sensibility in favour of the criminal has been encouraged; and because human life was held at too cheap a rate by our ruder forefathers, the tendency now is to ascribe to it a superstitious importance, as if it were too sacred a thing to be touched by human laws! Sacred, indeed, the laws ought to hold it, and, therefore, they have done great injury in this country by familiarizing the people to the sight of public executions. Far better would it be if, in the few cases for which death ought to be inflicted, the execution were to take place within the walls of the prison, none being present, except the proper officers, the clergyman, and those persons whom the sufferer might desire to have with him at his departure. The effect might possibly be impressive to some good end, which most certainly it is not now, if there were no other announcement than that of tolling a bell, when all was over, and hoisting a black flag, where it might be seen far and wide; and if the body of a murderer were carried under a pall, with some appropriate solemnity, to the place of dissection. Executions ought never to be made a spectacle for the multitude, who, if they can bear the sight, always regard it as a pastime; nor for the curiosity of those who shudder while they gratify it. Indeed, there are few circumstances in which it is not expedient that a veil should be drawn over the crimes and sufferings of our fellow-creatures; and it is greatly to be wished, that in all cases of turpitude and atrocity, no further publicity were given to the offence than is necessary for the ends of justice. For no one who is conversant with criminal courts, or has obtained any insight into the human mind, can entertain a doubt that such examples are infectious.

The way to lessen the number of great offences is by checking the growth of little ones. And here let us observe, (some recent cases call for the observation,) that for acts of cruelty and brutal violence our laws are far too mild. Men are punished with imprisonment, and perhaps hard labour, for attempting offences, which, if they had succeeded in the attempt, would deservedly have been punished with death. The same inadequate penalty is inflicted for atrocious assaults, by which unoffending persons have been maimed or otherwise severely injured for life: in these cases, the criminal suffers less than the injured party; but both for the sake of example and of justice, some infliction of bodily pain ought to form part of the sentence, as the appropriate punishment, and the likeliest means of determent. Alehouses are seminaries for jails; and

and many a man might be deterred, by fear of the stocks or the cage, from entering upon a course of life which, if he once enter on it, nothing will deter him from pursuing, though the gallows should be full in his view. Far more is to be done by preventive than by coercive measures. Schools are wanted—schools in which moral and religious instruction shall be considered as the first thing needful; and where children, even in infancy, may be rescued from the contamination of the streets. It is not the individual alone who is responsible for those offences from which he might have been saved, had he been duly instructed in his duties toward God and man; such sins are sins of the government and of the nation; so are all those which, by a wholesome polity, might be prevented. But if a large proportion of the people are allowed to grow up in this ignorance—this state of moral and religious destitution, and if such offences as might be forefended by civil discipline are rife among us and continually on the increase, we stand in danger of some of those general and fearful visitations, which, soon or late, national offences always draw on, as their proper consequence and their appointed punishment. They who despise the 'Old Almanac' may learn this from the Bible; unless, indeed, they have advanced so far in the march of intellect, that they look upon the Bible also as among those things the uses of which are gone by.

To such persons the mild and able author of these volumes was utterly opposed both in principle and feeling; but sectarian prejudices brought him practically into alliance with them; and enmity towards the Church Establishment possessed him so entirely, that, in his charges against it, he does not seem even to have suspected himself of want of knowledge or of want of candour. But to nothing except an extraordinary want of knowledge on the subject can his assertion be ascribed, that 'the best defences of Christianity which exist in our language have *not* been the work either of the established clergy, or of members of the established church.' Before the agitators and anarchists, political and religious, made these nations, during the great rebellion, as their contemporary Edward (afterwards Bishop) Reynolds truly said, 'a shame to themselves and a ludibrium to the world,' the writings of our Church-of-England divines were in such esteem, that 'other nations studied the English language to read our books.' And since that time, if there have been no greater men in the schools of Christian philosophy than Hooker and Jackson, (for greater there cannot be,)—no other school, no other church, can boast such names as Taylor, and South, and Barrow, not to mention a host of others, from whose stores the diligent student may arm himself against all the errors of these distempered times.

Much

Much may be allowed to Mr. Dymond for want of knowledge in this department of literature, which is too much neglected by those whose duty it is to be most conversant therein: but he cannot thus be excused for not remembering among the defenders of revealed religion, our Berkeley, and our Butler, and our Skelton; and our Paley also,—from whom, on this score, he would not withhold his approbation.

To a like charge of want of candour and of equity, the author has laid himself open, by representing non-residence as the scandal of the English Church, and omitting any notice of the causes which, in a great majority of cases, have rendered residence impossible. And to what but a spirit of early and deeply imbibed hostility can the following passage, as unjust as it is offensive, be imputed, in which he accuses the clergy of 'instinctively recoiling from any measures, that are designed to promote the intellectual, the moral, or the religious improvement of the public.'

'I appeal to the experience of those philanthropic men who spend their time either in their own neighbourhoods, or in "going about doing good," whether they do not meet with a greater degree of this recoil from works of philanthropy, amongst the teachers and members of the state religion than amongst other men,—and whether this recoil is not the strongest amongst that portion who are reputed to be the most zealous friends of the church. Has not this been your experience with respect to the slave trade and to slavery,—with respect to the education of the people,—with respect to scientific or literary institutions for the labouring ranks,—with respect to sending preachers to pagan countries,—with respect to the Bible Society? Is it not familiar to you to be in doubt and apprehension respecting the assistance of *these* members of the establishment, when you have no fear and no doubt of the assistance of other Christians? Do you not call upon others and invite their co-operation with confidence? Do you not call upon these with distrust, and is not that distrust the result of your previous experience?'—vol. ii., p. 322.

Let us judge more charitably of Mr. Dymond than he has done of the clergy and the members of the National Church Establishment. He was a young man when he died, and he had not prepared the latter part of his work for the press. Had he lived o revise it, he might not improbably have been led to recollect, that many of the most zealous and efficient promoters of the Bible Society were members, or ministers, or dignitaries of the Church of England; that (to say nothing of the Societies for Promoting Christian Knowledge and the Propagation of the Gospel in other lands) the members of that church have a Missionary Society of their own; and that the abolition of the slave-trade was not only promoted by a great majority of the bishops, but the question itself was first publicly stirred by an English clergyman, and first moved

moved in parliament by one whom it is needless to name, and would be superfluous to eulogize; whose bounty is as catholic as his charity; and who, while his praise is, as it deserves to be, in all the churches,—and in all the meeting-houses too,—is, and rejoices in being, a devout and dutiful member of the Church of England, and will ever be numbered among her worthies.

Had Mr. Dymond's days been prolonged time would, in many points, have matured his judgment, and taken off the edge of his antipathies. A quaker he would probably have remained, because personal feelings would have come strongly in aid of inherited prejudices; a prophet is honoured in his own sect; and no sectarians instil into their children their opinions and peculiarities more carefully than the quakers—praiseworthy for this and for many other things, notwithstanding the sandy foundation on which their system is erected. But experience and observation would have convinced him, that the institutions of society are not altogether so bad as he had supposed them to be; and the public not so enlightened, nor so far advanced in the march of improvement, nor so certainly in the right road. He might have retained his persuasion concerning the unlawfulness of war; but he would have seen reason to be thankful, that fleets and armies protect the British quakers against foreign enemies, and that penal laws protect them against violence at home. He might still have hoped, that an age would come when society would require no tribunals, no laws, no magistrates, no priesthood, but every father of a family be like a patriarch, high-priest, and absolute lord in his own household, and all one family in Christ; but the older he grew the more distant that hope would have appeared to him, and the less distinct. He would have learnt, that before society can be reduced to the level platform which he desired, chaos must come again; and not such a chaos as existed when the earth was without form and void, and all things being in solution might settle into such uniformity; but the chaos that is brought about by convulsions, which never take place upon this inhabited globe without producing inequalities.

Let us hope that those persons among whom these volumes hitherto have chiefly been circulated, and by whom they are likely to be received with great respect and deference, may enter unreservedly into the moral and religious principles of the author, but weigh the matter well before they assent to any of his political applications.

Art. IV.—1. *Introduction to the Study of the Greek Classic Poets.* By Henry Nelson Coleridge, Esq., M. A. *Part I.—General Introduction.—Homer.* London. 1830.
2. *Ideen über Homer und sein Zeitalter.* Von K. E. Schubarth. Breslau. 1821.
3. *Ueber das Zeitalter und Vaterland des Homer.* Von Dr. Bernhard Thiersch. Halberstadt. 1824.
4. *Vorfrage über Homeros, seine Zeit und Gesänge.* Von J. Kreuser. 1ster theil. Frankfort am Main. 1828.
5. *Ueber Homers Leben und Gesänge.* Von J. H. J. Köppen. Durchgesehen und verbessert vom D. F. E. Ruhkopf. Hanover. 1821.
6. *Versuch die poetische Einheit der Iliade zu Bestimmen.* Von G. Lange. Darmstadt. 1826.
7. *Ulysse Homère.* Par Constantin Koliader. Folio. Paris. 1829.
8. *Ueber Homerische Geographie und Weltkunde.* Von Dr. K. H. W. Völcker. Hanover. 1830.

MR. COLERIDGE'S work not only deserves the praise of a clear, eloquent, and scholarlike exposition of the preliminary matter, which is necessary in order to understand and enter into the character of the great Poet of antiquity, but it has likewise the more rare merit of being admirably adapted for its acknowledged purpose. It is written in that fresh and ardent spirit, which, to the congenial mind of youth, will convey instruction in the most effective manner, by awakening the desire of it—and by enlisting the lively and buoyant feelings in the cause of useful and improving study; while, by its pregnant brevity, it is more likely to stimulate than to supersede more profound and extensive research. If then, as it is avowedly intended for the use of the younger readers of Homer, and, as it is impossible not to discover, with a more particular view to the great school to which the author owes his education, we shall be much mistaken if it does not become as popular as it will be useful in that celebrated establishment. Shall we be forgiven, if we assert that, although strongly impregnated with a more modern tone of criticism—though we cannot but trace, or imagine that we trace the influence of a well-known writer, connected with Mr. Coleridge by a double tie,—a writer, who, instead of striking out occasional snatches of poetry, of sweeter melody than most which in our day has caught the public ear, *ought* to have perpetuated his fame by some higher and more finished effort; and instead of casting fitful gleams of light on many of the profoundest subjects of human speculation, *ought* to have shone with concentered power on some one

one great question;—still the work before us has something in its general cast and expression peculiarly Etonian.

Of this great school it is the practical excellence, that it has so frequently awakened the enthusiasm of its sons towards the studies which it has been its chief aim to commend; *ardorem illum amoris sine quo, cum in vitâ, tum in eloquentiâ, nihil magnum effici possit;* that it is regarded not merely with the blind and passionate, or poetic attachment to its ancient buildings and beautiful fields, the scene of the fresh and buoyant enjoyments of youth, of delightful associations and fervent friendships, but of rational and conscientious gratitude for the direction of the mind towards pursuits, without the awakening influence of which it might have stagnated in careless indolence, or abandoned itself to the more strenuous and more fatal idleness of dissipation. In few, perhaps, it may have assisted in implanting that 'early and unconquerable love of reading,' which Gibbon declared, in his old age, he would not exchange for the treasures of India. But in how many has it awakened that love for classical learning, that admiration for the great writers of antiquity, which, while it seems to possess a sort of peculiar and talismanic influence, a kind of kindred affinity, beyond other branches of learning, with the mind of youth, is cherished in the mature strength of the understanding; which not seldom adds dignity to the argument of the statesman, and perspicuity to the style of the orator, and lucid order to the narrative of the historian; and even in old age has afforded to the strongest and most active minds an inexhaustible occupation, the most valued by those who possess it in the highest degree. It is not to youth alone, in the first ardour of admiration, that the glowing language of Mr. Coleridge will scarcely appear too high drawn.

'Greek—the shrine of the genius of the old world; as universal as our race, as individual as ourselves; of infinite flexibility, of indefatigable strength, with the complication and the distinctness of nature herself; to which nothing was vulgar, from which nothing was excluded; speaking to the ear like Italian, speaking to the mind like English; with words like pictures, with words like the gossamer film of the summer; at once the variety and picturesqueness of Homer, the gloom and the intensity of Æschylus; not compressed to the closest by Thucydides, not fathomed to the bottom by Plato;—not sounding with all its thunders, nor lit up with all its ardours, even under the Promethean touch of Demosthenes. And Latin—the voice of empire and of war, of law, and of the state; inferior to its half-parent, and rival, in the embodying of passion, and in the distinguishing of thought, but equal to it in sustaining the measured march of history, and superior to it in the indignant declamation of moral satire; stamped with the mark of an imperial and despotizing republic;

public; rigid in its construction, parsimonious in its synonymes; reluctantly yielding to the flowery yoke of Horace, although opening glimpses of Greek-like splendour in the occasional inspirations of Lucretius; proved indeed to the uttermost by Cicero, and by *him* found wanting; yet majestic in its barrenness, impressive in its conciseness; the true language of history, instinct with the spirit of nations, and not with the passions of individuals; breathing the maxims of the world, and not the tenets of the schools; one and uniform in its air and spirit, whether touched by the stern and haughty Sallust, by the open and discursive Livy, by the reserved and thoughtful Tacitus.' *

We must not, however, forget that the subject of our article is not Eton, but Homer. We have associated with Mr. Coleridge's work a number of tracts which have appeared from time to time in Germany and elsewhere, relating to the history of the Homeric poems, in almost all of which those who take an interest in the subject will find something worthy of their notice. We cannot pretend to keep pace with the prolific rapidity of the foreign press, on a topic which affords such ample scope for the industry of the philologist, the speculations of the philosophical, or the imagination of the more visionary scholar. Some works, therefore, may have escaped our notice, others we have not been able to obtain; many valuable writers have incidentally thrown out their Homeric views in works on other subjects; with these we would not be considered entirely unacquainted, and may occasionally avail ourselves of their assistance.†

Without professing to fill up the outline of 'the introduction to Homer,' we shall enter more at length into those points, on which the author has been most concise. Mr. Coleridge has done so well what he has done most fully, that we shall leave him, in some parts, master of his own ground; and though, on several points, we may contest his opinions, it will, we trust, be rather in the tone of amicable conference, than of hostile disputation. Those were happy days, when with easy and undoubting faith men read the whole works of every author as the unquestioned property of the venerable name which appeared in the title-page; when Cicero was undisputed master of all his orations and epistles, and Plato of his dialogues; when literary was almost as rare as religious scepticism; when to have separated the Iliad and Odyssey, as the works of different bards, would have been

* We do not think any Greek could have understood or sympathized with Juvenal. Is it possible to put into Greek such lines as these?—

Summum crede nefas vitam preferre pudori,
Et propter vitam vivendi perdere causas, viii. 83, 84.

Mr. Coleridge's note.

† We must acknowledge our ignorance of the works of two of the principal maintainers of the Wolfian hypothesis, William Müller and Weisse.

resisted

resisted as a scandalous and unwarrantable outrage against the venerable name of the poet, and one would as soon have thrown a doubt on the existence of Alexander or Julius Cæsar as of Homer.

Me occidistis, amici,
Non servastis, ait, cui sic extorta voluptas,
Et demtus per vim mentis gratissimus error.

But, though in some cases the cool and sagacious spirit of philosophical criticism may have been urged to excess, yet against most of its decrees we fear that there lies no appeal. Where the general authority of scholars has admitted the edict of disfranchisement, there is little hope that the work will be restored to the honours and privileges of authenticity. We can only then acquiesce in the severe but inexorable decree,

And blush to think how fondly we believed.

But while other authors, though lopped of some of their excrescent and superfluous branches, have still been left in peaceful possession of the larger part of their former glory, the axe has been boldly laid at the root of the great poems of Grecian antiquity. They have been resolved into a number of disconnected rhapsodies, collected and arranged at a late period of Grecian history—the minstrelsy of the Grecian border modelled into a continuous story; and Homer himself, from the blind and venerable father of poesy, the honour of whose birth was disputed by the most illustrious cities of Greece, has sunk first to an itenerant rhapsodist, doling forth his unconnected ballads, till at length his very existence has been denied, his name reduced to an appellative either derived from the not unusual blindness of that wandering race, or from words which imply the stringing together of these separate poetic fragments—or from other etymologies not less uncertain and arbitrary. Mr. Coleridge has stated, with sufficient fulness and perspicuity, the present state of belief concerning the origin of the Iliad.

'Upon the whole, therefore, it being quite clear that the Iliad assumed substantially its present shape in the age of Pisistratus, there are three distinct points of view in which this collection may be placed: 1st. That Homer wrote the Iliad in its present form; that by means of the desultory recitations of parts only by the itinerant rhapsodists, its original unity of form was lost in western Greece, and that Pisistratus and his son did no more than collect all these parts, and re-arrange them in their primitive order. 2d. That Homer wrote the existing verses constituting the Iliad, in such short songs or rhapsodies as he himself, an itinerant rhapsodist, could sing or recite separately; and that these songs were, *for the first time*, put into one body, and disposed in their epic form, by Pisistratus as aforesaid. 3d. That several rhapsodists originally composed the songs, out

out of which, or with which, the Iliad as a poem was compiled. The first of these is the common opinion, and is asserted with great ingenuity and learning by Mr. Granville Penn in his "Primary Argument of the Iliad;" the second is Wolf's and Bentley's; the last is Heyne's, and was, I believe, the opinion of the late Dr. Parr, and is, I know, the firm conviction of one or two of the most eminent English poets and philosophers of the present day.'*

In England, the established opinion maintains its ground rather by ancient prescription than by the strength put forth in its defence. On the merit of Mr. Granville Penn's work, with all possible respect for the estimable writer, we cannot agree with Mr. Coleridge. It may be quite consistent with Christian charity, but, we fear, scarcely with sober criticism, to endeavour to represent Homer as a good theologian. In the simple words, Διὸς δ' ἐτελείετο βουλή, Mr. Penn thinks that he has discovered the long-sought key to the Homeric unity. The 'accomplishment of the Divine will' was the subject of the Iliad. But in what was the Divine will to be accomplished? If in giving free scope to the 'wrath of Achilles,' we are thrown back upon the old doctrine, that the μῆνις of the son of Peleus is the subject; if we advance a step further towards the indefinite latitude in which Mr. Penn imagines that he has discovered the poet's pious design of tracing the Divine influence, the poem might quite as well have comprehended the death of Achilles, the fall of Troy, or the establishment of the kingdom of Æneas, or any other event, the fulfilment of which might show that it took place according to the 'will of Jove.'

> 'Non tali auxilio, nec defensoribus istis
> Tempus eget.'

The late Mr. Payne Knight, indeed, an Homeric student of very different authority, has entered his indignant protest against this Medean process—this severing the limbs of the venerable body of Homer. He declares that he would as soon believe the fortuitous concourse of atoms.

'Audaces satis ac temerarii merito visi sunt, qui rerum naturam ex atomorum concursu fortuito ortam esse contenderunt. Eos tamen veniam temeritati impetrare, æquum fortasse fuerit, eo quod, rerum, quæ omnibus pariter essent ignotæ, nemo certiorem rationem reddere posset; atque in meris ariolationibus et conjecturis, jus omnibus idem. Carminum autem quibus quis, "omnes et in omni genere eloquentiæ, procul a se reliquisse, atque ipsâ dispositione totius operis, humani

* 'There would be no great difficulty in composing a complete epic poem, with as much symmetry of parts as is seen in the Iliad, out of the Spanish romances on the subject of the Cid's Life and Adventures, or out of the English ballads on Robin Hood and his companions.'—*Mr. Coleridge's note.* On this point, as will be seen hereafter, we are directly at issue with the author.

ingenii

ingenii modum excessisse,"* visus sit, doctissimis etiam judicibus, ita fortuitam fuisse compositionem, non ratio duntaxat, sed ipse hominum sensus communis et experientia quotidiana reclamant.'—*Knight, Prolegomena*, p. 7.

Nor has Mr. Knight contented himself with thus putting his protest on record: he has advanced many solid arguments, though, perhaps, with rather too much of his characteristic vehemence, we might perhaps have said contemptuousness, still with so much ability, and such extensive knowledge of his subject, that we cannot but think that Mr. Coleridge, who is so over-courteous to a far feebler opponent of the Wolfian hypothesis, would have done more fairly if he had placed this vigorous champion in the front of the defensive battle. He mentions, indeed, but we think much too slightingly, the 'Prolegomena' of Mr. Knight.

Still, as Mr. Coleridge justly observes, 'however startling this theory may appear at first sight,—however unlike anything of which we may have heard,—and however impossible in the age in which we now live,—there are, nevertheless, some arguments in its favour that, with all serious inquirers, will ever save it from indifference or contempt.' And it must be acknowledged that while in this country the converts to the doctrine either of Wolf or Heyne have, in general, maintained a cautious and reverential silence, so that the question can scarcely be considered to have been agitated in our literary circles,—in Germany, on the other hand, the current runs so strongly in favour of the innovating doctrine, that we are aware of few distinguished names which, if they have not openly given in their adhesion, have evinced a decided bias towards the original unity of Homer, or, at least, have gone further than to maintain a dignified neutrality. On the other hand, so many have avowed themselves ardent and zealous advocates, at least, of the Wolfian hypothesis, as to write of it as an acknowledged and established article of the classical and poetic creed. This opinion is so completely moulded up with the ordinary phraseology of writers on these subjects, that we now read far more frequently of the 'Homeric poems' than of Homer. 'In hoc acquiescimus omnes'† is the strong expression of the author of one of the most learned treatises upon Grecian poetry which have recently appeared. Even some writers, M. Kreuser for instance, who, in his 'Vorfrage über Homeros,' has shaken one of the main pillars of the new system—the recent introduction of writing into Greece,—nevertheless avows himself an open advocate for the general hypothesis: as, however, the second volume of M. Kreuser's dissertation has not yet appeared, we know not

* Quint. Inst., x., 1.

† Bode. Orpheus, poetarum Græcorum antiquissimus.

on

on what other grounds he rests his belief. On this, as on most other subjects, the German opinions are spreading into France; and M. Villemain, in his eloquent lectures at the Sorbonne, whenever he mentions the name of Homer, thinks it necessary to add the reservation, 'if, indeed, Homer ever existed.'

We have prefixed to our article the name of more than one tract, the authors of which, on different grounds, boldly venture on the forlorn hope of the defence of the unity of the Iliad; and no doubt those who have travelled more extensively over the vast regions of German classical literature, the prolific growth of which, even in these days of literary activity, may appal ordinary readers, might summon more, and, perhaps, still abler champions to maintain the questionable existence of the venerable bard. But with such allies as we have at hand, and trusting, rashly perhaps, to our own strength, we propose to pass in review some of the principal arguments on either side of this, to ourselves, most interesting question. We hope to maintain the calm and dispassionate tone in which such inquiries should be conducted; and although we may come to a different conclusion, we are far too conscious of their high pretensions to erudition, to be wanting in respect to such scholars as Wolf and Heyne. The subject may be conveniently considered under the following heads:—I. The authority of the original story of the separate rhapsodies, and their more recent compilation into two great poems. II. The external probability that such poems could or could not be composed and preserved at the period to which they are assigned. III. The internal probability, that is, the evidence of an original design, and the congruity or incongruity of the several parts as they now exist.

I. It is universally conceded that the great writers of Greece almost universally, and from the earliest period, quote the Homeric poems as the writings of one author: they dispute about the time and place of Homer's birth, without the slightest suspicion that they were first called upon to prove his existence. The opponents, however, retort, not without justice, that this argument proves too much; that not merely was the doubtful point of the common authorship of the Iliad and Odyssey assumed, apparently, without examination, but the Hymns, which all scholars concur in rejecting as the composition of Homer, are quoted with the same unhesitating confidence. The exquisite passage of the Hymn to Apollo,

'The blind old man of Scio's rocky isle,'

is adduced as the poetry of Homer by no less an authority than the grave and inquiring Thucydides; yet no one now ventures to maintain the authenticity of the hymn from which it is quoted. On the subject of the Homeric language, Mr. Knight boldly asserts the total

total ignorance or inattention of these masterly writers to the philological history of their own tongue—'ita ut Thucydides et Aristoteles, viri acumine, scientiâ, et eruditione facile principes, haud aliter in hâc re cæcutierunt, quam quivis e trivio sophista vel rhapsodus.' Wolf and his followers assume that in the same unquestioning spirit they quoted the Homeric poems: that they wrote without having profoundly investigated the more remote antiquities of their nation, or adopted, as the subject was *not* immediately before them, the popular language. Yet the passage in Herodotus, in which the historian assigns certain reasons, from which he considers the Cypriac poems falsely ascribed to Homer, shows that the historian and his contemporaries were not altogether blind, or regardless of such questions. Wolf lays great stress on a passage in Josephus, which distinctly asserts that the poems of Homer were not *written* till a late period; yet too much reliance cannot fairly be placed on the authority of Josephus, writing in a controversial tract, in which his avowed object is to exalt the antiquity of his own national records, and to depress those of other countries; nor are those who have most deeply studied the writings of Josephus the most inclined to think favourably of his general accuracy. But besides this single passage, which, after all, does not go much further than the common story about Pisistratus, not even a grammarian, although here and there one may appear to have made some advances towards the hypothesis of Wolf, explicitly denies that the poems were originally composed as a whole; the prevailing, indeed almost the universal opinion, asserted that the Pisastratid compilation was a re-construction of poems, the parts of which time and accident had scattered asunder, not their first design and formation as consecutive and harmonious poetical histories.

In modern days, two Frenchmen, Hedelin and Perrault, of no great distinction, are supposed to have led the way, one of whom had the exquisite judgment to compare the rhapsodies to the *chansons du Pont-Neuf!* But there is a writer of a far higher class, whose bold and original conceptions on many subjects connected with the history of mankind are now emerging into light, after having long lain hid in the obscurity of a branch of Italian literature which has scarcely received its due meed of respect—that of the kingdom of Naples; and, in a style both repulsive from its oracular and syllogistic brevity, and from a kind of fantastic symbolic form into which the author has cast both his propositions and conclusions. The 'Scienza Nuova' of Giambattista Vico has at length been translated both into German and French, and, coinciding in a remarkable manner with the tone of thinking prevalent among the continental writers of the present day, many of whose speculations

speculations it had anticipated, is acquiring a tardy fame, and winning its way to something like an European reputation. Both Hedelin's book, which was published in 1715, and probably Bentley's memorable assertion,* were published before the 'Scienza Nuova,' of which our edition (the second), published in 1730, refers to an earlier one, which came out two years before; but Vico was not likely to condescend to borrow from such a writer as Hedelin, nor, indeed, to be acquainted either with the French work or the 'Discourse on Freethinking;' and his opinion on this subject is but a part of a complete system, which, whatever may be thought of its truth, is certainly not deficient in consistency. Vico distinctly asserted that the Iliad and Odyssey were first constructed by the Pisistratidæ.

'Ch' i Pisistratidi....disposero e divisero, o fecero disporre e dividere, i poemi d' Omero nell' Iliade e nell' Odissea; onde s' intenda, quanto innanzi dovevan' essere stata confusa congerie di cose, quando e infinita la differenza degli stili dell' uno e dell' altro poema.'—lib. ii. p. 373.

This view of the origin of the two poems is in a much higher vein of philosophy than Bentley's, which is certainly not worthy of him. The different parts of Greece to which Vico attributes them is worthy of serious consideration, and nearly coincides with an opinion to which we had inclined before we were acquainted with the Italian work. He expresses his suspicion 'l' Omero dell' Odissea essere stato dell' Occidente di Grecia, e quello dell' Iliade dell' Oriente verso settentrione.' Finally, Vico's 'Discoverta del vero Omero,' is not without his wonted enigmatical obscurity, but seems to mean that Homer himself is an ideal personage, but that his poems are, as it were, the collective voice of the heroic age, in which all history was poetry.

'Or tutte queste cose ragionate da noi, o narrate da altri intorno ad Omero, e i di lui poemi, senza punto averloci noi eletto, senza averloci punto proposto, tanto che nemmeno vi avevano riflettuto, quando ne con tal metodo, col quale ora e questa Scienza ragionata, ne con tanta copia affollata di pruove, acutissimi ingegni d' huomini eccellenti in doctrina, ed erudizione, con leggere la Scienza Nuova, sospettarono, *che l' Omero finor creduto non fosse vero;* ora ci strascinamo ad affermare, cha tale sia adivenuto d' Omero, quale della Guerra Trojana,† che quantunque ella dia una famosa epoca di tempi alla storia, pur i Critici più avveduti giudicano, cha quella non mai siasi

* 'Homer wrote a sequel of songs and rhapsodies, to be sung by himself, for small earnings and good cheer, at festivals and other days of merriment: the Iliad he made for the men, and the Odysseis for the other sex. These loose songs were not collected together in the form of an epic poem till about Pisistratus' time, about five hundred years after.'

† Jacob Bryant probably knew little of this anticipation of his paradox.

stata fatta nel mundo. E certamente se, come della Guerra Trojana, così di Omero, non fossero certi gran vestigi rimasti, a tante difficultà si direbbe ch' Omero fosse stato finto un *Poeta d' Idea*, il quale non fu particular huomo in natura. Ma tali difficultà, ed insiememente i poemi di lui pervenutici sembrano farci cotal forza di affermarlo per la mettà, cha quest' Omero sia egli stato un' Idea, ovvero *Carattere Eroico di huomini Greci, in quanto essi narravano cantando la loro storia.*'

The basis of the whole theory thus maintained by authorities of such high name, is the acknowledged dispersion of the separate books or rhapsodies, and the re-incorporation, or rather the primary construction into an uniform whole, by Pisistratus, or his son Hipparchus. Although, however, this Pisistratid story has been handed down by many writers of different ages and various degrees of authority, it is still open to critical examination. To omit the first difficulty, that the same service is attributed,—we own on the very doubtful authority of a story, apparently dressed up for effect by Plutarch,—to Lycurgus, and afterwards to Solon; not to insist on the still more important fact that, as Mr. Knight observes, the whole statement was unknown to—for, if not unknown, it could scarcely have been unnoticed by—Herodotus, Thucydides, Plato, and Aristotle,—there is a remarkable variation in what appears the earliest version of the anecdote. In the dialogue called 'Hipparchus,' falsely attributed to Plato, but not improbably of greater antiquity than any other relation of the story, it is stated, not that Pisistratus caused the poems to be compiled, but that Hipparchus first introduced the poems of Homer into Athens (which assertion is more than questionable), and compelled the rhapsodists to chaunt them at the Panathenæa in consecutive order, and in succession, 'in the same manner that they do at present.'* This was at the great national festival of Minerva; and we think that sufficient attention has not been paid to the remarkable fact of the recitation of the Homeric poetry, apparently as a part of the national religion, at a solemn religious ceremony. The original composition, as well as the preservation of the poem, whether entire or in parts, assumes a far higher importance when viewed in connexion with the worship of the people, which, in all ages, especially the earlier, delighted in mingling, in what to us appears incongruous, but to them natural union, their warlike and religious traditions; thus blending their history with their mythology, and listening to their poets, as Herodotus explicitly says they did to Homer, as their theological teachers. It is evident,

* ὡς ἄλλα τε πολλὰ καὶ καλὰ ἔργα ἀπεδείξατο, καὶ τὰ Ὁμήρου πρῶτος ἐκόμισεν εἰς τὴν γῆν ταυτηνι, καὶ ἠνάγκασε τοὺς ραψῳδους Παναθηναίοις ἐξ ὑπολήψεως ἐφεξῆς αὐτὰ διιέναι, ὥσπερ νῦν ἔτι εἴωθε γιγνεσθαι.

from

from that beautiful dialogue of Plato, the Ion, that even in their days of disrepute, when they had sunk into a race of beggarly and fraudulent itinerants, the rhapsodists, as though in memory of their nobler origin, when they were more akin to the bards of the feudal days of Greece, still pretended to divine inspiration.

There are several incidental circumstances, which, in our opinion, throw some suspicion over the whole history of the Pisistratid compilation, at least over the theory, that the Iliad was cast into its present stately and harmonious form by the directions of the Athenian ruler. If the great poets, who flourished at that bright period of Grecian song, of which, alas! we have inherited little more than the fame, and the faint echo; if Stesichorus, Anacreon, and Simonides were employed in the noble task of compiling the Iliad and Odyssey, so much must have been done to arrange, to connect, to harmonize, that it is almost incredible, that stronger marks of Athenian manufacture should not remain. Whatever occasional anomalies may be detected, anomalies which no doubt arise out of our own ignorance of the language of the Homeric age; however the irregular use of the digamma may have perplexed our Bentleys, to whom the name of Helen is said to have caused as much disquiet and distress as the fair one herself among the heroes of her age; however Mr. Knight may have failed in reducing the Homeric language to its primitive form; however, finally, the Attic dialect may not have assumed all its more marked and distinguishing characteristics;—still it is difficult to suppose that the language, particularly in the joinings and transitions, and connecting parts, should not more clearly betray the incongruity between the more ancient and modern forms of expression. It is not quite in character with such a period, to imitate an antique style, in order to piece out an imperfect poem in the character of the original, as Sir Walter Scott has done in his continuation of Sir Tristrem.

If, however, not even such faint and indistinct traces of Athenian compilation are discoverable in the language of the poems, the total absence of Athenian national feeling is perhaps no less worthy of observation. In later times, and it may fairly be suspected in earlier, the Athenians were more than ordinarily jealous of the fame of their ancestors. But, amid all the traditions of the glories of early Greece embodied in the Iliad, the Athenians play a most subordinate and insignificant part. Even the few passages which relate to their ancestors, Mr. Knight suspects to be interpolations. It is possible, indeed, that in its leading outline, the Iliad may be true to historic fact; that in the great maritime expedition of western Greece against the rival and half-kindred empire of the Laomedontiadæ, the Chieftain of Thessaly, from his

valour and the number of his forces, may have been the most important ally of the Peloponnesian sovereign. The pre-eminent value of the ancient poetry on the Trojan war may thus have forced the national feeling of the Athenians to yield to their taste. The songs which spoke of their own great ancestor were, no doubt, of far inferior sublimity and popularity, or, at first sight, a Theseid would have been much more likely to have emanated from an Athenian synod of compilers of ancient song, than an Achilleid or an Olysseid. Could France have given birth to a Tasso, Tancred would have been the hero of the Jerusalem. If, however, the Homeric ballads, as they are sometimes called, which related the wrath of Achilles, with all its direful consequences, were so far superior to the rest of the poetic cycle, as to admit no rivalry,—it is still surprising, that throughout the whole poem, the *callida junctura* should never betray the workmanship of an Athenian hand; and that the national spirit of a race, who have, at a later period, not inaptly been compared to our self-admiring neighbours, the French, should submit with lofty self-denial to the almost total exclusion of their own ancestors—or, at least, to the questionable dignity of only having produced a leader, tolerably skilled in the military tactics of his age. Besides the great Thessalian, the Ætolian, the Argive, the Pylian, the Western islander, the Cretan, has each his eminent place in this splendid array of Grecian valour and enterprise; but the αὐτόχθονες of Attica, the ancient and unmingled children of the soil, the founders of the Ionic colonies, among which the songs were first, according to the general opinion, produced, is represented by an obscure warrior, who performs no one action of daring or prowess. It might, indeed, be supposed, considering the inherent propensity of the bards of somewhat barbarous and warlike tribes to ennoble the ancestors of their race, that the Iliad would distinctly betray the tribe from which it sprung—and for the gratification of whose descendants the poet poured forth his ennobling strains. This train of thinking we cannot now pause to pursue the length to which it has carried us; for it is remarkable, that although the author of the Iliad is a *Grecian* poet, we cannot but perceive something of a Thessalian bias.

On the general question of the origin of the Iliad, we must acknowledge, that we have a theory of our own, but it is rather the object of our present article to make our readers ac-

* The well-known story of the appeal to the authority of the catalogue in the time of Solon, if it has any foundation in truth, would seem to intimate, that much more was known of Homer than scattered fragments which passed under his name. In fact, this story rests on much better authority than that of the Pisistratid compilation; it is told, indeed, by Plutarch, but alluded to, as well known by Demosthenes (de Falsa Leg.), by Aristotle (Rhet. i. c. ult.), and by Diogenes Laertius (Vit. Solon.)

quainted

quainted with the recorded opinions of others, than to explain the views which ourselves may have adopted. General tradition in this case, and the consentient voice of most of the great writers of modern times, point to the shores of Asia Minor as the birth-place of the poet or poets of the Iliad. There, among the emigrants from western Greece, who fled before the invasion of the ruder Doric Heraclidæ, the bards began to celebrate to the willing ears of their contemporaries, the splendid enterprises of their ancestors. Mr. Knight, in general a cool, and far from an imaginative, critic, kindles to an unusual fervour of expression, when he describes the colonists in their exile from their native shores, solacing their hearts with the remembrance of the former glories of their ancestors, earned on the plains of Asia Minor, and embodied in the spirit-stirring strains of the poet. Nothing, he asserts, could induce an audience to endure the dry and geographical beadroll of names, which form the catalogue of warriors, unless associated with the tender reminiscences of their early days. To the exile, the familiar name of every river or mountain, of every vale or town, called up a train of delicious recollections; and from whatever part of the western continent he had been constrained to fly, he waited with anxious patience till the poet approached the region dear to his heart, and named those places which still retained their magic influence over his feelings, as the haunts of his youth, and still consecrated by the tombs of his fathers.

'Ne summus quidem ornatus pulcherrimorum versuum ita commendare potuisset mera nomina et apposita Græcarum urbium, vicorum, montium, et amnium, Græciæ incolis, ut libenter audirent vel optimum poetam, et *Θεοῖς ἐναλίγκιον αυδὴν*, qui talia cantitasset. Neque colonis longinquis et inveteratis, qui, in novâ patriâ nati, nullam antiquæ vel memoriam vel notitiam habuissent, ejusmodi catalogus motum vel affectum ullum animorum excitasset. Exulantibus autem et vi pulsis, qui amore quodam indigenâ locorum consuetorum adhuc tenerentur, nullam materiam aptiorem ad captandos animos, atque intimos eorum sensus et affectus commovendos, poeta naturæ observantissimus seligere poterat. Omne nomen et appositum, unaquæque vel tenuissima nota, quasi in tabulâ votivâ, mentibus ostenderet anteactæ cujusque vitæ cursum—gaudia, ærumnas, ludos—puerorum errores, juvenum voluptates, virorum curas; quæ omnia memoriæ infixa, hominum affectus semper retrahunt ad locos in quibus ea primi experti sunt, &c.'—*Knight, Prolegomena*, p. 33.

A theory of a very opposite nature has been advanced by the author of one of the treatises at the head of our article—a theory which, however it may clash with all our established notions, and however, in our opinion, unlikely to make many converts, is nevertheless struck out with genius, and maintained with ability and learning. Admitting the Asiatic origin of the Iliad, and indeed gallantly vindicating

vindicating the personal existence of Homer, M. Schubarth boldly declares him to have been a Trojan, the bard of the great kingdom established, according to the poet himself, by the descendants of Æneas. Having set forth, by annihilating the great Pelasgian people, whom Niebuhr, Schlegel, Wachsmuth, and the greater number of the continental writers, (we are ourselves inclined to that opinion,) suppose that they discover in the dim distance of the most remote antiquity, the parents of the earliest Grecian, and even Italian civilization — Schubarth, in return, elevates the kingdom of Priam into the seat of comparative advancement and cultivation. He appeals to Homer himself for the description of the social state in what he considers to have been the primitive times of Greece, those which immediately preceded and gave birth to the heroic age of the poet. There are perpetually glimpses, he asserts, both in the Iliad and the Odyssey, of a wild and violent age, when nature was lavish in monstrous births, and strange conjunctions of the forms of men and beasts shocked the sight; 'an age of blood, and of frantic rebellion against the Supreme Being, against the acknowledged might of the Deity;' an age, in which the whole life and actions of men were fierce, ungoverned, rude, and savage. To this period belong the faint echoes, and the more or less distinct glimpses of the war before Thebes, of Laius and Œdipus, Bellerophon and Anteia, the Centaurs and Lapithæ, the Chimæra, the wrath of Meleager, the wanderings of Hercules, the adventures of Otus and Ephialtes; the impiety of Ixion, Lycurgus, Niobe, and Thamyris against the Gods, and all which Nestor relates or alludes to as belonging to the days of his youth. Even many of the heroes of the later, younger, less dark, and violent generation, appear in their youth, in the same unsettled state. Most of them, at an early period, have fled from their native land on account of some deed of violence. Thus, Phœnix, Patroclus, Tlepolemus the Heraclide, and many others: and do not those indications of rudeness, cruelty, barbarity, wildness, atrocity, enter into the character of the hero whom the poem represents as the most distinguished, the most noble, the object of admiration among his equals and compeers? Let the reader consider the single instance of the offering of the twelve captive youths by Achilles. Even the gods who favour the Achæans are painted as full of passion and blind wrath, Juno, for instance, and Pallas. On the other hand, among the Trojans, every thing indicates a less gloomy primitive age. Even the line of their rulers, stretching far up into remote antiquity, (an antiquity, however, which is somewhat exaggerated by M. Schubarth,) makes a reverential impression upon the mind. The pedigree of the Trojan rulers is that in the Iliad, which ascends the highest, and surpasses

passes in antiquity all other races, either of heroes or kings. This impression is still deepened by the circumstance, that the more distinguished of their kings are displayed as manifest benefactors, the parents, and founders of the race, the builders of the city; so in an eminent degree are Dardanus and Ilus, and their throne is maintained in the persons of their descendants (Æneas and his offspring), to the remotest posterity. The mildest, most humane deities, Apollo and Venus, are the objects of their worship; and while the father of gods and men looks with favour on their city, even in its decline, its ruin is urged by the envious divinities, Juno, Neptune, and Pallas. The author proceeds with great ingenuity—though with a constant reference to certain rather mystic metaphysics, which may deter some readers, not familiar with the German mode of thinking, from paying much attention to his work—to contrast the more fierce and barbarous Greeks with the more mild and civilized Trojans—the venerable and patriarchal Priam, with the ambitious and overbearing Agamemnon; but above all, the fierce and inexorable Achilles, the slave of his moody passions, who, in the gratification of his savage resentment, retires to his tent, and sternly disregards the discomfiture, the total ruin, the ignominious flight of his former allies, till he is dragged forth from his fatal neutrality by the noble, yet still strictly personal motive of grief and indignation for the loss of his faithful Patroclus; this rude and selfish character is compared with Hector, whose valour is only equalled by his gentleness, who, feeling and lamenting the injustice of the Trojan cause, yet, from the purest sense of patriotic duty, ventures his fame and his life upon the hazard; who, consciously inferior in strength, nevertheless holds his honour and his country too dear, not to stand forth as the champion of his invaded land and endangered kindred.

In all these circumstances, brought out with great skill, and presented in the boldest contrast, M. Schubarth discovers the partial and patriotic attachment of the bard to his own Asiatic ancestors; and, at length, triumphantly asserts, that Homer is as manifestly a Trojan at heart, and a secret foe to the fierce and barbarous invaders, as Tasso is a Christian, and animated with a high and devout hatred of the unbelieving Moslemin. Yet, after all, what does this prove, but that the mind, or rather the heart of the poet was beyond his age? It was not the Trojan, but the soul of Homer, which had ripened to a higher and premature state of civilization; and while to his admiring countrymen he exhibited, in the conquering Achæans, those virtues which were congenial to the warlike feelings of his hearers; while he kindled their ready admiration with the stirring images of physical strength; of the

stern

stern and terrific passions in awful conflict; of pride disdaining less than the humiliation of the monarch and the whole army, before it would condescend to be propitiated; of revenge implacable, but by the deliberate sacrifice of twelve blooming and helpless captive youths, to the manes of his slaughtered friend; and not content with the death, proceeding to the most wanton outrage on the mangled corpse of the slayer of Patroclus: while with such excitement he had done homage to the prevailing passions of the generality of his hearers, the poet, nevertheless, broke off perpetually, as if to refresh with milder emotions his own more gentle and contemplative spirit, and even some perhaps of his less rude and martial audience; if possible, to instil an unwonted softness into the more rugged hearts by the softer pictures of domestic tenderness, the interviews of Hector and Andromache, the constant recurrence to the home-scenes within the beleaguered city.

To us, this poetic side of the argument is perfectly satisfactory; the poet's exquisite and inborn sense of the beauty of relieving the more agitating, by gentler incidents, fully accounts for the remarkable variety which constitutes the eternal interest of the poem. While the author of the Iliad has introduced on the side of the Greeks, all the loftier excitement of unconquerable valour and irresistible prowess, he has thrown around the weaker and defeated party the gentler attraction of the domestic feelings. Having drawn Achilles as the hero of his own age, he has left, in Hector, a model for the admiration of more humane and enlightened posterity. Not so to M. Schubarth, who discovers in all this, the national partiality of the poet of the court of the Æneadæ, gilding the fall of the ancient Troy with a melancholy dignity, and throwing an interest over a defeat, which he cannot disguise. In the Odyssey, on the other hand, ascribed by M. Schubarth to the same bard, he pursues, with undisguised satisfaction, the calamities which, by the wrath of the offended gods, smote the victorious army, scattered them over the hostile seas, some to glut the deep with the spoils of the conquered city, others to find their palaces reeking with blood and crime, others to waste years in miserable wandering before they reach their native homes; in short, he appeals to the well-known prophetic similitude, in which he asserts, that the poet has shadowed forth, under the images of the serpent and the eagle, the nature and the fate of each of the conflicting races.

Ὄρνις γάρ σφιν ἐπῆλθε περησέμεναι μεμαῶσιν,
Αἰετὸς ὑψιπετής, ἐπὶ ἀριστερὰ λαὸν ἐέργων,
Φοινήεντα δράκοντα φέρων ὀνύχεσσι πέλωρον,
Ζῶον, ἔτ' ασπαίροντα· καὶ οὔπω λήθετο χάρμης·
Κόψε γὰρ αὐτὸν ἔχοντα κατὰ στῆθος, παρὰ δειρὴν,

Ἰδνωθεὶς

Ἰδνωθεὶς ὀπίσω· ὁ δ' ἀπὸ ἕθεν ἦκε χαμᾶζε,
Ἀλγήσας ὀδύνῃσι, μέσῳ δ' ἐνὶ καββαλ' ὁμίλῳ·
Αὐτὸς δε κλάγξας πέτετο πνοιῇσ' ἀνέμοιο.—*Iliad*, xii., 200.

Jove's bird on sounding pinions beat the skies,—
A bleeding serpent, of enormous size,
His talons truss'd; alive and curling round,
He stung the bird, whose throat received the wound;
Mad with the smart, he drops the fatal prey,
In airy circles wings his painful way,
Floats on the winds, and rends the heavens with cries,—
Amidst the host the fallen serpent lies.—*Pope.*

In the venomous, speckled, and hateful serpent, the poet (according to M. Schubarth) has figured the dangerous and cruel enemies of Troy,—in the eagle, the royal bird of Jove, the nobler, yet afflicted ancestors of the kingly house of Æneas.

It must be acknowledged, that there is something remarkable in the apparent respect shown throughout the poem for the character of Æneas, (and this circumstance had not escaped observation before the treatise of Schubarth); yet it is rather a bold conclusion, to discover in this single fact the reverential feelings of the bard to the great progenitor of the race of kings, in whose court he flourished.*

All the arguments, to show the Ionic descent of Homer, derived from his geographical knowledge of the Trojan plain, and those of Wood,† from the names and effects which the poet ascribes to the different winds—prove no more, if they prove anything, than that the poem was composed on the coast of Asia Minor. Our author impeaches the Ionic descent of Homer on other grounds: first, from the improbability, that a bard of that race would represent Miletus, the metropolis of the Ionic confederacy, as inhabited by barbarians; and, secondly, from the state of society among the Ionic colonies, which he represents as an active, trading race, dwelling in populous towns, and already under oligarchical, or popular governments, having advanced to an immense distance beyond the patriarchal simplicity and primitive pastoral manners of the Trojans in the Iliad. If we would dare assert one point, with confidence, concerning Homer, it would unquestionably be, that the poems were composed while the Greeks were still under monarchical rule; of the majesty of the people Homer is entirely ignorant; the imperious and jealous Demos finds no place in his state of society; and Ulysses lays about him among

* The existence of this Ilian kingdom, first in the line of Hector, afterwards in that of Æneas, is supported by the authority of the inquiring and judicious Strabo.

† Essay on the Original Genius of Homer, which may, however, be compared with the recent treatise of Volcker on the Geography of Homer.

the

the unruly commonalty, with the contemptuous violence of a feudal potentate. Still, that the Ionic colonies were, for some time, under the monarchical rule of the leaders of the emigration, can scarcely be questioned: the growth of their commercial and republican spirit is of much later date; though, after all, there is, perhaps, no period of Grecian history about which we are so entirely in the dark, as that in which Western Greece threw back part of its population on the shores of Asia Minor.

Our readers, especially those who take less insatiate interest in Homeric questions, may perhaps consider that we have detained them too long with a theory which, to many, may seem to carry its own refutation, and to fall at once before the simple statement of the improbability that the whole quick and intelligent race of the Greeks should have mistaken the national poet of the Trojans for their own. Had Homer been the bard of the Æneadæ, would he have been handed down by the universal and religious veneration of Grecian tradition?

Dr. Bernhard Thiersch, in his 'Treatise on the Country and Age of Homer,' in which he has expanded the views advanced in his earlier work on the original form of the Odyssey, not only rejects the Trojan paradox of Schubarth, but impugns the general sentiment of antiquity as to the Ionic or Asiatic birth-place of the poetry. His work winds up with the following bold conclusion:—'European Greece, and, in fact, the Peloponnesus, was the country,—the peaceful period which followed immediately upon the Trojan war, the age,—which gave birth to the Homeric poems. The bards first arose in Peloponnesus: they and their songs wandered with the Ionians, first to Attica, thence to Asia. There they lived quietly among the people which inhabited in peace that loveliest climate of the older world; and, at a later period, when the storm subsided in Greece, returned as strangers to their native land.' The two parts of Dr. Thiersch's theory are not necessarily connected. Homer may have been the contemporary bard of the heroes of the Iliad, and yet a Peloponnesian; though it may not be so easy to find a period in the turbulent and distracted times which followed the Dorian invasion of the Heraclidæ, in which epic poetry could pour forth its flowing music, unbroken by the harsher and less liquid Doric, which became the prevailing dialect of the Peloponnese. The passages in the poems, from which Mitford and others have inferred the distinct assertion of the poet that he sang some generations after the Trojan war, particularly the well-known comparison of the strength of the men of modern days with that of the heroes of the olden time, are struck out by Dr. Thiersch as interpolations of modern rhapsodists, having before, as he pleads in his defence, been

been rejected on just critical grounds by Mr. Knight. The οἷοι νῦν βροτοὶ εἰσι was the addition of a rhapsodist, endeavouring to reconcile to a more civilised audience the barbarous and undignified mode of warfare described in that part of the poem where the combatants heave great stones at each other's heads. Nor are the passages which appear to indicate the native country of the poet less liable to exception. Dr. Thiersch admits at once the Asiatic origin of the catalogue of ships, which he asserts to be as manifestly the interpolation of a later rhapsodist, composed with the poetic design, so well developed in the passage which we have quoted from Mr. Knight. Still, on whatever critical grounds Dr. Thiersch may reject all these passages, a theory which entirely depends on thus throwing suspicion on the testimony of the opposing witnesses cannot but appear arbitrary and unsatisfactory; for as to the Iliad, we can find in Dr. Thiersch's tract but one solitary argument against its Asiatic origin—the improbability that an Ionian poet would describe the sun as rising and setting in the sea,—an objection answered by the curious observations of M. Völcker, on the 'Physical Geography of the Homeric Poems.' Dr. Thiersch seems to have been misled by his somewhat exclusive study of the Odyssey, in which we have ourselves remarked the strong indications of Peloponnesian origin. Nor is this one of the least curious confirmations of the opinions of those who assign two different authors to the two poems. While in the Odyssey the topography of the Peloponnese seems described with the familiar accuracy of a native, we remember no single allusion, or similitude, which betrays a knowledge of the Asiatic coast. Not so in the Iliad. Leaving the more than ten years' war about the geography of the Trojan plain to the conflicting assailants and defenders of Homer's local knowledge, there is more than one simile or illustration which seems native to the coast of Asia Minor: it is the Mæonian or Carian woman, who is employed in dyeing purple; and we never read the living description of the flocks of birds in the second book, but that we have fancied that the poet's eye must have watched the swans soaring and settling on the meadows of the Cayster.

ὥστ' ὀρνίθων πετεηνῶν ἔθνεα πολλὰ
χηνῶν ἢ γεράνων, ἢ κύκνων δολιχοδείρων,
Ἀσίῳ ἐν λειμῶνι, Καϋστρίῳ ἀμφὶ ῥέεθρα,
ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα ποτῶνται, ἀγαλλόμενοι πτερύγεσσι,
κλαγγηδὸν προκαθιζόντων, σμαραγεῖ δε τε λειμών.—ii. 459.

Not less their number than the embodied cranes,
Or milk-white swans, on Asia's watery plains;
That o'er the windings of Cayster's springs,
Stretch their long necks, and clap their rustling wings:

Now

Now tower aloft, and course in airy rounds ;
Now light with noise, with noise the field resounds.—*Pope.*

II. The Wolfian hypothesis rests secondly upon grounds of external probability. In order that we may not be accused of enfeebling this argument, which is unquestionably of great weight, we shall quote Mr. Coleridge's abstract.

'It is further said that the art of writing, and the use of manageable writing materials, were entirely, or all but entirely, unknown in Greece and the islands at the supposed date of the composition of the Iliad; that if so, this poem could not have been committed to writing during the time of such its composition; that in a question of comparative probabilities like this, it is a much grosser improbability that even the single Iliad, amounting, after all curtailments and expungings, to upwards of fifteen thousand lines, should have been actually conceived and perfected in the brain of one man, with no other help but his own or others' memory, than that it should, in fact, be the result of the labours of several distinct authors; that if the Odyssey be counted, the improbability is doubled; that if we add, upon the authority of Thucydides and Aristotle, the Hymns and Margites, not to say the Batrachomuiomachia, that which was improbable becomes absolutely impossible; that all that has been so often said as to the fact of as many lines, or more, having been committed to memory, is beside the point in question, which is not whether fifteen thousand or thirty thousand lines may be learnt by heart from a book or manuscript, but whether one man can *compose* a poem of that length, which, rightly or not, shall be thought to be a perfect model of symmetry or consistency of parts, without the aid of writing materials; that, admitting the superior probability of such a thing in a primitive age, we know nothing analogous to such a case; and that it so transcends the common limits of intellectual power, as, at the least, to merit, with as much justice as the opposite opinion, the character of improbability.' —*Coleridge*, p. 43, 44.

This is a strong case; nor are we insensible that, whichever way we turn, we are lost in an almost inextricable maze. Still, we must acknowledge that we are so profoundly impressed with the grandeur and the *unity* displayed in the structure of the Iliad, —an impression which more frequent study of the general effect of the poem but tends to strengthen,—that we cannot consent to abandon the ancient faith without further examination.

On the internal evidence of this unity of design we shall offer, before we conclude, some observations; but our present business is with the facts on which the argument of Wolf and his followers chiefly depends. The whole question of the antiquity of writing and writing materials among the Greeks has been recently submitted to a profound and curious investigation by M. Kreuser, in his 'Vorfrage über Homeros;' who, nevertheless, we must again

again warn our readers, though dissenting from Wolf on this important point, is a convert to his general views. With some part of M. Kreuser's theory we are by no means satisfied, particularly with his identification of the Pelasgians, the Sea-farers of antiquity (from πέλαγος with the Æolic or Ionic σ, πέλασγος), with the Phœnicians, and his consequent inference, that the Pelasgic characters, in which, according to the curious observation of Diodorus, the Orphic poetry was written, were the same with the Phœnician alphabet. His arguments, even on this point, are not unworthy of consideration; though, on the whole, the fact that the Pelasgians were an agricultural population, and the apparent connexion of that primitive element of the Greek with the Indian family of languages, in our opinion, are conclusive in favour of the original Asiatic descent of that race from a stock not of Semitic origin. But, on the general question of the origin of letters, the mass of authorities, collected with great industry, and the arguments, urged with equal ingenuity, appear, in some degree, to endanger Wolf's hypothesis of the recent introduction of writing into Greece scarcely before the time of Solon. The silence of Homer, after all the only extant authority for the Homeric age, is the great difficulty, if indeed he is silent, and if the fatal characters, the σήματα λυγρὰ of the letter of Bellerophon, were but symbolic or hieroglyphic signs. It is undoubtedly embarrassing, that if writing was in common use in the days of Homer, no allusion, except in this doubtful passage, should be found, in either of the great poems, to an art, which might, at first sight, appear to be necessarily mingled up with all transactions of war or pacification, of public and private life.

'Jam vero non modo nullum tale in Homero exstat testimonium rei vel vestigium, nullum ne tenuissimorum quidem initiorum legitimæ scripturæ vel Cadmei muneris indicium, sed, quod longe maximi momenti est, contraria etiam omnia. Nusquam vocabulum libri, nusquam lectionis, nusquam literarum: nihil in tot millibus versuum ad lectionem, omnia ad auditionem comparata; nulla pacta aut fœdera nisi coram; nullus veterum rerum famæ fons præter memoriam et famam et illiterata monumenta; ex eo Musarum, memorum Deorum, diligens et in Iliade enixa repetita invocatio; nullus in cippis et sepulcris, quæ interdum memorantur, titulus; non alia ulla inscriptio; non æs signatum aut facta pecunia; nullus usus scripti in rebus domesticis et mercaturâ; nullæ geographicæ tabulæ; denique, nulli tabellarii, nullæ epistolæ, quarum si consuetudo fuisset in patriâ Ulyssis, vel si πτυκτοὶ πίνακες percontationibus procorum et Telemachi suffecissent, procul dubio Odysseam aliquot libris breviorem, aut, ut Roussavius conjiciebat, omnino nullam haberemus.'—*Wolf*, p. 89.

Is it possible, then, to reconcile this remarkable fact with the general

general voice of history, which, embodied in the Dissertation of Kreuser, appears to assign the introduction of alphabetic writing into Greece to an age anterior to the war of Troy? Might not the Homeric age be a feudal and chivalrous period, which had succeeded to, and swept away in its ravaging career the vestiges of an earlier civilization, as, in their turn, the barbarous Dorian hordes, under the Heracleid race, overran the Peloponnese, and demolished the ancient kingdoms of Agamemnon and Menelaus? In this case, the art of writing and the Pelasgic alphabet would have shared the fate of the earlier Nature Worship, the Samothracian mysteries, the Dionysiac rites, and the Orphic poetry, concerning all which, though attributed by the general voice of antiquity to the earliest period, Homer preserves a silence equally profound and mysterious. The Homeric age would be a sort of Gothic time, in which war and piracy were the sole delight,—the sole glory—of the fierce and adventurous chieftains; the arts of peace those of a despised and enslaved caste. Hence, without attributing to the poet that artificial study of correct costume, that antiquarian fidelity to ancient manners, natural in a Walter Scott of our own day—but totally out of character in a bard, who no doubt kept alive the interest of his audience by their lively sympathy in manners and feelings kindred to their own — the author of the Iliad might have felt the incongruity of introducing any allusion to an art, under all circumstances rare, and never entering into common life, among the warrior kings, with whom bodily strength and prowess were the height of glory—whose only softer accomplishment was skill on the harp; and to whom that noblest invention of man, the power of communicating and perpetuating thought to distant ages, might appear but base and mechanical. Had not the religious character of the enterprise engaged the learned as well as the military order of feudal Europe in the Crusades; had not the common interest swept along the lettered churchman with the unlettered baron; allusions to writing in a contemporary poet of the holy wars would have been as incongruous and would have occurred as rarely as in Homer. Even as it was, adopting the whimsical observation of Rousseau, that a letter from Ulysses to his faithful wife would have marred the whole plot of the Odyssey, we suspect that many a Christian Penelope, even though as perfect a model of conjugal fidelity as the celebrated heathen, is represented by our ballad poets, not without truth, as rather obtaining oral intelligence from the returning pilgrim, than as expecting a tender epistle in the handwriting, or even marked with the sign of the cross, by her far absent lord.

However

However late or early the introduction of alphabetic writing into Greece,* it is quite clear, as well from the direct evidence contained in the Homeric poems, as from every page and every living and speaking line of the poetry, that the Homeric songs were composed for recitation, not for the closet; to be heard, not to be read: the author was a bard, whose 'voice was song,' not a writer, who patiently brooded over his own noble conceptions, and whose first ambition was to commit them to the care of an imperishable record; however, if writing were known, he might sooner or later thus endeavour to secure their perpetuity. If, on the other hand, writing, as Wolf argues, was altogether unknown, (and although the arguments on the opposite side may preponderate, it is anything but a clear case,) the composition and preservation of his poems, under such circumstances, is doubtless an almost inexplicable phenomenon. Still the great question recurs, (and we beg to be considered only as anxious inquirers after truth, not avowed advocates; we have received no brief to argue the unity of the Iliad, except that of the ennobling feelings of admiration, which arise at the contemplation of what we consider the majestic and harmonious fabric of the Iliad,) the importunate doubt forces itself upon us, whether, on the other hypothesis, we are not involved in equally inextricable difficulties. The main point, as Mr. Coleridge has justly observed, is not whether poems of such length might not be preserved by memory, when once composed, but whether they could have been constructed in the mind of the bard, without the assistance of letters and writing materials, to record the fleeting thoughts which passed in swift succession, and were succeeded by others hurrying forward in unceasing and inexhaustible rapidity. On the former point, Wolf, as throughout the whole of his discussion, is fair and candid. He acknowledges that if, in the busy and stirring days of Athenian political greatness, men could be found, as we are informed on the best authority, who could repeat the whole of the Iliad and Odyssey, there is no difficulty in supposing, in earlier times, a much higher perfection of the fresh and unburthened faculty, when memory was a profession, honourable and sometimes lucrative; when the rhapsodist and the all-respected bard were one and the same; and when the recitation, as well as the first effusion of poetry, was traced to divine inspiration, and heard with something of religious reverence.

It is indeed not easy to calculate the height to which the

* There is great truth in the following observation of Heyne: 'Tam parum conjuncta est cum quæstione de Homericorum carminum antiquitate illa quæstio de artis scribendi invento; tantum abest ut ea fundum disputationis constituere posset. Inventum multis sæculis antecessit usum frequentiorem, et in ære saxoque substiterat, donec inventa esset materia habilior.'—*Heyne*, vol. viii., p. 797.

memory

memory may be cultivated. To take an ordinary case, we might refer to that of any first-rate actor, who must be prepared, at a very short warning, to 'rhapsodize' night after night, parts which, when laid together, would amount to an immense number of lines. But all this is nothing to two instances of our own day. Visiting at Naples a gentleman of the highest intellectual attainments, and who held a distinguished rank among the men of letters in the last century, he informed us that the day before he had passed much time in examining a man, not highly educated, who had learned to repeat the whole Gierusalemme Liberata of Tasso; not only to recite it consecutively, but to repeat any given stanza of any given book; to repeat those stanzas in utter defiance of the sense, either forwards or backwards, or from the eighth line to the first, alternately the odd and even lines—in short, whatever the passage required, the memory, which seemed to cling to the words much more than to the sense, had it at such perfect command, that it could produce it under any form. Our informant went on to state, that this singular being was proceeding to learn the Orlando Furioso in the same manner. But even this instance is less wonderful than one as to which we may appeal to any of our readers that happened some twenty years ago to visit the town of Stirling, in Scotland. No such person can have forgotten that poor uneducated man, *Blind Jamie*, who could actually repeat, after a few minutes' consideration, any verse required from any part of the Bible—even the obscurest and least important enumeration of mere proper names not excepted. We do not mention these facts as touching the more difficult part of the question before us; but facts they are;—and if we find so much difficulty in calculating the extent to which the mere memory may be cultivated, are we, in these days of multifarious reading, and of countless distracting affairs, fair judges of the perfection to which the invention and the memory combined may attain in a simpler age, and among a more single-minded people? Accustomed as we are to lean as it were with all our weight upon the auxiliaries, which we have perpetually at our command; to rise, as Pope is said to have done, from our beds, and call for pen and paper, lest the fugitive poetry of the night should have escaped the treacherous recollection with our morning dreams; can we fathom the depths in which poets, who had no other record, could lay up their fast-teeming thoughts; the vast scope and compass of ideas and words which the still extending tablets of the mind would be capable of containing? the powers of arranging, combining, and harmonizing within the creative spirit, that which was born, as it were, in verse, and embodied in those musical numbers which mingle most easily, and are most tenaciously preserved, even among the involuntary reminiscences?

niscences? Have we any just or reasonable pretensions to assign limits, either to the facility or the fidelity with which a poet, of entirely unincumbered mind, devoted with his whole soul to the development of his powers, habituated to the constant recitation of his songs, may have drawn at once the bold outline of a great epopea, and have filled up its parts with the strictest symmetry;—or, as is more probable, having settled the main interest on which the effect of the whole was to depend, may have given free scope to his invention, perpetually diverged from his course as striking incidents led him astray, yet as constantly returned and brought his episodes into unison with the great predominant purport of the song?—But if we can conceive the composition, can we really have much difficulty in conceiving the preservation of such an offspring in the parent bosom, especially, as we have said, assisted with the technical memory of the verse, and stamped more deeply by frequent and reiterated recital? There is indeed something altogether curious, nor has the subject, in our opinion, been completely explored, in the composition and preservation of poems of great length among comparatively uncivilized peoples. The Gauls are stated by Cæsar, and one of the Spanish tribes by Strabo, to have possessed poems of many thousand verses. The Asiatic races were still more fertile; though it may not be quite fair to adduce the Indian epics, as they arose at least among a caste in a higher state of culture;—we allude to the 'Maha Bharata' and the 'Ramayuna,' which we had almost said bear about the proportion to the Iliad and Odyssey which the Pyramids do to the Parthenon. Yet all these works must have been originally composed where writing materials, if in general use, must still have been rare, and, most probably, must have been employed with strict economy, for our generous and prodigal waste of paper was a luxury unknown in ancient days. Whether they wrote, as in the days of Job, with an iron pen on plates of lead—or on the palm leaves of the Sybil—or on the smoothed skins (διφθέραι), which Herodotus asserts were in common use in his time, both among the Greeks and barbarians, and which, there is good reason to believe, were laid up as state documents in the Persian archives—or on wooden tablets, such as contained the laws of Solon—or on the linen books, the *lintei libri*, of elder Rome: still, till either parchment, the *charta pergamena*, or the Egyptian papyrus, came into general use, books must rather have been the rare and costly conservators of finished works, than the ready implements on which the writer composed, and corrected, and erased; and, in short, went through the whole modern process of authorship. Till the general introduction of the stylus and the waxen tablet, the *multa litura*, or, what Pope calls the noblest art,

'the art to blot,' as well as the other precept of the poetical critic—

> Sæpe stylum vertas, iterum quæ digna legi sunt
> Scripturus—

could scarcely have been in the power of those authors, whom, nevertheless, we justly admire as models of correctness.*

All that we would infer from this, is, that much more must have been done within the mind, than in our own age; for long after writing was known as an art, and employed to commemorate the more important transactions of public affairs, or to preserve more celebrated compositions, it must have been a rare accomplishment; and the poets, the popular teachers, must have depended much more on the creative and retentive powers of their own minds, than we at present can conceive. We have before observed, that the recitation of poetry was a distinct profession, even in the time of Plato, from whose elegant dialogue it appears, that it had sunk into disrepute; but the earlier, the sacred, the inspired rhapsodist was, probably, the poet himself, to whose magic song it is no very bold supposition that an assembly of imaginative Greeks would listen, with the long and absorbed attention with which the Arabs and other oriental races even now drink in the oft-repeated adventures of their own Antar, or the splendid fables of their professed story-tellers. Much of the latter is, no doubt, improvisation, and the former perhaps learned by heart; but where poetry was the only softer or more intellectual delight, the sole instruction of a poetic people, the bard-rhapsodist would have at once the most powerful incitement to carry his art to the highest perfection, the universal, the religious admiration of his hearers; and be trained in the best school, that of beholding the practical and living effect of his verses in the emotions and attention of his audience. But the chambers of his own secret soul must have been the ordinary place of composition; on the tablets of his memory he must have laid out and arranged his materials—wedded his thoughts with verse; and, whether he had to commemorate a single adventure of some chosen national hero, or aspired to combine the glory of a whole age of ancestors in one harmonious design, he can have derived little assistance from an art, which, however it might be employed to perpetuate finished works, could scarcely have lent its aid during the process of composition. We can scarcely doubt, that all the earlier poems, of any considerable length, those of the East, and the long array of the post-Homeric poems, the works of the Cyclic poets, which were extant

* Pliny, indeed, boldly and distinctly attributes the use of these tablets (*pugillares*) to the ante-Homeric age: but it is evident that he refers to the well-known but contested passage about the folding tablets, the πτυκτοὶ πίνακες of Bellerophon.—Hist. Nat., xiii., 11.

to

to a late period, must have been originally composed under scarcely more favourable circumstances; the mind, and that is all for which we contend, must have been the book in which the whole was originally conceived and wrought into verse.

III. Yet, after all, the internal evidence of the poem itself must decide the question, both on critical, and, what are called abroad, æsthetic grounds. Does the Iliad appear to have been cast, whole and perfect, in one mould, by the vivifying energy of its original creator, or does it bear undeniable marks of its being an assemblage of unconnected parts, blended together, or fused into one mass by a different and more recent compiler?

We cannot but think the universal admiration of its unity by the better, the poetic age of Greece, almost conclusive testimony to its original uniform composition. It was not till the age of the grammarians, that its primitive integrity was called in question; nor is it injustice to assert, that the minute and analytical spirit of a grammarian is not the best qualification for the profound feeling, the comprehensive conception of an harmonious whole. The most exquisite anatomist may be no judge of the symmetry of the human frame, and we would take the opinion of Chantrey or Westmacott on the proportions and general beauty of a form, rather than that of Mr. Brodie or Sir Astley Cooper.

There is some truth, though some malicious exaggeration, in the lines of Pope,—

> 'The critic eye, that microscope of wit,
> Sees hairs and pores, examines bit by bit;
> How parts relate to parts, or they to whole;
> The body's harmony, the beaming soul,
> Are things which Kuster, Burman, Wasse, shall see,
> When man's whole frame is obvious to a flea.'

We would not comprehend, under this sweeping denunciation, men of genius as well as critical sagacity, such as Heyne and Wolf, still less those of the highest poetic feeling, who, both in this and other countries, are converts to their system. Yet, there is a sort of contagion in literary as well as religious scepticism; we like, in scholarship, to be on the stronger side, and the very names of Bentley, Wolf, and Heyne, would sweep a host of followers into their train*. In the authors of a paradox, criticism, like jealousy, furnishes

* It is interesting to observe the struggle between the critic and the man of fine poetic feeling in the mind of Wolf—'Quoties, abducto ab historicis argumentis animo, redeo ad continentem Homeri lectionem et interpretationem, mihique impero, illarum omnium rationum oblivisci, quantum potest, et cum veteribus Grammaticis nonnullas ῥήσεις postremarum rhapsodiarum ut interpolatas legere, et alia pro indubiis sumere plura, quæ nos ad pristinam legendi consuetudinem inducant, atque ita penitus immergor in illum veluti prono et liquido alveo decurrentem tenorem actionum et narrationum: quoties animadverto et reputo mecum, quam in universum æstimanti unus his carminibus insit color, aut certe quam egregie carmini utrique

furnishes the food which it grows on; and it is astonishing, when once possessed with a favourite opinion, how it draws 'from trifles confirmation strong,' and overlooks the most glaring objections; while, if the new doctrine once forces its way into general notice, ardent proselytes crowd in from all quarters, until that which was at first a timid and doubtful heresy, becomes a standard article of the scholar's creed, from which it requires courage to dissent. Such to us appears to have been the fate of the hypothesis before us.

For, in the first place, it seems, that many of the objections to the original unity of the poem apply with equal force to the Pisastratid compilation. It is, for instance, quite as likely, that in the heat of composition the bard should have forgotten something —that, for example, owing to *his* obliviousness the Pylæmenes, whom he had slain outright in the fifth book, should revive, gallantly fighting, in the thirteenth; and thus, in a different way from the warrior of the Italian poet,—

'Andare combattendo, ed esser morto.'

The slow and cautious compiler is even less likely to have made such an oversight than the rapid and inventive poet; and, by the way, Sancho Panza's wife's name *is* changed, through Cervantes' forgetfulness of such trifles, in the second part of Don Quixote—but no such *lapsus* can be alleged against the spurious continuator of the romance, Avellenada. Nor, secondly, will any critical reader of Homer pretend that we possess the Homeric poems entire and uninterpolated. That they were, at one period of their history, recited in broken fragments; that the wandering rhapsodists would not scruple to insert occasionally verses of their own; that certain long and irrelevant passages of coarser texture may have thus been interwoven into the rich tissue of the work*—all these points will readily be conceded: but while these admissions explain almost every discrepancy of composition and anomaly of language and versification, they leave the main question, the unity of the original design, entirely untouched.

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suus color constet, quam aptè ubique tempora rebus, res temporibus, aliquot loci adeo sibi alludentes congruant et constent; quam denique æquabiliter in primariis personis eadem lineamenta serventur, et ingeniorum et animorum—vix mihi quisquam irasci et succensere gravius poterit, quam ipse facio mihi, simulque veteribus illis, qui tot obiter jactis indiciis destruunt vulgarem fidem ac suam ipsorum, soleoque interdum castigare sedulitatem et audaciam meam, quæ timido alioquin et antiqua libenter retinenti, nec sine religione monumenta vetusta tractanti, hanc extorquet voluptatem, ut pro Homericis habeam omnia, atque *Homeri unius* artem admirer in his, quæ apud eum hodie legimus.—*Wolf, Præf.*, 11. ed. *Odyss.*

* The battle of the gods, in the Twentieth Book, has always appeared to us not only vulgar and ill-placed, but in conception, expression, and versification, perfectly un-Homeric. It is fearlessly rejected by Mr. Knight; and Heyne had before pronounced, 'manifesta habet vestigia alieni ortus et diversi ingenii.' In our judgment no passage in the Iliad or Odyssey bears such internal marks of a meaner hand.

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We will hazard one more observation before we venture to throw down our glove in defence of the suspected unity of the Iliad. If, on Heyne's supposition, (for the objection does not strictly apply to that of Wolf,) the Iliad was compiled from scattered fragments of ancient poetry in the age of the Pisastridæ, it is surely unaccountable that, considering the whole of the Trojan war must have been a favourite subject with these wandering bards, all the more valuable part of this poetry should easily combine into a plan, embracing only so short a period of these ten years of splendid Grecian enterprise. Had not one of these numerous Homers touched with Homeric life and truth any of the other great poetical events which preceded, or the still more striking incidents which followed the wrath of Achilles and the death of Hector,—the destruction of the city, for instance,—the midnight devastation of ancient Ilium? We are far from asserting that many passages of the Iliad—as the adventures of Diomed, the night enterprise of Diomed and Ulysses, with the death of Rhesus—necessarily belong to that period of the war—it is *possible* that *they* may have been inlaid into the work by a later and a foreign hand; but it is somewhat incredible that the compilers should have been able to condense the whole of the nobler Homeric poetry into the plan of the Iliad and Odyssey; and if they rejected any passages of equal merit, what became of them? Did they form the poems of Arctinus, Stasinus, and Lesches? were they left to be moulded up in the Cyclic poems? But how immeasurably inferior, by the general consent of Greece, was all the rest of their epic poetry to the Iliad and Odyssey! It is probable that the better passages in the poem of Quintus Calaber are borrowed, or but slightly modified, from the Cyclic poets; but how rarely do we recognise the clear, the free, the Homeric life and energy of the two great poems! But we must go further. To us, we boldly confess, the fable of the Iliad is, if not its greatest, among its greatest perfections; the more we study it, like a vast and various, yet still uniform building, the more it assumes a distinct relation of parts, a more admirable consonance in its general effect: it is not the simple unity of the single figure, as in the Odyssey, but it is the more daring complexity of the historical design, the grouping of a multitude of figures, subordinate to the principal, which appears the more lofty from the comparative height of those around him. The greatness of Achilles in the Iliad is not that of Teneriffe rising alone from the level surface of the ocean, but rather that of Atlas, the loftiest peak of a gradually ascending chain—he is surrounded by giants, yet still *collo supereminet omnes.* Much of the difficulty has arisen from seeking in the Iliad a kind of technical unity, foreign to the character, and at variance with the object of the primitive epopee; it is an unity, as a French critic,

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La Motte, long ago remarked, of interest. Mr. Coleridge has sensibly observed, ' it may well, indeed, be doubted whether the alleged difficulty is not entirely the critic's own creation—whether the presumption of the necessity for a pre-arranged plan, exactly commensurate with the extent of the poem, is not founded on a misconception of the history and character of early heroic poetry.' The question is not, whether the whole fable is strictly comprised within the brief proposition of the subject, in the simple exordium, but whether the hearer's mind is carried on with constant and unfailing excitement—whether, if the bard had stopped short of the termination of his poem, he would not have left a feeling of dissatisfaction on the mind ; at least whether every event, even to the lamentations over the body of Hector, does not flow so naturally from the main design, and seem so completely to carry us on in an unbroken state of suspense and intense curiosity, that even to the last verse we are almost inclined to regret that the strain breaks off too soon—

> The angel ended, and in Adam's ear
> So charming left his voice, that he awhile
> Thought him still speaking.

It is much to be desired that, as the χωρίζοντες, the dividers of the Iliad, have zealously sought out every apparent discrepancy and contradiction in the several parts of the poem, some diligent student, on the other side, would examine into all the fine and delicate allusions between the most remote parts—the preparations in one book for events which are developed in another—the slight prophetic anticipations of what is to come, and the equally evanescent references to the past—those inartificial and undesigned touches which indisputably indicate that the same mind has been perpetually at work in a subtler manner than is conceivable in a more recent compiler. This has been done in a few instances by M. Lange, in his fervent vindication of the unity of the Iliad, addressed to the celebrated Goethe ; in more by Mr. Knight, who has applied himself to obviating the objections of Heyne—but still not so fully or so perfectly as, we are persuaded, might be done. It is obviously impossible for us, in our limited space, to attempt an investigation at once so minute and so extensive, nor can we find room for more than a brief and rapid outline of that unity of interest which appears to us to combine the several books of the Iliad, if not into one preconceived and predistributed whole, yet into one continuous story—in which, however the main object be at times suspended, and apparently almost lost sight of, it rises again before us and asserts its predominant importance, while all the other parts of the design, however prominent and in bold relief, recede and acknowledge their due subordination to that which is the central—the great leading figure of the majestic group.

group. The general design of the Iliad, then, was to celebrate the glory of the Grecian chieftains at the most eventful period of the war before Troy; the especial object, the pre-eminent glory of the great Thessalian chieftain, during this at the same time the most important crisis of his life. The first book shows us at once who is to be what is vulgarly called the hero of the poem: Achilles stands forth as the assertor of the power of the gods—the avenger of the injured priesthood—taking the lead with the acknowledged superiority due to his valour, bearding the sovereign of men, the great monarch, who commands the expedition. Wronged by Agamemnon, so as to enlist the generous sympathies on his side, yet without any disparagement to the dignity of his character—he recedes into inaction, but it is an inaction which more forcibly enthrals our interest. In another respect, nothing shows the good fortune, or rather the excellent judgment, of the poet, so much as this dignified secession through so large a part of this poem. Had Achilles been brought more frequently forward, he must have been successfully resisted, and thus his pre-eminent valour have been disparaged; or the poet must have constantly raised up antagonists more and more valiant and formidable, in the same manner as the romancers are obliged, in order to keep up the fame of their Amadis or Esplandian, to go on creating more tall, and monstrous, and many-headed giants till they have exhausted all imaginable dimensions, and all calculable multiplication of heads and arms. The endless diversity of his adventures permits Ulysses, in the Odyssey, to be constantly on the scene. His character rises with the dangers to which he is exposed, for he contends with the elements and the gods. Achilles could scarcely be in danger, for his antagonists must almost always be men. It is surprising how much the sameness of war is varied in the Iliad, but this chiefly arises from its fluctuations, which could scarcely have taken place in the presence of Achilles, without lowering his transcendant powers. Yet, though he recedes, Achilles is not lost to our sight; like the image of Brutus, in the Roman procession, his absence, particularly as on every opportunity some allusion is made to his superior valour, power, or even beauty and swiftness, rivets our attention. In the mean time the occasion is seized for displaying the prowess of the other great chieftains; they are led forth in succession, exhibiting splendid valour and enterprise, but still are found wanting in the hour of trial;—the gallantry of Diomed, the spirit of Menelaus, the heavy brute force of Ajax, the obstinate courage of Idomeneus—even the power and craft of the deities, are employed in vain to arrest the still advancing, still conquering forces of Hector and the Trojans, till at last they are thundering before the outworks of the camp, and forcing their way into its precincts. Not that the progress

progress of Trojan success is rapid and continuous—the war fluctuates with the utmost variety of fortune ; the hope and fear of the hearer is in a constant state of excitement, lest Hector should fall by a meaner hand, and, notwithstanding the proud secession of Achilles, Greece maintain her uninterrupted superiority. Still, on the whole, Jove is inexorable ; the tide of Trojan success swells onward to its height ; Patroclus, in the arms of Achilles, arrests it for a time, but in vain—it recoils with redoubled fury ; up to the instant, the turning point of the poem, the tremendous crisis for which the whole Iliad has hitherto been as it were a skilful prelude ; when, unarmed and naked, Achilles, with his voice alone, and by the majesty of his appearance, blazing with the manifest terrors of the deity, arrests at once and throws back the tide of victory ; and from that moment the safety, the triumph of Greece, are secure, the fate of Hector and of Troy sealed for ever. The passage, as expressive of human energy, mingled with the mysterious awe attendant on a being environed by the gods, is the most sublime in the whole range of poetry.

Στῆ δ' ἐπὶ τάφρον ἰὼν ἀπὸ τείχεος· ἂδ' ἐς Ἀχαιὰς
Μίσγετο· μητρὸς γὰρ πυκινὴν ὠπίζετ' ἐφετμήν·
Ἔνθα στὰς ἤϋσ'· ἀπάτερθε δὲ Παλλὰς Ἀθήνη
Φθέγξατ'· ἀτὰρ Τρώεσσιν ἐν ἄσπετον ὦρσε κυδοιμόν.
Ὡς δ' ὅτ' ἀριζήλη φωνὴ, ὅτε τ' ἴαχε σάλπιγξ
Ἀστυ περιπλομένων δηιῶν ὑπὸ θυμοραϊστέων·
Ὡς τότ' ἀριζήλη φωνὴ γένετ' Αἰακίδαο.
Οἱ δ' ὡς οὖν ἄϊον ὄπα χάλκεον Αἰακίδαο,
Πᾶσιν ὀρίνθη θυμός· ἀτὰρ καλλίτριχες ἵπποι
Ἄψ' ὄχεα τρόπεον· ὄσσοντο γὰρ ἄλγεα θυμῷ.
Ἡνίοχοι δ' ἔκπληγεν, ἐπεὶ ἴδον ἀκάματον πῦρ
Δεινὸν ὑπὲρ κεφαλῆς μεγαθύμου Πηλείωνος
Δαιόμενον· τὸ δ' ἔδαιε θεὰ γλαυκῶπις Ἀθήνη.
Τρὶς μὲν ὑπὲρ τάφρου μεγάλ' ἴαχε δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς·
Τρὶς δ' ἐκυκήθησαν Τρῶες κλειτοί τ' ἐπίκουροι
Ἀμφὶ σφοῖς ὀχέεσσι καὶ ἔγχεσι.—*Iliad*, xviii. 215.

Forth march'd the chief, and distant from the crowd
High on the rampart raised his voice aloud ;
With her own shout Minerva swells the sound,
Troy starts astonish'd, and the shores rebound.
As the loud trumpet's brazen mouth from far
With swelling clangor sounds the din of war,
Struck from the walls, the echoes float on high,
And the round bulwarks and thick towers reply :
So high his brazen voice the hero rear'd,
Hosts drop their arms, and trembled as they heard ;
And back the chariots roll, and coursers bound,
And steeds and men lie mingled on the ground.

Aghast

Aghast they see the living lightnings play,
And turn their eye-balls from his flashing ray.
Thrice from the trench his dreadful voice he raised,
And thrice they fled, confounded and amazed.

The only parallel to this unrivalled passage is the crisis or turning point in the fortunes of the Odyssey, when Ulysses throws off at once his base disguise, leaps on the threshold, and rains his terrible arrows among the cowering suitors. There is the same mingling of the supernatural as Ulysses tries his bow.

Μνηστῆρσιν δ' ἄρ ἄχος γένετο μέγα, πᾶσι δ' ἄρα χρὼς
Ἐτράπετο· Ζεὺς δὲ μεγάλ' ἔκτυπε, σήματα φαίνων·
Γήθησέν δ' ἄρ' ἔπειτα πολύτλας δῖος Ὀδυσσεὺς
Ὅττι ῥα οἱ τέρας ἦκε Κρόνου παῖς ἀγκυλομήτεω.

A general horror ran through all the race,
Sunk was each heart, and pale was every face;
Signs from above ensued; the unfolded sky
In lightning burst; Jove thunder'd from on high.

A brief interval ensues, and Ulysses is on high, with his bow in his hand, and the fatal arrows at his feet.

Αὐτὰρ ὁ γυμνώθη ῥακέων πολύμητις Ὀδυσσεύς·
Ἅλτο δ' ἐπὶ μέγαν οὐδὸν, ἔχων βιὸν, ἠδὲ φαρέτρην
Ἰῶν ἐμπλείην· ταχέας δ' ἐκχεύατ' ὀϊστοὺς
Αὐτοῦ πρόσθε ποδῶν· μετὰ δὲ μνηστῆρσιν ἔειπε.

Then fierce the hero o'er the threshold strode,
Stript of his rags he blazed out like a god.
Full in their face the lifted bow he bore,
And quiver'd deaths, a formidable store;
Before his feet the rattling shower he threw,
And thus terrific to the suitor crew.—*Pope.*

These two passages we have never read and compared, without feeling, however from all other reasons sceptics as to the single authorship of the two great poems, an inward and almost irresistible conviction of the identity of mind from which they sprang, —this convergence, as it were, of the whole interest to a single point, and that point—that περιπετεια, as the Greek critics would call it—brought out with such intense and transcendant energy, the whole power of the leading character condensed, and bursting forth in one unrivalled effort. Each seems too original to be an imitation, and though apparently of the same master, of that master by no means servilely copying himself.

On no part of the Iliad has so much been written as on the armour framed by Vulcan, more especially on the shield of Achilles. We would only point out the singular felicity of its position, as a quiet relief and resting-place between the first sudden breaking forth of the unarmed Achilles, and his more prepared and final going

going out to battle; two passages which, if they had followed too close upon each other, would have injured the distinctness and completeness of each. Of the final going forth of Achilles to battle, his irresistible prowess, his conflict with the River God, and his immediate superiority over the appalled and flying Hector, nothing need be said, but that it fully equals the high-wrought expectations excited by the whole previous preparation. That single trumpet-sound, which preluded with its terrific blast, grows into the most awful din of martial sound that ever was awakened by the animating power of poet.

Even the last two books, if we suppose the main object of the poet to be the glory of the great Thessalian hero, with only such regard to the unity of his fable as that it should never cease to interest, are by no means superfluous. The religious influence which funeral rites held over the minds of the Greeks, and the opportunity of displaying Achilles in the interchange of free and noble courtesy, as liberal as he was valiant, might well tempt the poet, assured of his hearer's profound sympathy, to prolong the strain. The last book, unnecessary as it seems to the development of the wrath of Achilles, yet has always appeared to us still more remarkably conducive to the real though remote design of the Iliad. We have before observed, that the premature and preadvanced mind of the poet seems to have delighted in relieving the savage conflict with traits of milder manners; and the generous conduct of Achilles, and his touching respect for the aged Priam, might almost seem as a prophetic apology to a gentler age for the barbarity with which the poet might think it necessary to satisfy the implacable spirit of vengeance which prevailed among his own more warlike compeers. Hector dragged at the car of his insulting conqueror was for the fierce and martial vulgar, for the carousing chieftain, scarcely less savage than the Northman, delighted only by his dark Sagas; Hector's body, preserved by the care of the gods, restored with honour to Priam, lamented by the desolate women, for the heart of the poet himself, and for the few congenial spirits which could enter into his own more chastened tone of feeling.

Still, in all this, there is nothing of the elaborate art of a later age; it is not a skilful compiler arranging his materials so as to produce the most striking effect: the design and the filling up appear to us to be evidently of the same hand; there is the most perfect harmony in the plan, the expression, the versification; and we cannot, by any effort, bring ourselves to suppose that the separate passages, which form the main interest of the poem, the splendid bursts, or more pathetic episodes, were originally composed without any view to their general effect;—in short, that a whole race of Homers struck out, as it were by accident, all these glorious,

glorious, living fragments, which lay in a kind of unformed chaos, till a later and almost mightier Homer commanded them to take form, and combine themselves into a connected and harmonious whole.

There is another very curious fact, on which we do not think, though it was perceived both by Wolf and Heyne, that sufficient stress has been laid—the perfect consistency of the characters in the separate parts of the poem. It is quite conceivable that there should have been a sort of conventional character assigned to different heroes by the minstrels of elder Greece. To take Mr. Coleridge's illustration of the ballads on Robin Hood; in all of these bold Robin is still the same frank, careless, daring, generous, half-comic adventurer: so Achilles may have been by prescription,

Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer—

Ajax heavy and obstinate, Ulysses light and subtle; but can we thus account for the finer and more delicate touches of character, the sort of natural consistencies which perpetually identify the hero, or even the female of one book, with the same person in another?

Take, for instance, that of Helen, perhaps the most difficult to draw, certainly drawn with the most admirable success. She is, observes Mr. Coleridge, *throughout* the Iliad, 'a genuine lady, graceful in motion and speech, noble in her associations, full of remorse for a fault, for which higher powers seem responsible, yet grateful and affectionate towards those with whom that fault had connected her.' Helen first appears in the third book, in which it is difficult to admire too much the admiration of her beauty extorted from the old men, who are sitting τεττίγεσσιν ἐοικότες.

Οὐ νέμεσις Τρῶας καὶ ἐϋκνήμιδας Ἀχαιὰς
Τοιῇδ' ἀμφὶ γυναικὶ πολὺν χρόνον ἄλγεα πάσχειν·
Αἰνῶς ἀθανάτῃσι θεῇς εἰς ὦπα ἔοικεν.—Γ. 156.

——— no wonder such celestial charms
For nine long years have set the world in arms.
What winning graces! what majestic mien!
She moves a Goddess, and she looks a Queen.

Nothing can equal this, except the modesty with which she alludes to her own shame; the courteous respect with which she is treated by Priam and Antenor; the touching remembrance of her home and of her brothers; and the tender emotions excited by the reminiscences which flow from the history of almost each successive warrior as she describes them to Priam.

In the same book, we find her soon after reproaching the recreant Paris; yet, under the irresistible influence of the goddess, yielding to his embraces in that well-known passage, over which Pope

Pope has thrown a voluptuous colouring, foreign to the chaster simplicity of the original.

The companion to the first lovely picture is the interview between Hector and Helen, in book vi., l. 343, when she thus addresses her brother :—

Δᾶερ ἐμεῖο, κυνὸς κακομηχανου, ὀκρυοέσσης,
Ὥς μ' ὄφελ' ἤματι τῷ, ὅτε με πρῶτον τέκε μήτηρ,
Οἴχεσθαι προφέρουσα κακὴ ἀνέμοιο θύελλα
Εἰς ὄρος, ἢ εἰς κῦμα πολυφλοίσβοιο θαλάσσης·
Ἔνθα μέ κῦμ' ἀπόερσε πάρος τάδε ἔργα γενέσθαι.
Αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ τάδε γ' ὧδε θεοὶ κακὰ τεκμήραντο,
Ἀνδρὸς ἔπειτ' ὄφελλον ἀμείνονος εἶναι ἄκοιτις,
Ὅς ῥ' ἤδη νέμεσίν τε καὶ αἴσχεα πόλλ' ἀνθρώπων.
Τὸ τῷ δ' ὅτ' ἄρ' νῦν φρένες ἔμπεδοι, ὅτ' ἄρ' ὀπίσσω
Ἔσσονται· τῷ κεν μιν ἐπαυρήσεσθαι ὀΐω.
Ἀλλ' ἄγε νῦν εἴσελθε, καὶ ἕζεο τῷδ' ἐπὶ δίφρῳ
Δᾶερ, ἐπεί σε μάλιστα πόνος φρένας ἀμφιβέβηκεν,
Εἰνεκ' ἐμεῖο κυνὸς, καὶ Ἀλεξάνδρου ἕνεκ' ἄτης.

Oh, generous brother! if the guilty dame
That caused thy woes deserves a sister's name,—
Would Heaven, ere all these dreadful deeds were done,
The day that show'd me to the golden sun
Had seen my death! Why did not whirlwinds bear
The fatal infant to the fowls of air?
Why sunk I not beneath the whelming tide,
And midst the roarings of the waters died?
Heaven fill'd up all my ills, and I, accurst,
Bore all—and Paris of those ills the worst.
Helen, at least, a braver spouse might claim,
Warm'd with some virtue, some regard of fame!
Now, tired with toils, thy fainting limbs recline,—
With toils sustain'd for Paris' sake and mine.—*Pope.*

We turn to the close of the poem, and find the lamentation of Helen over the body of Hector, which we concur with Mr. Coleridge in considering almost the sweetest passage of the poem. But beautiful as it is in itself as an insulated fragment, how much does it gain in pathetic tenderness, when we detect its manifest allusions to the two earlier scenes to which we have referred above!

Ἕκτορ', ἐμῷ θυμῷ δαέρων πολὺ φίλτατε πάντων,
Ἦ μέν μοι πόσις ἐστὶν Ἀλέξανδρος θεοειδὴς,
Ὅς μ' ἄγαγε Τροίηνδ'· ὡς πρὶν ὄφελλον ὀλέσθαι.
Ἤδη γὰρ νυν μοι τόδ' ἐεικοστὸν ἔτος ἐστὶν,
Ἐξ οὗ κεῖθεν ἔβην, καὶ ἐμῆς ἀπελήλυθα πάτρης·
Ἀλλ' οὔπω σεῦ ἄκουσα κακὸν ἔπος, οὐδ' ἀσυφηλον·
Ἀλλ' εἴτις με καὶ ἄλλος ἐνὶ μεγάροισιν ἐνίπτοι
Δαέρων, ἢ γαλόων, ἢ εἰνατέρων ἐυπέπλων,

Ἦ ἐκυρὴ,

Η ἔκυρὴ, (ἔκυρὸς δὲ, πατὴρ ὣς, ἤπιος αἰεὶ)
Ἀλλὰ σὺ τόνγ', ἐπέεσσι παραιφάμενος, κατέρυκες,
Σῇ τ' ἀγανοφροσύνῃ, καὶ σοῖς ἀγανοῖς ἐπέεσσι.
Τῷ σέ θ' ἅμα κλαίω, καὶ ἔμ' ἄμμορον, ἀχνυμένη κῆρ.
Οὐ γάρ τίς μοι ἔτ' ἄλλος ἐνὶ Τροίῃ εὐρείῃ
Ἤπιος, οὔδὲ φίλος· πάντες δέ με πεφρίκασιν.—Ω. v. 765.

Dear Hector! dearer to my heart by far
Than all my brothers of thy kindred are,—
Though twice ten years have seen me here abide
Fair Paris' wife,—(ah! had I rather died
Before he lured me from my native land—
Before he brought me to this Dardan strand,)—
Yet for those twice ten years no single word,
Unkind, brave Hector! from thy lips I've heard.
Nay, if another hath begun to chide,
Brother or sister, or a brother's bride,
Robed in bright garments, or if e'en the queen,
(Thy father ever show'd a father's mien,)
Still didst thou check them, still didst silence teach,
By thy sweet carriage, and by thy sweet speech.
Thee, therefore, and, with thee, myself, I weep;
For thee and me I mourn in anguish deep.
Throughout wide Troy I see no friendly eye,
And Trojans shudder if I pass them by.*

Compare all these, and then consider whether it is possible to suppose that the Helen of the Iliad sprung from different minds, —or even from the same mind, not full of the preconcerted design of one great poem. Could even Simonides, if Simonides assisted in the work of compilation, have imagined, or so dexterously inserted, these natural allusions?

By far the most able and eloquent chapter in Mr. Coleridge's book is that which treats on the Odyssey. We should scarcely do him justice if we did not make an extract from this part of his work, premising, that though we make a stand for at least the equal, if not superior construction of the Iliad, he cannot speak too highly, in our judgment, of that of the Odyssey.

'Never was there a tale in verse and prose told with such consummate art; yet the hand of the artist is invisible. The conduct of the story seems, and is, simple and single, but it is the simplicity and

* The translation we subjoin from Mr. Coleridge is, we presume, his own. Some of the lines, particularly the two first, sound unmusical to our ear. Pope's, as usual, is a lively paraphrase. He has entirely omitted that exquisite touch which calls up all the scene with Priam in the third book:—

'Thy father ever show'd a father's mien.'

But there are some lines of unrivalled grace; and one—

'Sad Helen has no friend now thou art gone,'

which breathes a simplicity almost Homeric.

singleness

singleness of Nature, which coexists with, indeed is the wondrous effect of, an endless complexity of parts;—

Sudet multum, frustraque laboret
Ausus idem.

Nowhere is this charm so strongly felt as in that delightful part of the poem in which Ulysses is lodged in the house of the faithful Eumæus. There is that singular grace in the description of the rustic occupations and the rustic mansion, that dignity in the swineherd, that native tone of command in Telemachus, and that sportive humility varying with a mysterious majesty in Ulysses, which seem quite beyond the reach of the most poetic invention or the most ingenious imitation. The air of reality around the whole scene is such, that it is scarcely possible to doubt that the poet wrote under the control of actual life, and that the picture itself is in this respect a mere stamp or reflection of contemporary society. In the Æneid, and in every other heroic poem, composed in an age long subsequent to that in which the action of the story is supposed to have taken place, the greatest difficulty in the poet's way may be said to lie in a consistent adaptation and a natural propriety of manners with the moral qualities, the passions, and the sentiments; for *they* are in substance the same in every age and place, and differ only occasionally in their stimulants and objects; but the habits, the courtesies, the domestic relations, the tone between husband and wife, master and servant, stranger and friend,—these are the peculiarities of particular times and countries; and when a system of manners in this sense is to be *adapted* to a story of a *former* age, and perhaps *foreign* nation, the utmost that can be done seems to be to avoid any glaring anachronisms or absurd improbabilities; while all the ease, the life, the force, which can alone be given where the poet paints his own manners and the habits of his own contemporaries, may be pronounced to be absolutely beyond the power of the liveliest ingenuity. I know no heroic poems, except the Iliad, the Odyssey, and the poem of the Cid, in which the manners are the genuine manners of the poet's own years of the world; in all others they are mere conventional fictions, fitting all stories equally, like state robes, because exactly fitting none, and under the cumbrous folds of which all grace and nature, and spirit of human action, are stifled altogether, or allowed to breathe out but at intervals. The facility and freedom from constraint, the effect of actual contemporary existence, is more singularly conspicuous to us in the Odyssey than in the Iliad, because in the former poem we are presented with a complete picture of rural and domestic life in connexion with the heroic events of the story; and this picture, for various reasons, has not been copied with that remorseless iteration with which the battles, and speeches, and warlike habits of the Iliad have, with more or less success, been redrawn and recoloured in almost every epic composition for the last two thousand years. The adventure with Nausicaa, the various scenes in the house of Eumæus, the walk to the town, the banqueting, the watching by night, and many other passages of what may

may be called the private life of the Homeric age, have scarcely in any instance suited the plans of more recent poets, and consequently remain in all their original freshness to us even at this day. Indeed, the Odyssey, as a poem, is absolutely unique; for although Virgil certainly, and perhaps even Tasso, have borrowed particular passages from it more largely than from the Iliad (a fact not commonly noticed), the character and scope of their great poems are utterly dissimilar to those of the Odyssey, which consist in raising an interest about, and in detailing the changing fortunes of, a single man, not as a general warring with armies against a city, but as an exile, compassing by his own courage, and skill, and patience, the return to, and re-possession of, his own home. It is in the rare combination or intermingling of all

hair-breadth 'scapes,
And moving accidents by flood and field,

with the high moral purpose of Ulysses—in the contrast of the one determined and still triumphant will of the man, with the transient and vain bafflings of winds or waves, of gods, or monsters—the whole action lightened by the gladsome face of nature, and yet rendered awful by the known approaching execution of a heavenly decree, and by the mysterious tokens and the dangerous odds, and the terrible vengeance attending on the last and crowning achievement of the hero, that the secret of the character of the Odyssey, and the spring of its universal charm, lie concealed; a secret which deserves the study of the philosopher—a charm which the hearts of all men feel, and over which time and place have no dominion.'—*Coleridge*, p. 144.

The plan of the poem and the character of Ulysses are sketched with the same boldness and animation, and may safely be recommended to our readers' attention. We must, however, occupy the few remaining pages of our article with a brief notice of some of the more interesting questions, which our author judiciously, considering the object of his work, has touched upon, rather than fully examined. In a former passage Mr. Coleridge has observed, 'Whatever doubt there may be as to the nature of the authorship, or the number of the authors, of the Iliad, no one can for a moment question the composition of the Odyssey by an individual poet.' But if this be the case, all the arguments from external improbability vanish at once. If one epic could be composed within the mind, and preserved by the memory, it is absurd to suppose that two might not: for whatever may have been the difference between the date of the Iliad and the Odyssey, fifty, eighty, or a hundred years could not so completely change the state of society, as to make that credible in one case which is incredible in the other; particularly as, although in the more frequent mention of the bards, and other circumstances, the manners of the two periods may appear altered, civilization is by no means generally advanced in the latter poem. But whether these

these mighty twins sprang armed and perfect from the head of one inventive Homer, was by no means, as Seneca informs us, a settled question in antiquity. We have stated one reason which inclines us to believe in the identical authorship, the sort of coincidence of effect in the crisis of each poem; and another, which staggers our faith, the absence of all Asiatic allusion, and the apparent nativeness of the Odyssey to European Greece, or rather to the Peloponnesus. That there is a great general difference in the style and manner of composition, no reader of fine and discriminating taste can fail to perceive; no scholar can deny that there are remarkable variations in the language, the manners, and the mythology.* Of these discrepancies Mr. Coleridge has given some examples. More may be found in Mr. Knight's 'Prolegomena,' and in all later critical works on Homer. The latter point has been investigated with great ability by M. Constant in the third volume of his work 'Sur la Religion.' The only way of meeting these difficulties is by the following hypothesis, which perhaps has scarcely yet been stated as strongly as it might. The poet, according to the statement of Longinus, must have composed the Iliad in his youth—the Odyssey in his old age: in the interval he might have travelled, perhaps in his character of itinerant bard, through the different regions both of eastern and western Greece; where, among the different tribes, he would find great diversities of dialect, of manners, and of religion, which, intentionally or inadvertently, he admitted into his later work. This is possible; but will it account for all the discrepancies of the two poems?—are not the differences of language more like a regular development of some of its forms than the admission of provincial idioms? Do not the manners, and customs, and arts show the same gradual progressiveness, rather than the casual usages of various tribes in a more backward or mature state of advancement? Is not the mythology not merely not the same, but absolutely incongruous, with rites and opinions manifestly of another age, if not of another country?

On the whole, we lean to the sceptical side on this question, and are inclined to suppose that the author of the Iliad was an Asiatic Greek, of Thessalian or Æolic descent, (for this we have our reasons,) the bard of the Odyssey a Peloponnesian, who composed his poem for the delight of maritime and migratory western Greece. If indeed he was so fully acquainted with the localities of the island of Ithaca as some have supposed, our suspicion would

* Many of the mythological difficulties, however, fall to the ground, if we admit the theory of interpolation suggested by M. Thiersch in his 'Urgestalt der Odyssee,' 'the original form of the Odyssey.' We do not pledge ourselves to all his opinions, but some of them appear to us well grounded.

grow

grow into certainty. Bryant's hypothesis, grounded on the apparent truth and reality of his island scenery, is well known. According to that fanciful writer, Homer was an Egyptian, settled in Ithaca. A professor of the Ionian University, Constantine* Koliades, reviving the spirit of the seven cities that

strove for Homer dead,
Through which the living Homer begg'd his bread,

has gone further, and in a work which has grown from a modest octavo pamphlet, as published in this country, to a costly folio in Paris, boldly announces Ulysses himself as the real and authentic Homer. We shall not employ ourselves in gravely refuting this whimsical theory, and shall content ourselves with expressing our satisfaction that Homer has begun again to be studied in a spirit, however fantastic, among the scenes immortalized by his verse. We shall only further observe, that considering poets are not apt to undervalue their own poetic importance, it is rather extraordinary that Ulysses-Homer has never given us a single hint of his pretensions to the glory of the bard, as well as of the hero. We have read, we confess, with all that inclination to believe it true, which has made the fortune of many an hypothesis, the elegant work of Sir William Gell on the Isle of Ithaca. Our ingenious countryman, it is well known, has discovered in the modern Ithaca, not only the general outline of the kingdom of Ulysses, but situations, which appear to answer, in the most minute particulars, to the living pictures of the Odyssey. He has landed under the rock of Korax, still he says called *Petra Koraka ;* he has drunk of the fountain Arethusa ; he has found the very rock-hewn styes in which good Eumæus kept his swine : on the other side of the island, he has reclined in the cool grottos of the Naïads, sailed in the gulf of Phorcys ; and even discovered, at Arta, the site of the palace of king Ulysses. We had surrendered ourselves to the delightful illusion, and were determined that the whole vision, if not true, ought to be so. We were awakened from our day-dream by a rude hand, and compelled to re-examine the actual state of the question. This enemy to our peace is M. Völcker, the author of a curious treatise on the Homeric cosmography and geography. This writer opposes, in many respects, the standard work of Voss 'on the knowledge of the world among the ancients' (*alte Weltkunde*), but, what is more to our purpose, has entered at much length into the insular geography of the Odyssey. It must be acknowledged that there is something sufficiently

* The Professor is the last lineal descendant of the godlike swineherd Eumæus. So he asserts on the authority of his own father,—and who shall presume to contest his genealogy ?—See *Ulysse Homère*, p. 57.

perplexing in the Homeric account of this whole groupe of islands, and the ancients seem to have been as much embarrassed as ourselves. In the first place, what is become of the populous and powerful Dulichium, fertile in corn-land and pastures (Odys. xvi., 396), which sent fifty-two princely suitors to woo the chaste Penelope; while from Samos, generally supposed the great island of Cephalonia, came but twenty-four; from Zacynthus twenty, and from Ithaca twelve? Can it be the Dolicha of Strabo, whose geography of these regions is generally acknowledged to be extremely inaccurate? This Dolicha is one of the Echinades, lying at the mouth of the Achelous, by Strabo's own account a groupe of small, rocky, and barren peaks. Can it have been part of Cephalonia, then supposed to be two islands, Same and Dulichium? if so, where is the local accuracy of the poet? Can Mr. Lyell give us any intelligence about it? Was it a low island, now joined to the continent by the depositions of the Achelous?—such a change Strabo supposes had taken place at the mouth of that river; yet, though Homer, in the Iliad, ii. 625, names Dulichium and the Echinades together, he places them not immediately off the coast of Acarnania, but opposite to Elis. Ἠλιδος ἄντα; so in the Odyssey, xxi. 346, he seems to bring the whole groupe of islands much to the south of their real position. Or, finally, according to another very curious tradition of the modern Greeks, has Dulichium disappeared, with all the realms of its two-and-fifty princes, under the ocean? In the Homeric hymn to Apollo, the islands appear in the following order to a Cretan vessel coasting before a south-east wind along the shores of the Peloponnesus:—

> Καὶ σφιν ὑπ' ἐκ νεφέων Ἰθάκης τ' ὄρος αἰπὺ πέφαντο
> Δουλίχιόν τε Σάμη τε, καὶ ὑλήεσσα Ζάκυνθος.
> Rose from the clouds tall Ithaca in sight,
> Dulichium, Same, and Zacynthus' wood-crown'd height.

Too much stress ought not perhaps to be laid on this passage, in which the poet may have consulted the convenience of his verse, in the loose order in which he has named the islands, or he may have meant that the more distant but loftier Ithaca first hove in sight above the others. Yet how Dulichium, if at the mouth of the Achelous, was to appear at all, seems inexplicable. But the main difficulty is the north-eastern position of the present Ithaca. M. Völcker, following the geography of the Odyssey alone, comes to the conclusion, that the poet distinctly describes Ithaca as the westernmost of the whole groupe of islands. Some of the learned writer's arguments appear to us to carry much weight, of others we cannot so clearly see the force. The chief passage in which

which the position of the islands is laid down, is the following:—

Ναιετάω δ' Ιθάκην εὐδείελον· ἐν δ' ὄρος αὐτῇ
Νήριτον, εἰνοσίφυλλον, ἀριπρεπές· ἀμφι δὲ νῆσοι
Πολλαὶ ναιετάουσι μάλα σχεδὸν ἀλλήλῃσι,
Δουλίχιόν τε, Σάμη τε, καὶ ὑλήεσσα Ζάκυνθος·
Αὐτὴ δε χθαμαλὴ πανυπερτάτη εἰν ἁλὶ κειται,
Πρὸς ζόφον, αἱ δέ τ' ἄνευθε πρὸς ἠῶ, ἠελιόν τε.

My home is sunny Ithaca, where soars
Mount Neritus, with waving woods, far seen;
Many the peopled isles around, most near
To th' other each, Dulichium, Same, rich
With woods Zacynthus, *that* far out and low
Westward in the deep sea, but *these* aloof
Towards the morn and rising sun.*

In these lines we have endeavoured, 'though the blank verse halt for it,' to embody Völcker's version, excepting of one word χθαμαλὴ. Πρὸς ζόφον, he has shewn, by many instances, in opposition to Voss, invariably to mean, in Homeric cosmography, the west, and here it is clearly placed in antithetical opposition to the east. According to Strabo, however, it is explained to the north; πανυπερτάτη is interpreted farthest up; χθαμαλὴ, near the shore. Strabo forgot that, on his own system, Dulichium lies much closer to the mainland, and the island of Circe, surrounded by the boundless ocean, is also called χθαμαλὴ, (Odys. x., 196.) As to the sense of the other word, scarcely two scholiasts or interpreters agree; Pope has followed one, who makes it mean *excellentissima*. But, whatever may be the force of each particular word, the clear sense of the passage seems to be, that the three last-mentioned islands lie nearer to each other than to Ithaca, and with a considerable relative bearing towards the east. Several other incidental circumstances seem to confirm the westerly position of Ithaca. Telemachus sails with a fair wind from the west (zephyr) to Pylos; the same wind which, in the hymn to Apollo, drives the Cretan vessel up the Crissean gulf. The Phœnicians (xv., 481), sailing from Ortygia (the Syracusan Ortygia, *Völcker*, 17) come direct on Ithaca, without encountering the long island of Cephalonia, which stretches right across their passage. Ulysses, in the same manner, sails from Æolia with the zephyr, comes in sight of Ithaca, and is driven back, without seeming to round that formidable barrier, which, according to all good modern maps, lies directly in the course from the west or south-west.

Our author endeavours to prove another point, which, if clearly

* Bryant, who saw the difficulty, endeavoured to get rid of it by a most awkward and unauthorized reading, αὐτὰρ for αἱ δὲ τ.

made out, would be conclusive. He would show that the town and its harbour lay on the east side of the Homeric Ithaca;—consequently the channel which divided it from Same or Cephalonia, in which the sailors placed their boats in ambush, near the islet of Asteris, to surprise Telemachus on his return, and of course Cephalonia itself, lay to the east. If so, Ithaca and Cephalonia must nearly change their real relative positions. His first argument is ingenious. The two eagles which soar (Odys. ii., 146—154) from the mountain Neion, between which and the sea lay the town, after having floated on the air over the assembly, swoop, tearing their heads and breasts with their talons, *to the right*, over the town. To the right, according to the laws of Homeric augury, invariably means to the east.* The town must, therefore, have lain to the eastward of the mountain, and of the Agora, (this seems not clearly made out,) and undoubtedly was close upon the shore. The other arguments to the same purpose appear rather remote, and by no means conclusive inferences.

On the whole, M. Völcker has made a strong, though we shall not presume to say, an unanswerable case. We must acknowledge a lingering reluctance to part with Sir W. Gell's evocation of the *genius locorum:* but if our sceptic is right, either the modern Ithaca, on which the late most amiable and enlightened benefactor of modern Greece, Lord Guildford, was at one time anxious to found his university, is not the ancient realm of Ulysses—an improbable case, as contradicting a very old and general, though not uniform tradition; or, on the other hand, the author of the Odyssey was not accurately acquainted even with the position of Ithaca. And if so, the rock and the fountain, and the grotto of the nymphs, and the Phorcynian harbour, and the capital of Ulysses, must be considered as purely imaginative, as the isle of Circe, and the cave of the Cyclops, and the garden of Alcinous. We almost tremble for the genealogical tree of the good Koliades, and fear lest the divine swineherd should turn out to have had no real existence, except in the inventive brain of the immortal poet.

Seneca reckons among the idle questions, which were unworthy of wise men, the dispute whether Homer wrote both the Iliad and Odyssey, and in what countries Ulysses wandered. Notwithstanding the 'Stoic's philosophic pride,' these inquiries have still an interest to minds of the highest order—such is the homage which

* Εἴτ' ἐπὶ δεξὶ ἴωσι πρὸς ἠῶ τ' ἠέλιόν τε,
Εἴτ' ἐπ' ἀριστερὰ τοίγε, ποτὶ ζόφον ἠερόεντα.—*Iliad*, xii. 239.
Or rightward to the morning sun their flight,
Or to the left, the gloomy realm of night.
The antithesis of ζόφος and ἠώς is here distinct and remarkable.

genius

genius extorts from the remotest countries and from the latest ages. We noticed, in an article in our last Number, the curious fact of native youths in India performing parts of Shakspeare, and thus on the shores of the Ganges countless minds are deriving delight, perhaps improvement, from the careless and unlaboured verses of the light-hearted Warwickshire deer-stealer. So, in this country, and over all the continent of Europe, which, when the songs of Homer first gladdened the halls of the chieftains on the shores of the Ægean, were vast unknown deserts, unpeopled, or wandered over by a few rude hunters; which, to the Greeks, were regions of more than Cimmerian darkness, beyond the boundaries of the living world—men of the loftiest and most powerful understanding are examining, and discussing, and disputing the most minute points which may illustrate the poetry of the blind bard; scholars are elucidating, antiquaries illustrating, philosophers reasoning upon, men of genius transfusing into their native tongues, poets honouring with despairing emulation, the whole mind of educated man *feeling* the transcendant power of the poet of the Iliad and Odyssey. Surely, the boasted triumph of poetry over space and time is no daring hyperbole—surely it is little more than the sober reality of truth*.

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* In England alone upwards of twenty different translations of the whole or large parts of the Iliad have been published within the last two hundred years, and another is on the eve of publication, (a specimen has already appeared,) from the accomplished translator of Wieland's Oberon and Virgil's Georgics. To those of both sexes, who do not read Homer in the original, no present could well be more acceptable, than a version which should unite the nerve and fire of Chapman, without his hardness and quaintness; the grace, freedom, and felicity of Pope, with sounder scholarship and more general fidelity to the original, especially in passages descriptive of external nature, in which Pope, sometimes singularly fortunate in his paraphrase of mere oratorical passages, almost always departs miserably from the truth of nature and of Homer—nature's most faithful copyist; lastly, the correctness, simplicity, and closeness of Cowper, without his tameness, and, of all faults the most un-Homeric, want of animation. We cannot but feel a warm interest in the success of Mr. Sotheby, from our unfeigned respect for the estimable author, and an anxiety, that he may atchieve even a higher claim to our gratitude than he already possesses as the translator of Oberon and the Georgics. His object evidently is, to give something half-way between Pope and Cowper, and in many parts we think him eminently successful. We shall justify our opinion, by adducing three passages, in which we shall not scruple to be severe, perhaps hypercritical, in pointing out what appear trifling blemishes, such as a careful revision may easily remove. Our selections are taken at equal distances from each other—the two latter, it will be remembered, are, in the original Greek, passages of considerable difficulty as well as beauty.

Μή σε, γέρον, κοίλῃσιν ἐγὼ παρὰ νηυσὶ κιχείω.

'Ne'er may I more, *ag'd* priest, amid our fleet
Thee lingering now, or *here* returning, meet;
Lest thou in vain extend thy golden rod
And sacred fillet of thy guardian god.
I will not free thy daughter from my arms,
Till age o'ershadow her diminish'd charms.
Ere then, far off, thy child beneath my roof
At Argos, shares my bed, and weaves my woof;

Depart,

Depart, nor longer here my rage excite—
Away! so best thy safety find in flight.
The father shudder'd, and with grief o'ercast,
Along the sounding shore in silence pass'd,
Then lone, apart from all, in deep despair
Pour'd on Apollo's ear his fervent prayer.
God of the silver bow, whose sovereign sway
Thy Chrysa, Cilla, Tenedos obey—
If e'er I wreath'd thy splendid shrine, or fed
Thy altars flaming as the victims bled—
Loose thy avenging shafts, bid Greece repay
Tears of a father, turn'd in scorn away.
Thus Chryses pray'd; his prayer Apollo heard,
And heavenly vengeance kindled at the word.
He from Olympus' brow in fury bore
The bow, and quiver's death-denouncing store;
The arrows rattling round his viewless flight
Clang'd, as the God descended dark as night.
Then Phœbus stay'd, and from the fleet apart,
Launch'd on the host the inevitable dart;
And ever as he wing'd the shaft below,
Dire was the clanging of the silver bow.

We have taken the liberty of marking the contracted word *ag'd*, to our ear singularly inharmonious; the incorrect usage of 'here' for 'hither,' 'ere' for 'until.' We also detect one entirely otiose line, and the word 'fury' certainly ought to be 'anger' or 'wrath,' χωόμενος κῆρ.—The last two lines appear to us quite admirable.

Οὐδὲ Πάρις δήθυνεν.

Nor Paris linger'd, but in mail array'd,
Whose brilliant light the warrior's pride display'd,
Rush'd through the streets. As when a stall-fed steed
Swift as he snaps the cord, from bondage freed,
Strikes with resounding hoof the earth, and *flies*
Where *spread* before him the wide champain lies,
Seeks the remember'd haunts, on fire to lave
His glowing limbs, and dash amid the wave;
High rears his crest, and tossing in disdain
Wide o'er his shoulders *spreads* his stream of mane,
And fierce in beauty, graceful in his speed,
Flies mid the steeds, that wanton o'er the mead.
Not otherwise, from Troy's embattled height
In pride of youth, in power of mailed might,
Exulting, on, impatient of delay,
Bright as the sun, young Paris sped his way.

Ἐν δὲ χορὸν ποίκιλλε. κ. τ. λ.

Now on the shield a choir appear'd to move,
Whose flying feet the tuneful labyrinth wove,
Such as famed Dædalus, on Gnossus' shore,
For bright-hair'd Ariadne form'd of yore.
Youths and fair girls, there hand in hand advanced,
Timed to the song their step, and gaily danced.
Round every maid light robes of linen flow'd,
Round every youth a glossy tunic glow'd;
Those wreath'd with flowers, while from their partners hung
Swords that all gold from belts of silver swung.
Train'd by nice art each flexile limb to wind,
Their *twinkling* feet the measur'd maze *entwined*,
Fleet as the wheel whose use the potter tries
When twirl'd beneath his hand its axle flies.
Now all at once their graceful ranks combine,
Each ranged against the other, line with line.

The

The crowd flock'd round, and, wond'ring as they view'd,
Through every change the varying dance pursued;
The while two tumblers, as they led the song,
Turn'd in the midst, and roll'd themselves along.

This is extremely well translated, and displays great dexterity. We remark, however, 'that twinkling feet' is no translation of ἐπισταμένοισι ποδεσσι, and that in the original it is 'running' or 'threading' the maze, which is very different from 'entwining' it.

The famous passage—

Ἦ, καὶ κυανέῃσιν ἐπ' ὀφρυσι—

is thus translated:—

He spake, and fully to confirm his vow,
Bow'd the dark terror of his awful brow,
Around his front th' ambrosial ringlets flow'd,
And all Olympus reel'd beneath the God.

This is spirited; yet we cannot but think that such an expression as 'dark terror' is ill suited to the statuelike simplicity of the true image, and we take vehement exception to the 'ringlets' of father Jupiter. Homer and Phidias both gave him 'locks' or 'hair.' In so fine a passage as this such a bastard rhyme as 'flow'd' and 'God' ought to be avoided, and upon the whole we wish we could induce Mr. Sotheby to endeavour to recast these lines. We would direct his attention to an admirable criticism on the whole passage, appended to a specimen of an Italian version, by a man who was both a scholar and a poet, the late Ugo Foscolo. In the following couplet there is a grammatical inaccuracy.

Who *strives* with kings their sovereignty shall know,
And fall beneath the greatness of *their* foe;'

and in this—

'Prophet of ill! from whose presumptuous *word*
Ne'er has thy king a grateful *accent* heard'—

we must regret that Mr. Sotheby allows himself such an unmeaning modernism as 'accent' for 'word,' in translating the Iliad; and observe that, at all events, the passage as it now stands is not sense, 'accent' and 'word' being identical, as here used.

In translating the 220th line in the first book, Mr. Sotheby substitutes 'silver-hilted' falchion for μέγα ξίφος; surely, the original may be followed with advantage: and we take the liberty to remark, that οὐδὲν ἔτισας, and οὐδὲν ἔτισε, verses 244 and 412, convey the sense of *dis*honouring and not simply *un*honouring, if there, in fact, be any such word as this last in the language.

In the beginning of the shield of Achilles, Mr. Sotheby has—

there Vulcan's art
Charged with his *imaged mind* each varied part—

which we cannot understand; ἰδυίῃσι means 'knowing' or 'skilful.'

In the picture of the forum and pleading, Mr. Sotheby has hastily adopted the interpretation of the two talents being set up as a prize for the *judges*.

While in the midst, his wisdom to repay
Who rightliest gave th' award, two golden talents lay.

But—

τῷ δόμεν, ὃς μετὰ τοῖσι δίκην ἰθύνοτατα εἴπῃ

means 'to be given to him who should plead his cause most justly or successfully.' The two talents were the ποινὴ or fine itself, concerning the payment or non-payment of which the dispute arose.

We will just notice also the impotent and unauthorized conclusion of the following lines—

Now the god's changeful artifice display'd
Fair flocks at pasture in a lovely glade;
There folds, and shepherd huts, and sheltering stalls,
And all that peace and pastoral life recalls—

and

and go on to present to our readers one passage, in addition to those previously quoted, the ingenuity and beauty of which are very great—

Ἐν δ' ἐτίθει τέμενος βαθυλήϊον.

Now, laden deep with corn, a heavy field
Rose on the view, and bristled o'er the shield.
The reapers *mow'd*, the sickles in their hand,
Heap after heap, fell thick along the land;
Three labourers grasp them, and in sheaves upbind;
Boys, gathering up their handfuls, toil'd behind,
Proffering their load: 'mid these, in gladsome mood,
Mute, leaning on his staff, the master stood.
Apart, the heralds, in an oaken glade,
Slew a huge bullock, and the banquet made;
While women, busy with the wheaten grain,
Kneaded the meal to feast at eve the swain.

The little inaccuracy in the third line should be removed; the *reapers* no doubt *reaped;* the indifferent meaning of the Greek word cannot be transposed in English; Δρεπάνη, however, is a hook.

We have been led to make these few verbal criticisms from the great promise which we think this version displays, and with a view of calling Mr. Sotheby's notice to the extreme importance of all practicable fidelity to his original, and of scholar-like purity in his own diction. He has at present the fate of his arduous work in his own hands, and one hour's labour of the file bestowed now in removing petty inaccuracies, will be of more avail in determining the ultimate character of his translation, than whole days spent in the same operation upon the suggestions of public criticism. Let this distinguished veteran remember the high game that he has at stake, and the powerful antagonists whom he has to drive from the field, of which, with whatever right, they are undoubtedly in possession.

Art. V.—1. *The Life of Lord Byron, including his Correspondence with his Friends, and Journals of his own Life and Opinions.* By Thomas Moore, Esq. 2 Vols. 4to. London. 1830.

2. *Memoirs of the Affairs of Greece, with Anecdotes of Lord Byron, and an Account of his last Illness and Death.* By Julius Millingen. 8vo. London. 1831.

THE 'Life of Sheridan' did not, as our readers may remember, inspire us with any very high notions of an exquisite poet's talent for biography. We have, however, been agreeably disappointed with the volumes now before us. We must at once admit that in them we have found a subject of immeasurably superior importance and attractiveness, treated on the whole with modesty, candour, and manliness; and that, although it is impossible not to condemn certain prevailing features in the narrator's style, these are but trivial defects when compared to those which almost characterised the former specimen of his prose. *Rem verba sequuntur;* the nature of his theme has exerted a salutary and sobering influence on his mind: a man of genius is in earnest; and there is nothing, either of bombast or of glitter, to disturb the interest of his mournful tale. The

The tale, however, is not wholly, nor even chiefly, told by Mr. Moore; his extracts from Lord Byron's own correspondence and journals occupying, in fact, a greater space in these pages than the 'notices' by which they are connected. These extracts cannot be perused without producing an enlarged estimation of the deceased poet's talents and accomplishments. They render it hardly doubtful that, had his life been prolonged, he would have taken his place in the very first rank of our prose literature also. We speak of the better parts—there is much of a far inferior, not a little of a positively low, stamp. Here certainly are numberless brief and rapid specimens of narrative, serious and comic, distinguished by a masterly combination of simplicity, energy, and grace,—of critical disquisition, at once ingenious and profound,—of satire, both stern and playful, not surpassed in modern days; and, above all, here are transcripts of mental emotion, in all possible varieties, worthy of him who was equally at home in the darkest passion of Harold, and the airiest levity of Beppo. When we add that these diaries and note-books contain in abundance Lord Byron's remarks on the most distinguished of his contemporaries, whether in letters, in politics, or in fashion, it will be easily believed that they would have formed of themselves a very interesting publication; but the editor's familiarity with the author, and with most of the topics alluded to in his MS. remains, has enabled him to heighten the value of his materials by arrangement and commentary; and, whoever may be tempted to handle the subject after him, Mr. Moore's volumes must descend to posterity as the authoritative history of this great poet.

But the book is by no means one to be read running;—

'C'est un poids bien pesant qu'un nom trop tôt fameux;'

and Lord Byron, after he had made himself a name in literature, appears to have found it hard to divest himself, even for a moment, of the professional feelings of an artist. In writing, and we fear in talking, the lion's skin stuck close to him; and we must never forget, even when he seems most frank and simple, that his confidences are those of a man with whom the passion for producing what is called an effect had come to be a second nature, fatally capable, not only of disguising, but of controlling and perverting the first.

If, however, any man qualified to understand and enjoy the higher productions of Lord Byron could ever have doubted that that first and real nature was a noble one, this book will put an end to his scepticism. Mr. Moore has accumulated a mass of anecdotes concerning his infancy and boyhood, which prove that his young heart overflowed with kindness and generosity, and all the warm and lovely emotions which so rarely survive, in

in all their graces, what we may call the virgin bloom of a masculine character; and this, too, in the midst of circumstances than which it would be difficult to imagine any more likely to have anticipated the hardening lessons of the world. 'The boy is father of the man;' and these little stories will vindicate for ever the sincerity with which, though capable of wasting his talents on debasing exhibitions of human nature, of ministering to its ignobler passions, and of deriving a pestilent species of gratification from disturbing, both by word and deed, the serious influence of his own genius,—Lord Byron nevertheless appealed, in the works for which posterity will honour his name, to the purest and loftiest feelings of his kind. He who should prove to us that one really great poet was radically a cold, selfish, bad man—a mere player upon our sympathies—would, indeed, do more to poison the sources of kindliness and charity, and every nobler sentiment, than all the satirists that ever denied or derided virtue from the beginning of the world. No attempt of this kind will ever again be hazarded as to the character of Lord Byron. There remains enough to condemn, both in his life and his works; but both will at least be studied in the absence of sweeping and relentless prejudice; and throughout both it will be impossible not to trace one prevailing vein of self-reproach, of repentance—we had almost said, of remorse. This frets out in his lightest productions—it is the key-note of his highest, and the torturing burden of his last. The struggle between the evil principle and the good is for ever before us. Perhaps it is this that makes the chief distinguishing characteristic of his poetical melancholy, as well as its most efficacious charm; and a not less sustained contrast of opposite elements runs through his personal career and fortunes, even from the beginning.

The scene opens darkly enough. The name of Byron had sunk into a sort of discreditable obscurity, in consequence of a long train of domestic tragedies, which charitable persons had accustomed themselves to account for by imputing a vein of *hereditary insanity* to the blood of this race. His great-uncle, the eighth lord, neither knew nor cared anything about 'the little boy that lived at Aberdeen;' he had buried a fantastic imagination, fierce, gloomy passions, and hands stained with kindred blood, among the quaint cloisters of Newstead, where all his habits confirmed the belief which had perhaps, in part, saved him from the last punishment of the law. The father of the poet appears to have been a handsome sensualist, unredeemed by any good quality of understanding, of heart, or even of temper. He concluded a youth of the grossest debauchery by marrying for her fortune a very plain woman, not his inferior in point of

of pedigree, but provincially bred, destitute of education, with all the pride of birth, but nothing of its manners; with apparently little or no sense of religion, combining a plentiful stock of weak, vulgar superstition; whose rude and violent passions her husband's almost incredible ill-usage seems to have so worked upon, as to shatter her reason, and, indeed, distort even her maternal feelings. As soon as the dastardly spendthrift had robbed her of a fair inheritance, and dissipated it to the winds, he abandoned her, leaving her to bring up an only child on a pittance which hardly afforded a paltry lodging in a country town and a single maid-servant. Society, which winks at so much even of mean vice, has no toleration for such consummate profligacy; but though just contempt and the physical consequences of his own vices hunted the offender to an early grave, this (such, even in the midst of coarseness and imbecility, is the generosity of woman) appears only to have lent new bitterness to her cup of sorrow.

The character of this unhappy woman—to whose unaided care a child, precocious in all his feelings, was abandoned during those years in which the education of the heart makes such rapid and irrevocable strides, even where the mental faculties are dull—must be deeply weighed by every one who desires to judge with candour the personal history of her son. We have already alluded to the notion, which had long been prevalent, that there was a taint of madness in the blood of the Byrons; and the star of their line, in one of his letters, now printed, intimates that a similar suspicion had attached to the other side of his house. He enumerates three of his maternal ancestors who died by their own hands! These are things which he never forgot, and which it is our duty most seriously to consider.

He had been born with a painful bodily deformity, and his mother, when in ill-humour with him, used to make this misfortune the subject of taunts and reproaches.

> 'I could have borne
> It all, but that my mother spurned me from her.
> The she-bear licks her cubs into a sort
> Of shape;—my dam beheld my shape was hopeless.' *

She would pass from passionate caresses to the repulsion of actual disgust—then 'devour him with kisses again, and swear his eyes were as beautiful as his father's.' † She nursed him with haughty stories of ancestry, chivalry, and feudal devotion, amidst the mean miseries of poverty and desertedness. And

* The Deformed Transformed.

† We quote from a letter written by one of Mrs. Byron's relations in Scotland.

such

such was the domestic education of a child whose clay was of that dangerous fineness, that, like Dante before him, he was a passionate *lover* at nine years of age—of one who, in spite of Mr. Moore's scepticism as to *this* point (for he not only admits, but, however inconsistently, expatiates on the precocity of his *love*), was then incapable of looking at a mountain landscape without drinking in wild dreams of melancholy enthusiasm—in short, of a spirit instinct with sensibilities of such quickness and delicacy, that perhaps those of ordinary mortals ought no more to be compared to them than a skein of whipcord to 'the tangles of Neæra's hair.

The boy was in his eleventh year when the moody homicide of Newstead died, and he thus suddenly and unexpectedly became entitled to the honours and estates of his father's family. This worked a total revolution in his and his mother's affairs; their poor chattels at Aberdeen were sold by auction for some 70*l.*, and they took possession of a venerable residence, surrounded by an ample domain, in the centre of England. The child was observed to blush deep as scarlet, he trembled, and the tear started in his eye, when his name was first called over in the little school-room at Aberdeen with the prefix of *dominus;* and when, after a week's journey, the hoary abbey lay before him, its long range of windows gleaming against an autumnal sky, his emotion was not less visible. It would be difficult to imagine a transition more fitted in all its circumstances to stamp lasting traces on such a mind. He passed, as at the changing of a theatrical scene, from very nearly the one extreme of outward shows to the other—from a shabby Scotch '*flat*' to a palace—and one that, with all its accompaniments of landscape and tradition, could not but stimulate to the highest pitch a spirit naturally solemn, already not lightly tinged with superstition, and in which the pride of ancestry had been planted from the cradle, striking the deeper root because of the forlornness and squalor of everything hitherto about him—anger, and resentment, and jealousy, the sense of injustice and indignity, and a haughty, sullen shame, all combining with, and moulding its earliest growth.

Mr. Moore, among other judicious observations on the consequences of this abrupt transition, says,

'The strange anecdotes told of the last lord by the country people, among whom his fierce and solitary habits had procured for him a sort of fearful renown, were of a nature livelily to arrest the fancy of the young poet, and even to waken in his mind a sort of boyish admiration for singularities which he found thus elevated into matters of wonder and record. By some it has been even supposed that in these stories of his eccentric relative his imagination found the first

first dark outlines of that ideal character which he afterwards embodied in so many different shapes, and ennobled by his genius.'—vol. i., pp. 26, 27.

The late Earl of Carlisle had accepted the office of guardian to the minor peer, but the manners and habits of Mrs. Byron disgusted his Lordship, and he soon abandoned his young relative to her sole guidance, rather than encounter the annoyances of personal communication with her. This was a most unfortunate occurrence, and yet we do not see that it is possible to attach any serious blame to Lord Carlisle's conduct—at least until we reach a later stage of the story. The immediate consequence, however, was, that Lord Byron's mind continued to expand and ripen under the same unhappy influences which had withered the bloom of his infancy. When he left home, it was either for some petty school, where his associates were much below his condition, or for the residence of some provincial practitioner, who had won his mother's confidence, and tortured him with unavailing experiments on his lameness. His self-love was alternately pampered and bruised; and it may be doubted whether the mother or the foot was more frequently felt as

'the vile crooked clog
That made him lonely.'

The latter had been originally embittered to his imagination by her own unwomanly spleen; and now the reckless glee of his schoolfellows found almost equal gratification in taunting him with Nature's unkindness to himself, and the grotesque absurdities of his only parent. Yet, in the midst of all these adverse circumstances, the native affectionateness of his disposition continued to shine out perpetually; his temper had already been corroded, but his heart was still warm, generous,

'And tender even as is a little maid's.'

In his fourteenth year, he was removed to Harrow. The irregularity of his previous education prevented him from taking rank with the youths of his own standing, and his vanity being thus wounded *in limine*, he appears never to have conquered his disrelish for the proper studies of the place; but to be distinguished was the craving of his nature, and in him, as almost always happens with high spirits similarly circumstanced, the bodily infirmity which haunted his imagination acted as an additional spur to the pursuit of distinction in exercises of bodily vigour. In these his proud ardour of heart sustained him gallantly; and so well was his temper appreciated among his schoolfellows, that they calculated implicitly on having his assistance in any rebellious exploit, provided he might be permitted to play the part of leader. This species of eminence, however,

however, could not satisfy one born with the acute feelings and the intellectual appetites of a poet; and Byron soon began to attract notice as a devourer of all manner of books save those which it was the duty of his preceptors to place in his hands. Mr. Moore takes occasion to expatiate, at this point, on the absurdity of the English system of classical education, the folly of devoting the most precious years of adolescence to the study of mere words, the disgust which this system has inspired in the noblest minds subjected to its influence, and the superior services rendered to our art, our science, and even our literature, by persons who have never gone through anything like what is usually called 'a regular education.' In a word, Mr. Moore repeats all that has been promulgated *ad nauseam* on this subject, and refuted *ad misericordiam*. No system of national education ever was, or will be, planned with reference to minds such as he seems not merely chiefly, but exclusively, to be thinking of in this diatribe. The grand object is to prepare men for the discharge of those duties which society has a right to demand from its members; and, original genius being so rare as hitherto it always has been, the functions which cannot be discharged in the absence of that extraordinary gift are not entitled to be mainly, or even directly, considered. We are very far from maintaining that the established system ought not to be considerably modified: the classical literature of antiquity is no longer entitled to hold the exclusive place which belonged to it in the age of our scholastic and academical foundations; but it is not by such unguarded attacks as this, that the course of rational improvement is at all likely to be forwarded. They can serve no better purpose than to irritate or discourage the existing race of teachers, (than whom a more meritorious or worse paid class of men cannot be named,) and to pamper self-complacency, petulance, and the silly ambition of knowing a little of everything, in a rising generation, already more than enough tinged with such phantasies. But perhaps it ought not to surprise us, that, while so many of our haughtiest aristocracy are stooping to flatter, *ore tenus*, the envious jealousy of social distinctions among their inferiors, the equally hollow and unworthy cant of liberalism as to the business of education should have found a mouthpiece among the Moores.

The biographer, among other results of 'the English system of education,' expresses his opinion, that 'in no other country, perhaps, are the feelings towards the parental home so early estranged, or, at the best, feebly cherished.' We must dissent from this opinion, and, in doing so, we believe we may safely appeal to the personal experience of our readers of all classes. But Mr. Moore's observation, even had it been just, might as well have

have been omitted in a life of Lord Byron, who certainly had no parental home from which his feelings could have been estranged by any possible system of education. The sweet sources of veneration had never flowed for him—he had never loved his mother—and the charities of fraternal intercourse, nature's earliest and best antidotes to selfishness, he had never known. Mr. Moore proceeds to enlarge upon the friendships which he formed at Harrow, and comments, with just warmth, on the evidence of a yet uncorrupted heart which their history exhibits. He mentions, however, that they were, with rare exceptions, formed with boys 'from a rank below his own,' which, he adds, is the case 'with most very proud persons.' It does not strike us as a symptom of anything like the highest kind of pride, to find delight in the obsequiences which equals are not apt to yield. The Μεγαλοψυχος of the ancients had a character of another stamp. The sort of pride, however, which Mr. Moore traces in this early choice of intimates, continued undoubtedly to form a part of Lord Byron's character down to the end of his life. His associates were, with rare exceptions, separated widely enough from himself, not merely as to external rank, but as to accomplishments and manners. But Mr. Moore says nothing of one most unhappy consequence of his choice at Harrow—namely, that it debarred him from an advantage which otherwise, according to our manners, he must have enjoyed—that of spending part, at least, of his school holidays, under roofs happier than his own, among families where he would have imbibed juster notions than, in fact, he ever did possess, of what life and society are in the interior circles of all but one small polluted section of the nobility and upper gentry of this country. His vacations were spent with Mrs. Byron at watering-places, where, whatever society they might afford, hers was pretty sure to be the worst; and he was thus left, at the season of the opening passions, to draw his ideas of female character and manners, almost exclusively, from the little Phyllises of Harrow and the slang of schoolboys. It is impossible to read Mr. Moore's account of some domestic scenes of this period without being compelled to arrive at the conclusion that Mrs. Byron had become either actually insane or an habitual drunkard. The manner in which her son afterwards wrote to her, on one subject in particular, opens reflections almost too painful to be dwelt upon. His confidences to his mother are *shocking*, even more so than an incident which Mr. Moore thus relates:—

'It is told, as a curious proof of their opinion of each other's violence, that, after parting one evening, they were known each to go privately to the apothecary's, inquiring anxiously whether the other had been to purchase poison, and cautioning the vender of drugs not to attend to such an application, if made.'—vol. i., p. 68.

He

He had scarcely seen anything of the quiet graces of domestic life, when, in the course of a short residence at Newstead, in the summer of 1804, he became known to the family of Chaworth of Annesley, the descendants of the gentleman who was killed by his great-uncle. The heiress of Annesley was then a beautiful girl, some two years older than Lord Byron. There was something to touch a colder fancy in the situation, and he soon became intoxicated with the deepest and purest passion his bosom was ever to know. A young lady of eighteen is as old, all the world over, as a man of five and twenty; and she amused herself with the awkward attentions of a lover whom she considered as a mere schoolboy. Little did she guess with what passions, and with what a mind, her fortune had brought her into contact.

'In the dances of the evening, Miss Chaworth, of course, joined, while her lover sate looking on, solitary and mortified. It is not impossible, indeed, that the dislike which he always expressed for this amusement may have originated in some bitter pang, felt in his youth, on seeing "the lady of his love" led out by others to the gay dance from which he was himself excluded. During all this time he had the pain of knowing that the heart of her he loved was occupied by another;—that, as he himself expresses it,

> "Her sighs were not for him; to her he was
> Even as a brother—but no more."

'If, at any moment, however, he had flattered himself with the hope of being loved by her—a circumstance mentioned in his "Memoranda" as one of the most painful of those humiliations to which the defect in his foot had exposed him—must have let the truth in, with dreadful certainty, upon his heart. He either was told of, or overheard, Miss Chaworth saying to her maid, "Do you think I could care anything for that lame boy?" This speech, as he himself described it, was like a shot through his heart. Though late at night when he heard it, he instantly darted out of the house, and, scarcely knowing whither he ran, never stopped till he found himself at Newstead.

'The picture which he has drawn of this youthful love, in one of the most interesting of his poems, "The Dream," shows how genius and feeling can elevate the realities of this life, and give to the commonest events and objects an undying lustre. The old hall at Annesley, under the name of "the antique oratory," will long call up to fancy the "maiden and the youth" who once stood in it; while the image of the "lover's steed," though suggested by the unromantic race-ground of Nottingham, will not the less conduce to the general charm of the scene, and share a portion of that light which only genius could shed over it. . . . . With the summer holidays ended this dream of his youth.'—vol. i., p. 55—57.

This episode is to the story of Byron, though in a different way, what that of 'Highland Mary' is to Robert Burns's. This was

was his one 'true love,'—perhaps no truly imaginative mind ever had room for two. But instead of ending, like Burns's early dream of love and innocence, in pure humanizing sorrow, this blossom was cut off rudely, and left an angry wound upon the stem. His profoundest pathos is embodied in the various poems which his maturer genius consecrated to the recollections of Annesley; and it is all interwoven with a thread of almost demoniacal bitterness.

'A disposition, on his own side, to form strong attachments, and a yearning desire after affection in return, were the feeling and the want' (says Mr. Moore) 'that formed the dream and torment of his existence. We have seen with what passionate enthusiasm he threw himself into his boyish friendships. The all-absorbing and unsuccessful love that followed was, if I may so say, the agony, without being the death, of this unsated desire, which lived on through his life, filled his poetry with the very soul of tenderness, lent the colouring of its light to even those unworthy ties which vanity or passion led him afterwards to form, and was the last aspiration of his fervid spirit in those stanzas written but a few months before his death:—

"'Tis time this heart should be unmoved,
Since others it has ceased to move;
Yet, though I cannot be beloved,
Still let me love!"'—vol. i., p. 177.

Having laid in, while at Harrow, a prodigious stock of multifarious reading, including almost the whole body of English poetry, and written many copies of verses, such as nothing but the fact that they are his can entitle to attention, Lord Byron removed, in his seventeenth year, to Cambridge, where he seems to have pursued much the same line of study (if such it can be called), to the neglect of all academical rules, and attracted notice by nothing save the fantastic character of some of his personal habits—such as keeping a pet bear in college, and the like juvenile vagaries. Before he left school—before he saw Miss Chaworth—we are afraid he had tasted deeply of indulgences, from grovelling in which so young a mind, and cast in so fine a mould, might, under happier circumstances of domestic discipline, have been likely to shrink with abhorrence. Well might another of their victims say—

'Alas! they harden all within,
And petrify the feeling.'

In these the disappointed stripling now wallowed; indeed, the whole picture of his college life is distressing. He had some young men of high talents among his associates; and one of these, apparently a very extraordinary person in all respects, but remarkable for nothing more than the precocious audacity of his libertinism

tinism and infidelity, seems to have soon acquired a fatally predominating influence over a mind which, with all its mighty endowments of energy, was, from the beginning to the end, more easily and more deeply worked upon by external circumstances, and especially the opinions of others, than perhaps one out of fifty among the minds which, in common parlance, are called weak. But the debauchery of this knot of Cantabrigians appears to have been unredeemed by a single feature of elegance: we hear of nothing but what, even in the estimation of the under-graduate world, must have been reckoned low—cock-fighting, boxing-matches, and crapulence.

'The sort of life which he led at this period, between the dissipations of London and of Cambridge, without a home to welcome, or even the roof of a single relative to receive him, was but little calculated to render him satisfied either with himself or the world. Unrestricted as he was by deference to any will but his own, even the pleasures to which he was naturally most inclined prematurely palled upon him, for want of those best zests of all enjoyment—rarity and restraint. In one of his note-books there occurs a passage descriptive of his feelings on first going to Cambridge, in which he says that "one of the deadliest and heaviest feelings of his life was to feel that he was no longer a boy." "From that moment (he adds) I began to grow old in my own esteem, and in my esteem age is not estimable. I took my gradations in the vices with great promptitude, but they were not to my taste; for my early passions, though violent in the extreme, were concentrated, and hated division or spreading abroad. I could have left or lost the whole world with, or for, that which I loved; but, though my temperament was naturally burning, I could not share in the common-place libertinism of the place and time without disgust. And yet this very disgust, and my heart thrown back upon itself, threw me into excesses perhaps more fatal than those from which I shrunk, as fixing upon one (at a time) the passions which spread amongst many would have hurt only myself." '—vol. i., p. 146.

'It is but rarely that infidelity or scepticism finds an entrance into youthful minds. That readiness to take the future upon trust, which is the charm of this period of life, would naturally, indeed, make it the season of belief as well as of hope. There are also then, still fresh in the mind, the impressions of early religious culture, which, even in those who begin soonest to question their faith, give way but slowly to the encroachments of doubt, and, in the mean time, extend the benefit of their moral restraint over a portion of life when it is acknowledged such restraints are most necessary. . . . . Unfortunately, Lord Byron was an exception to the usual course of such lapses. With him, the canker showed itself "in the morn and dew of youth," when the effect of such "blastments" is, for every reason, most fatal; and, in addition to the real misfortune of being an

an unbeliever at any age, he exhibited the rare and melancholy spectacle of an unbelieving schoolboy.

'We have seen, in two Addresses to the Deity which I have selected from among his unpublished poems, and still more strongly in a passage of the catalogue of his studies, at what a boyish age the authority of all systems and sects was avowedly shaken off by his inquiring spirit. Yet, even in these, there is a fervour of adoration mingled with his defiance of creeds, through which the piety implanted in his nature (as it is deeply in all poetic natures) unequivocally shows itself; and had he then fallen within the reach of such guidance and example as would have seconded and fostered these natural dispositions, the licence of opinion, into which he afterwards broke loose, might have been averted. But he had not a single friend or relative to whom he could look up with respect; but was thrown alone on the world, with his passions and his pride, to revel in the fatal discovery which he imagined himself to have made of the nothingness of the future, and the all-paramount claims of the present.'—vol. i., p. 122—124.

The Addresses to the Deity mentioned in the preceding extract appear, if Lord Byron's dates may be relied on, to have been written before the publication of his 'Hours of Idleness,' which occurred in the second year of his residence at Cambridge, 1807. Why, if then written, they were not included in that collection, Mr. Moore offers no conjecture: they are certainly very far superior to any pieces which it does contain. We need not dwell on the character of that unfortunate volume; its sole value, as Mr. Moore confesses, consists in the light which it throws on Lord Byron's early character,—on the history 'of a youth, which had been, from childhood, a series of the most passionate attachments,—of those overflowings of the soul, both in love and friendship, which are still more rarely responded to than felt, and which, when checked, or sent back upon the heart, are sure to turn into bitterness.' Mr. Moore 'walks delicately,' like Agag, when the course of his narrative brings him to the truculent critique on these boyish essays which appeared in the *Edinburgh Review*. Himself a distinguished victim and prop of that journal, he writes elegantly and eloquently on the subject, and contrives to drop no hint of what every human being felt at the time to be the simple truth of the whole matter—to wit, that out of the thousand and one volumes of indifferent verse which happened to be printed in the year of grace, 1807, only one bore a noble name on the title-page; and the opportunity of insulting a lord, under pretext of admonishing a poetaster, was too tempting to be resisted in a particular quarter at that particular time.

'The eminence which talent builds for itself might, one day, he proudly felt, be his own; nor was it too sanguine to hope that, under

the favour accorded usually to youth, he might with impunity venture on his first steps to fame. But here, as in every other object of his heart, disappointment and mortification awaited him..... A friend, who found him in the first moments of excitement after reading the article, inquired anxiously whether he had just received a challenge ?—not knowing how else to account for the fierce defiance of his looks. It would indeed be difficult for sculptor or painter to imagine a subject of more fearful beauty, than the fine countenance of the young poet must have exhibited in the collected energy of that crisis. His pride had been wounded to the quick, and his ambition humbled:—but this feeling of humiliation lasted but for a moment. The very reaction of his spirit against aggression roused him to a full consciousness of his own powers; and the pain and the shame of the injury were forgotten in the proud certainty of revenge.'—vol. i., pp. 182, 183.

From this point, the literary history of Lord Byron, in all its larger and nobler features, must be abundantly familiar to every reader in Europe. He was now occupied with his 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers'—a clever piece, certainly, and which effectually rebuked those who had endeavoured to fix on his name the brand of dulness, but scarcely meriting the popular success which attended its appearance, for it exhibits, even in its ablest passages, more of passionate malice than of intellectual strength. Its diction is often pointed and energetic enough—but shows few, if any traces of refined art, and, we venture to say, none of the *curiosa felicitas* of genius. We should rather characterize it as a smart lampoon than as a vigorous satire, and Mr. Moore expresses much the same opinion. 'There was here (he says) but little foretaste of the wonders which followed.'

'His spirit' (he proceeds) 'was stirred, but he had not yet looked down into its depths, nor does even his bitterness *taste of the bottom of the heart*, like those sarcasms which he afterwards flung in the face of mankind. Still less had the other countless feelings and passions, with which his soul had been long labouring, found an organ worthy of them; the gloom, the grandeur, the tenderness of his nature, all were left without a voice, till his mighty genius at last awakened in its strength.'—vol. i., p. 175.

We need not dwell on the numberless gratuitous outrages on respectable contemporaries which this petulant satire embodied; and of most of which the author lived to express his repentance. Among the victims of his spleen, his guardian, Lord Carlisle, found a conspicuous place; but Mr. Moore shows, that in the first draught that nobleman had been treated in a totally opposite manner, and accounts for the change of tone, by the narrative of certain circumstances which attended Lord Byron's taking his place in the House of Lords some few weeks before the production issued from the press. It appears certainly that the young

young poet had, in his own opinion, every right to expect the aid and countenance of his relative on that occasion, and that, possessing not one personal friend or acquaintance among the members of the peerage then in London (if indeed he had any such acquaintance at all), his *entrée* was embarrassed with many awkward and humiliating difficulties, which the slightest interference on the part of a nobleman of Lord Carlisle's rank and character would have rendered impossible.

It would be unfair, however, not to add, that from all we have heard and read, very little was at this time known about Lord Byron that could have been expected to conciliate those prejudices with which his mother's rude passions and conduct seem originally to have inspired the Earl of Carlisle—a weak poet, no doubt, but a nobleman distinguished for personal virtues, whose tastes were all elegant and praiseworthy, and his habits and manners, of course, of the highest standard of refinement. Such rumours concerning the young author's character, pursuits, and associates as were most likely to reach the atmosphere of Castle-Howard, could have moved, at best, a cold and shrinking compassion in its aged and fastidious lord. What, we must ask, was the sort of impression which Lord Byron's whole career at Cambridge had left among the dignitaries of his University—the persons from whom it was inevitable that Lord Carlisle should have received his chief information on the subject? He had disdained to exert his talents in any shape that could enable them to appreciate their vigour; he had outraged their discipline in every possible way; and his reputation was little more than that of a brisk, petulant youth, who had written some squibs on the college-tutors, published one duodecimo of indifferent verses, and contributed considerably to another volume, a sort of under-graduates' *pic-nic* (soon suppressed), of which boyish obscenity was the most remarkable feature; who lived in a perpetual round of debauchery among companions unsuitable to his rank, gamblers, boxers, horse-jockies, and so forth; and had—to speak plainly, imbibed at this time not a little of their swagger and slang in his habitual manners and conversation. We are afraid that this picture cannot be considered as an overcharged one: who was to anticipate that, amidst such scenes and occupations, the genius which was to give so many of its proudest laurels to the literature of our age, had been gradually maturing itself for such a career of triumphs? These things it would be quite unjust to exclude from our view; but the very ductility of disposition, which had rendered the influence of unworthy companionship so perilous, could hardly have failed, at this early period, to develope itself in a contrary direction, under better guidance: and everything contributes to heighten

heighten the sadness of our recollection that Lord Byron remained almost a stranger to the upper society of his country, until, the bias of his character being irretrievably determined, it was too late for him to appreciate justly either the examples of quiet worth which it affords so abundantly, or the eager adulations of its gaudiest and most heartless circle.

The success of his 'Satire' was beyond his expectations—but such successes could bring but momentary gratification to one whose inward aspirations were under the throbbing pulse of a genius which had as yet found no outlet for its nobler energies. He wrote thus to a young friend :

'The fire, in the cavern of Ætna conceal'd,
Still mantles unseen, in its secret recess;—
At length, in a volume terrific reveal'd,
No torrent can quench it, no bounds can repress.
Oh thus, the desire in my bosom for fame
Bids me live but to hope for Posterity's praise;
Could I soar, with the Phœnix, on pinions of flame,
With him I would wish to expire in the blaze.'

Such shallow applauses as a clever satire could evoke were nothing to this burning thirst. He was sick at heart; and a casual meeting with the lady of Annesley and her *child* seems to have concentrated all his wounded feelings into a paroxysm of anguish, under which to escape from England was the grand impulse—and the guiding one. How little the 'English Bards' reflected of what his poetical powers already were, will be sufficiently proved by these touching stanzas, written shortly before he set out on his memorable pilgrimage.

'Tis done—and shivering in the gale
The bark unfurls her snowy sail;
And whistling o'er the bending mast,
Loud sings on high the fresh'ning blast;
And I must from this land be gone,
Because I cannot love but one.

As some lone bird, without a mate,
My weary heart is desolate;
I look around, and cannot trace
One friendly smile or welcome face,
And ev'n in crowds am still alone,
Because I cannot love but one.

And I will cross the whitening foam,
And I will seek a foreign home:
Till I forget a false fair face,
I ne'er shall find a resting-place;
My own dark thoughts I cannot shun,
But ever love, and love but one.

I go

I go—but wheresoe'er I flee
There's not an eye will weep for me;
There's not a kind, congenial heart,
Where I can claim the meanest part;
Nor thou, who hast my hopes undone,
Wilt sigh, although I love but one.

'Twould soothe to take one lingering view,
And bless thee in my last adieu;
Yet wish I not those eyes to weep
For him that wanders o'er the deep;
His home, his hope, his youth are gone,
Yet still he loves, and loves but one.'—vol. i., pp. 180, 181.

Mr. Moore pauses at this point, and reviews in detail the history which we have been endeavouring to follow. We have not space for all his observations. He sums them up, however, in language which could not be mutilated without injustice to our readers.

'To have, at once, anticipated the worst experience both of the voluptuary and the reasoner,—to have reached, as he supposed, the boundary of this world's pleasures, and see nothing but "clouds and darkness" beyond, was the doom, the anomalous doom, which a nature, premature in all its passions and powers, inflicted on Lord Byron.

'Never was there a change wrought in disposition and character to which Shakspeare's fancy of "sweet bells jangled out of tune" more truly applied. Baffled, as he had been, in his own ardent pursuit of affection and friendship, his sole revenge and consolation lay in doubting that any such feelings really existed. The various crosses he had met with, in themselves sufficiently irritating and wounding, were rendered still more so by the high, impatient temper with which he encountered them. What others would have bowed to as misfortunes, his proud spirit rose against as wrongs; and the vehemence of this reaction produced, at once, a revolution throughout his whole character, in which, as in revolutions of the political world, all that was bad and irregular in his nature burst forth with all that was most energetic and grand. The very virtues and excellences of his disposition ministered to the violence of this change. The same ardour that had burned through his friendships and loves now fed the fierce explosions of his indignation and scorn. His natural vivacity and humour but lent a fresher flow to his bitterness, till he, at last, revelled in it as an indulgence; and that hatred of hypocrisy, which had hitherto only shown itself in a too shadowy colouring of his own youthful frailties, now hurried him, from his horror of all false pretensions to virtue, into the still more dangerous boast and ostentation of vice.'—vol. i., p. 186.

The details of Lord Byron's travels in Portugal, Spain, and the Levant, occupy a very considerable space in Mr. Moore's work, and bring

bring out necessarily numberless most interesting traits of the poet's personal character and manners; but we are compelled to hasten over all this part of the book. The gaiety and levity of most of the noble wanderer's letters to his friends at home will, no doubt, whether we consider the state of mind in which he had taken leave of England, or the prevailing tone of his poetical record, appear sufficiently strange and startling: but Mr. Moore reminds us, that Cowper produced 'John Gilpin' in the midst of one of his blackest fits of dejection; that that poet himself tells us, 'The most ludicrous lines I ever wrote, were written in the saddest mood, and but for that saddest mood, perhaps, had never been written at all;' and well and truly says, 'Such bursts of vivacity on the surface are by no means incompatible with a wounded spirit underneath—the light laughing tone that pervades these letters but makes the feeling of solitariness that breaks out in them the more striking and afflicting.' The impression which the traveller's demeanour left on the minds of those persons who saw most of him, was that of 'a person labouring under deep dejection' (p. 256); and much as he had always been attached to his affectionate and accomplished fellow-traveller, Mr. Hobhouse, we have him confessing that 'it was not till he stood companionless on the shore of a little island in the Ægean that he found his spirit breathe freely.' From earliest youth, indeed, he had exhibited that unfailing characteristic of the imaginative order of minds — the love of solitude, and of those habits of self-study and introspection 'by which alone the *diamond quarries* of genius are brought to light.' He now revelled in such indulgences, amidst natural scenery and personal adventures,—how admirably calculated to kindle and idealize his powers and his feelings, and to excite and invigorate all the energies of his character, we need not remind the readers of Childe Harold.

'In the solitude of his nights at sea, in his lone wanderings through Greece, he had sufficient leisure and seclusion to look within himself, and there catch the first "glimpses of his glorious mind." One of his chief delights, as he mentioned in his "Memoranda," was, when bathing in some retired spot, to seat himself on a high rock above the sea, and there remain for hours, gazing upon the sky and the waters, and lost in that sort of vague reverie which, however formless and indistinct at the moment, settled afterwards, on his pages, into those clear, bright pictures which will endure for ever. . . . . This melancholy, habitually as it still clung to him, must, under the stirring and healthful influences of his roving life, have become a far more elevated and abstract feeling than it ever could have expanded to within reach of those annoyances whose tendency was to keep it wholly concentrated round self. Had he remained idly at home, he would have sunk, perhaps, into a querulous satirist; but, as his views opened on a freer

a freer and wider horizon, every feeling of his nature kept pace with their enlargement; and this inborn sadness, mingling itself with the effusions of his genius, became one of the chief constituent charms not only of their pathos, but their grandeur; for *when did ever a sublime thought spring up in the soul, that melancholy was not to be found, however latent, in its neighbourhood?*'—vol. i., p. 254—257.

The following anecdotes are communicated by Lord Sligo, who saw him at Athens in 1810, soon after an illness which had considerably thinned and weakened him:—

'Standing one day before a looking-glass, he said, "How pale I look! I should like, I think, to die of a consumption." "Why of a consumption?" asked his friend. "Because then (he answered) the women would all say, "See that poor Byron—how interesting he looks in dying!" In this anecdote,—which, slight as it is, the relater remembered, as a proof of the poet's consciousness of his own beauty,—may be traced also the habitual reference of his imagination to that sex, which, however he affected to despise it, influenced, more or less, the flow and colour of all his thoughts.

'He spoke often of his mother to Lord Sligo, and with a feeling that seemed little short of aversion. "Some time or other," he said, "I will tell you *why* I feel thus towards her." A few days after, when they were bathing together in the Gulf of Lepanto, he referred to this promise, and, pointing to his naked leg and foot, exclaimed, "Look there!—it is to her false delicacy at my birth I owe that deformity; and yet, as long as I can remember, she has never ceased to taunt and reproach me with it. Even a few days before we parted for the last time, on my leaving England, she, in one of her fits of passion, uttered an imprecation upon me, praying that I might prove as ill-formed in mind as I am in body!" His look and manner, in relating this frightful circumstance, can be conceived only by those who have ever seen him in a similar state of excitement.'—vol. i., p. 242.

We shall say nothing of the cutting himself with a dagger, in hopes to move the 'Maid of Athens' of his well-known song, nor even of the swimming across the Hellespont, which feat occupies many more of these pages than most readers will have patience for. The passages of sterling interest in this early correspondence are those which throw light on the occasions and moods in which various immortal pictures in the two first cantos of Childe Harold were conceived; and we must pass on to Lord Byron's return to England in the summer of 1811, soon after which, those cantos were printed in London; and Lord Byron, as he himself phrases it, 'woke one morning, and found himself famous.'

The closing stanzas of the second canto, in which the poet alludes to the many blanks which death had recently made in his list of friends, must be in every one's recollection. Ere those

touching

touching verses saw the light, while he was busy in preparing them for publication, he was informed of the sudden and alarming illness of his mother at Newstead; and the following part of Mr. Moore's narrative is too striking to be omitted in this place:—

'On his going abroad, she had conceived a sort of superstitious fancy that she should never see him again; and when he returned, safe and well, and wrote to inform her that he should soon see her at Newstead, she said to her waiting-woman, "If I should be dead before Byron comes down, what a strange thing it would be!"—and so, in fact, it happened. At the end of July, her illness took a new and fatal turn; and, so sadly characteristic was the close of the poor lady's life, that a fit of rage, brought on, it is said, by reading over the upholsterer's bills, was the ultimate cause of her death. Lord Byron had, of course, prompt intelligence of the attack; but though he started instantly from town, he was too late—she had breathed her last. . . . . However estranged from her his feelings must be allowed to have been while she lived, her death seems to have restored them into their natural channel. Whether from a return of early fondness and the all-atoning power of the grave, or from the prospect of that void in his future life which this loss of his only link with the past would leave, it is certain that he felt the death of his mother acutely, if not deeply. On the night after his arrival at Newstead, the waiting-woman of Mrs. Byron, in passing the door of the room where the deceased lady lay, heard a sound, as of some one sighing heavily from within; and, on entering the chamber, found, to her surprise, Lord Byron sitting, in the dark, beside the bed. On her representing to him the weakness of thus giving way to grief, he burst into tears, and exclaimed, "Oh, Mrs. By, I had but one friend in the world, and she is gone!"

'While his real thoughts were thus confided to silence and darkness, there was, in other parts of his conduct more open to observation, a degree of eccentricity and indecorum which, with superficial observers, might well bring the sensibility of his nature into question. On the morning of the funeral, having declined following the remains himself, he stood looking, from the abbey door, at the procession, till the whole had moved off; then turning to young Rushton, who was the only person left besides himself, he desired him to fetch the sparring-gloves, and proceeded to his usual exercise with the boy. He was silent and abstracted all the time, and, as if from an effort to get the better of his feelings, threw more violence, Rushton thought, into his blows than was his habit; but, at last,—the struggle seeming too much for him,—he flung away the gloves, and retired to his room.'—vol. i., p. 272—274.

If ever there was one anecdote from which it would be safe to form our notion of a man's whole character, we venture to say this is that one. Excellent natural feelings,—the curse of reality to check, and the blessing of fancy to heighten, their flow,—the misery

misery of conscious solitariness of heart and mind, and the proud, rebellious scorn of the very sympathies which that heart inly bled for,—we have all before us. It is a picture in which

> 'Whate'er Lorraine light touch'd with softening hue,
> Or savage Rosa dash'd,'

are beautifully and fearfully combined. Not Shakspeare could have conceived such a scene.

Before the poem was ushered into the world, Lord Byron had excited some attention by a maiden speech in Parliament; but all other views of ambition were instantly merged in the unexampled success of Childe Harold. From that moment his place was with the first—all the blandishments of flattery were lavished on him. Every one identified him, to a large extent, with his own forlorn hero; and, considering his extreme youth, and the immeasurable distance at which the Pilgrimage left his preceding efforts, even the good and the wise saw in the darkest features of his delineation—even in his contemptuous derision of national feelings—even in his dreary glimpses of infidelity—everything to move a compassionate interest, rather than to check hope. Forced at once into the most brilliant society which his country afforded, 'the observed of all observers,' the singular beauty of his countenance, stamped habitually with a pale dejection, but reflecting, in rapid interchanges, every possible variety of thought and sentiment, the darkest and the lightest,—a certain indefinable blending of haughtiness and modesty,—manners simple and unembarrassed, yet tinged with a not ungraceful shyness—

> 'A blush that comes as ready as a girl's;'—

everything combined to fix and deepen the general curiosity; and, among women at least, when that feeling is once effectually roused, it needs no seer to calculate the consequences.

> 'And what art thou, who dwellest
> So haughtily in spirit, and canst range
> Nature and Immortality, and yet
> Seemest sorrowful?'

Such was the language of many an eye that had hitherto been contented to waste its brightness on objects of a far humbler order. Lord Byron, old as he was already in so many of his feelings, was new to this species of fascination. His vanity was easily engaged—and he soon became involved in a series of enervating intrigues, not one of which, in so far as we can gather, could have offered much attraction to any person more familiar with the sphere in which he was now the star of all star-gazers. The most brilliant circle of what calls itself *the world* in London, was then, as some of us may remember, a profligate one; and the *liberal* politics of Childe Harold would of themselves

selves have secured for a young member of the House of Lords an eager welcome in those gorgeous haunts of voluptuousness which had long formed its head-quarters. But a young peer, who was also the most popular poet of his time, was a prize indeed—and the policy of greybeards found its allies and instruments in the headlong Cynthias of the month or the week —whose unbridled passions were for once, in their own soft idea, redeemed and ennobled, by the dreamy luxuries of *sentiment* and the blaze and magic of fame. It needs not to be said, that Lord Byron mingled largely in society of a far different description during the bright morning of his reputation; but even Mr. Moore's cautious and reluctant admissions sufficiently intimate that, during all the remainder of his career, the influence of this particular circle of refined and insolent immorality was felt, and fatal. His connexion with Drury-lane Theatre was another fertile source of temptation of a more vulgar sort, on which we may spare ourselves the pain of dwelling. It brought many occasions for the exercise of his generous qualities, and must have afforded him curious insights into human character; but it drew him perpetually into an atmosphere from which Dr. Johnson himself, in the plenitude of his gravity, found it prudent to keep at a distance.

He withdrew from these giddy rounds, ever and anon, in weariness and sickness of spirit, and enjoyed his own better being in solitude and his art. How rapidly the Giaour, the Bride of Abydos, the Corsair, Lara—to say nothing of minor pieces,—followed each other from the press—how, with each new effort, the public enthusiasm of admiration grew and spread—and how each strengthened, instead of weakening, as in less masterly hands must have been the case, the mysterious, romantic interest with which Childe Harold had invested the personal character of the poet; these are things which must be as fresh in our readers' recollection as they ever will be in our own. The literature of the country has received, since then, many contributions of at least equal intrinsic value; but when have we witnessed, or who ever hopes to witness again, anything like the intensity of wonder, and of solemn rapture, with which the world in those days watched the unwearying wing of this proud, solitary genius, in the morning of his strength? To separate the man from the poet, was what none tried to do, or could have done; in the best of these astonishing performances, there was much to regret and condemn—but none of them wanted such flashes of noble sentiment, such gleams of passionate gentleness, as were more than sufficient to redeem the darkest of his creations within sympathy; and the best and the purest, even of his countrywomen, still regarded

'this

'this immortal thing
Which stood before them,'

with, at worst, such feelings as he had put into the lips of his Adah,—

'I cannot abhor him,
I look upon him with a pleasing fear,—
. . my heart
Beats quick—he awes me, and yet draws me near.'

Until the period of his fame, he had seen almost nothing of his only sister (the daughter of his father by a preceding marriage); and the deep tenderness of affection with which he soon learned to regard her, seems to have, in a considerable measure, paved the way for the matrimonial connexion which he formed in January, 1814, and in which, that devoted sister, still more fondly and fervently than his other friends, hoped that all his personal irregularities would find a happy repose. There was, indeed, one exception—Mr. Moore himself. He tells us, that he had by this time studied Lord Byron too closely to anticipate happy results from any marriage he could form; and, moreover, intimates his strong suspicion, that poets of the highest order are essentially unfit for the most precious relations and duties of domestic life. We, for once, question Mr. Moore's sincerity here; but perhaps, if he had limited his rule to poets of the highest order, whose genius finds full development in the season of youthful passions, there would have been less room for dissent: and such, indeed, seems to be the opinion of the oldest and perhaps greatest of living poets, Goethe, when he says, 'there is no earthly happiness for him who seeks immortality through imagination, unless he is wise enough to keep the artist apart from the man;'—which he, whose success in his art has been achieved in very early manhood, will unquestionably find much more difficult than any other. But it is not necessary to go into the general question. Some curious enough traits of Lord Byron's temper and disposition are, however, elicited in the course of the disquisition which Mr. Moore introduces upon this occasion. He frankly confesses, for example, that even Lord Byron's friendships were little calculated to stand the test of long continued familiar intercourse—that those, with hardly an exception, for whom he preserved a warmly affectionate regard, were persons of whom circumstances had prevented him from seeing much—and that his fancy invoked the aid of the grand idealizer, death, before even the enchantress of his young dreams could be sublimed into the Thyrza of his poetry.

'It is, indeed, (says Mr. Moore) in the very nature and essence of genius, to be for ever occupied intensely with Self, as the great centre and

and source of its strength. Like the sister Rachel, in Dante, sitting all day before her mirror;

Mai non si smaga
Del suo ammiraglio, e siede tutto giorno.

To this power of self-concentration, there is, of course, no such disturbing and fatal enemy as those sympathies and affections that draw the mind out actively towards others.'

Now all this, in our humble opinion, may be true and just, as said of Lord Byron—but we do not, as yet, think so sadly of nature and of genius, as to adopt the broader application of his biographer. It appears to us, that Mr. Moore is forgetting that neither Byron nor Petrarch (to whom he more particular refers in the preceding page) belonged after all to the very highest order of genius. The exclusive occupation with Self, of which he speaks, is not the main centre or source of the strength of that order of genius, which inspires the great models of dramatic or of epic art. 'The sympathies and affections that draw the mind out actively towards others,' are, we venture to suspect, even more essential to the formation of a Homer or a Shakspeare, than the 'power of self-concentration.' But, in truth, this *obiter dictum* of our biographer is at variance with the whole scope and tenor of his own narrative—the main purpose of which, obviously and properly, is to shew that the peculiar circumstances of Lord Byron's early history are such as to furnish a certain measure of apology for many great admitted errors in the conduct both of the man and the poet, (which, had they been the *necessary* consequences of his genius, that is to say, of his nature, could have required no apology,)—not, surely, to enforce any doctrine so detestable as that the highest gift of heaven carries inevitably along with it the greatest curse that can befal a human being,—a heart and mind repulsive of human sympathies and affections, and therefore unfitted for those human relations, in whose duties and charities the main discipline for immortality is appointed. He who accepts such a dogma must be equally ignorant of the intellectual history of man, and impious in his conceptions as to the moral government of God; and the unaffected vein of right feeling which runs through Mr. Moore's melancholy pages, satisfies us, that his understanding rejects the sophistry with which, for a moment, he permits his fancy to sport itself.

We fear it must be admitted, that before Lord Byron's friends urged marriage on him, Self had become, to a miserable extent, not only 'the centre and source' of his poetry, but the centre of his feelings, and the source of his actions as a man. It appears, for example, impossible to account otherwise for his virtual abandonment,

donment, from the moment he set foot on the threshold of Fame, of all the high duties which, in the capacities of a landlord and an hereditary magistrate and legislator, his country had an indefeasible right to demand at his hands—duties which the greater his talents, and consequent personal influence, it was the more deeply and sacredly incumbent on him to keep steadily before him. Laying the obligations of religion altogether aside, we think the time is come, that those whose fortune it is to possess land and rank in this country cannot be too often, or too earnestly reminded of the fact, that the possession of such advantages constitutes, in every case whatever, a retaining fee on the part of the nation. Neither God, nor nature, nor society, contemplates the existence of an idler as that which ought to be. The country gentleman, the peer, and the prince, have their professions fixed on them —let them surrender the fee, if they mean to shrink from the work—let the sinecure be a sine-salary. The mighty majority must, in all times and places, earn their living literally by the sweat of their brow; and the only principle on which any are exempted from the literal application of the great primary condition of our human existence is, that there are services essential to the intellectual, moral, political, and religious well-being and advancement of the whole, as a whole, which could not be effectually secured for *them*, were not some so exempted. There are two or three anecdotes in this book, which will satisfy every one that, at an early period of his life, Lord Byron possessed, and felt a generous delight in acting upon, right notions as to the tenure by which his property and station were meant to be held; but the proof is most complete, that what Mr. Moore calls the spirit of self-concentration soon left scanty room for the consideration of such duties, or the exercise of such virtues. It is no justification to say, that he found his estates in an embarrassed condition—in other words, that he could not afford to live at Newstead in the style adopted by some of his order, whom he mixed with in the voluptuous circles of the metropolis. The question is not whether Lord Byron could afford services of plate and regiments of footmen, but whether any man is entitled to consume the produce of the English soil, without discharging the duties which his station imposes on him to the English people. Nor will it deceive any one, to say that Lord Byron's poetry was an equivalent for all that he neglected.* Poetry never occupied the whole, or the greater part, of any man's time: his poetry did not occupy more of his time than Lord A.'s merino sheep do of Lord A.'s,

* He himself distinctly rejects this plea in one of his letters to Mr. Moore, where he says, 'A man's poetry has no more to do with the every day individual than the inspiration with the Pythoness when removed from the tripod.'—vol. ii., p. 559.

or

or Lord D.'s larch plantations of Lord D.'s. He had plenty of time for other things than poetry; if he had not, his poetry would never have been worth the cost of printing. When a man neglects that which he ought to do, we may be sure it is because he prefers doing that which he ought not. Lord Byron found little time for the yeomanry of Nottinghamshire or the weavers of Rochdale, or even the high functions of an English senator; but he found abundance for the green-room of Drury-lane, the *hells* of St. James's-street, and, above all, for the ball-rooms and boudoirs of Mayfair and Whitehall, in which he at last found a wife, who, happily for herself, was in them, not of them. Well, then, might a man of Mr. Moore's sagacity, so well acquainted as he was with the lazy and licentious little world which had become all in all to Lord Byron, consider the chances of his happiness in marriage, determined as his character now seemed to be, as extremely scanty. That he had formed such an opinion long before his friend really made the experiment, is evident from the following passage, relative to a projected alliance with one whose name he does not mention—a passage in which, we must be allowed to suspect, 'more is meant than meets the ear:'—

'In his correspondence he represents me as having entertained an anxious wish that he should so far cultivate my fair friend's favour as to give a chance, at least, of matrimony being the result. That I, more than once, expressed some such feeling, is undoubtedly true. Fully concurring with the opinion, not only of himself but of others of his friends, that in marriage lay his only chance of salvation from the sort of perplexing attachments into which he was now constantly tempted, I saw in none of those whom he admired with more legitimate views so many requisites for the difficult task of *winning him into fidelity and happiness*, as in the lady in question. Combining beauty of the highest order with a mind intelligent and ingenuous,—having just learning enough to give refinement to her taste, and far too much taste to make pretensions to learning,—with a patrician spirit proud as his own, but showing it only in a delicate generosity of spirit, a feminine high-mindedness, which would have led her to tolerate his defects in consideration of his noble qualities and his glory, and even to *sacrifice silently some of her own happiness rather than violate the responsibility in which she stood pledged to the world for his*;—such was, from long experience, my impression of the character of this lady; and perceiving Lord Byron to be attracted by her more obvious claims to admiration, I felt a pleasure no less in rendering justice to the still rarer qualities which she possessed, than in endeavouring to raise my noble friend's mind to the contemplation of a higher model of female character than he had, unluckily for himself, been much in the habit of studying.

'To this extent do I confess myself to have been influenced by the sort of feeling which he attributes to me. But in taking for granted

granted (as it will appear he did) that I entertained any very decided or definite wishes on the subject, he gave me more credit for seriousness in my suggestions than I deserved. If even the lady herself, the unconscious object of these speculations, by whom he was regarded in no other light than that of a distinguished acquaintance, could have consented to undertake the perilous,—but still possible and glorious,—achievement of attaching Byron to virtue, I own that, sanguinely as in theory I might have looked to the result, I should have seen, not without trembling, the happiness of one whom I had known and valued from her childhood risked in the experiment.' —vol. i., pp. 496, 497.

The biographer approaches, of course, with pain and reluctance, the history of the ill-fated union with Miss Milbanke. From the noticeable passage just quoted, it might be safely inferred that Mr. Moore did not consider his hero's ultimate choice as a felicitous one; but, indeed, he is candid enough to quote from one of his own letters, written long after, to Lord B., a confession that he 'had never liked her.' We are therefore sufficiently warned to weigh all this part of the author's narrative well, and to exercise our own judgment on the very few facts which he is therein enabled to place before us. It appears that, about the opening of 1813, Lord Byron began to listen seriously to the advice of some of his friends, as to 'the prudence of his taking timely refuge in matrimony from those perplexities which form the sequel of all less regular ties;' and, on a very slight acquaintance, hazarded a proposal to Miss Milbanke, whose personal attractions, virtues, and extraordinary accomplishments, are lavishly extolled in his journals and letters of the period. The young lady did not accept his proposal, but every assurance of friendship and regard accompanied her refusal—she even requested that they should continue to write to each other—in short, the refusal was anything but a very decisive one; nor, if it had been such, do we see any reason to suppose the circumstance would have severely wounded Lord Byron's feelings; in fact, he expressly says, in his Diary, 'What an odd situation and friendship is ours!—without one spark of love on either side,' &c.

'Meantime,' says Mr. Moore, 'new entanglements, in which his heart was the willing dupe of his fancy and vanity, came to engross the young poet; and still, as the usual penalties of such pursuits followed, he again found himself sighing for the sober yoke of wedlock, as some security against their recurrence.'—p. 496.

He offered his hand to at least one other young lady, who did not think fit to smile on his proposals, before he at length, after the interval of a year, renewed his suit to Miss Milbanke; and how lightly and carelessly he then did renew it, these pages furnish abundant evidence.

He thus announced what had happened to Mr. Moore:—

'*Newstead Abbey, Sept.* 20*th*.

'Here 's to her who long
Hath waked the poet's sigh!
The girl who gave to song
What gold could never buy.

'My dear Moore,—I am going to be married—that is, I am accepted, and one usually hopes the rest will follow. My mother of the Gracchi (that *are* to be) *you* think too strait-laced for me, although the paragon of only children, and invested with "golden opinions of all sorts of men," and full of "most blest conditions" as Desdemona herself. Miss Milbanke is the lady, and I have her father's invitation to proceed there in my elect capacity, which, however, I cannot do till I have settled some business in London, *and got a blue coat*.'—vol. i., p. 582.

The same levity runs through all his correspondence between this time and the epoch of his marriage.

'*Oct. 5th.*—All our relatives are congratulating away to right and left in the most fatiguing manner. You, perhaps, know the lady. She is niece, &c. ..... I wish it was well over, for I do hate bustle, and there is no marrying without some; and then, I must not marry in a black coat, they tell me, and *I can't bear a blue one*.....

'P. S.—If this union is productive, you shall name the first fruits....

'*Oct.* 18*th.*—Next week, or the week after, I shall go down to Seaham in the new character of a regular suitor for a wife of mine own. I hope Hodgson is in a fair way on the same voyage: I saw him and his idol at Hastings. I wish he would be married at the same time. I should like to make a party, like people electrified in a row, by (or rather through) the same chain, holding one another's hands, and all feeling the shock at once. I have not yet apprized him of this. He makes such a serious matter of all these things, and is so "melancholy and gentlemanlike," that it is quite overcoming to us choice spirits. They say one shouldn't be married in a black coat. *I won't have a blue one—that 's flat. I hate it.*'—vol. i., p. 584—587.

Mr. Moore thus brings the romance to a conclusion:—

'On his arrival in town, he had, upon inquiring into the state of his affairs, found them in so utterly embarrassed a condition as to fill him with some alarm, and even to suggest to his mind the prudence of deferring his marriage. The die was, however, cast; and he had now no alternative but to proceed. Accordingly, at the end of December, accompanied by his friend Mr. Hobhouse, he set out for Seaham, the seat of Sir Ralph Milbanke, the lady's father, in the county of Durham, and on the 2d of January, 1815, was married.

"I saw him stand
Before an altar with a gentle bride;
Her face was fair, but was not that which made
The Starlight of his Boyhood;—as he stood

Even

Even at the altar, o'er his brow there came
The self-same aspect, and the quivering shock,
That in the antique Oratory shook
His bosom in its solitude; and then—
As in that hour—a moment o'er his face
The tablet of unutterable thoughts
Was traced,—and then it faded as it came,
And he stood calm and quiet, and he spoke
The fitting vows, but heard not his own words,
And all things reel'd around him; he could see
Not that which was, nor that which should have been—
But the old mansion, and the accustom'd hall,
And the remember'd chambers, and the place,
The day, the hour, the sunshine, and the shade,
All things pertaining to that place and hour,
And her, who was his destiny, came back,
And thrust themselves between him and the light:—
What business had they there at such a time*?"

'This touching picture agrees so closely, in many of its circumstances, with his own prose account of the wedding in his Memoranda, that I feel justified in introducing it, historically, here. In that Memoir, he described himself as waking, on the morning of his marriage, with the most melancholy reflections, on seeing his wedding-suit spread out before him. In the same mood, he wandered about the grounds alone, till he was summoned for the ceremony, and joined, for the first time on that day, his bride and her family. He knelt down,—he repeated the words after the clergyman; but a mist was before his eyes,—his thoughts were elsewhere; and he was but awakened by the congratulations of the bystanders, to find that he was—married.'—vol. i., p. 599, 600.

It is hard to say, whether the cynical prose of the letters, or the bitter sadness of the poetry we have been quoting, augured the worst for the results of this rash union. We shall not pain ourselves with transcribing from Lord Byron's correspondence, during the period immediately following, more than one specimen.

'So you want to know about milady and me? But let me not, as Roderick Random says, "profane the chaste mysteries of Hymen"—damn the word, I had nearly spelt it with a small *h*. I like Bell as well as you do (or did, you villain!) Bessy—and that is (or was) saying a great deal..... The treaclemoon is over, and I am awake, and find myself married..... Pray tell me what is going on in the way of intriguery, and how the w——s and rogues of the upper Beggar's Opera go on—or rather go off—in or after marriage; or who are going to break any particular commandment.....I must go to tea—damn tea. I wish it was Kinnaird's brandy, and with you to lecture me about it.....I am in such a

* The Dream.

state of sameness and stagnation, and so totally occupied in consuming the fruits—and sauntering—and playing dull games at cards—and yawning—and trying to read old Annual Registers and the daily papers—and gathering shells on the shore—and watching the growth of stunted gooseberry bushes in the garden—that I have neither time nor sense to say more than, Yours ever, B.

'P.S. I open my letter again to put a question to you. What would Lady C——k, or any other fashionable Pidcock, give to collect you and Jeffrey and me to *one* party?'

It is sufficiently obvious that Lord Byron did not solicit Miss Milbanke's hand under the influence of anything which could deserve the name of love; and we fear it must also be admitted that he entered on matrimonial life, not only without any serious consideration of the solemn and sacred obligations he was taking upon him, but in a mood and temper of mind very slightly tinged with those feelings and reflections which, even where it is too late for the high and delicate romance of an unwasted heart, spring up naturally on such occasions, and afford at least the prospect of a tender watchfulness and a generous protection to the woman who, in the freshness of youth and innocence, surrenders her all to a manly bosom.

Lord Byron, however, was at least no hypocrite. That his passions were naturally violent, and had been most riotously indulged—that he had great personal vanity also, and would continue to be surrounded with voluptuous temptations more constantly than perhaps any other man in the island—that his temper, however originally open and generous, had been early dashed with a black and bitter vein of impatience, suspiciousness, and savage gloom—there were things of which few who had lived in England and read 'Childe Harold' could have had any doubt in the year 1814. That such a person was likely to pass through the many years of youth which yet lay before him, amidst such society as his future wife had first found him in, without ever deviating from the straight path—or that he should continue to give his genius the rein in the career where such triumphs had already crowned it, and let his fervid imagination exult and revel in such trains of thought and sentiment as had stamped their stern and mournful traces on every stanza of his poetry, without at times bringing into the relations and intercourse of domestic life both irritability of spirit and harshness of language—would have been considered, certainly, by any calm calculator, as improbable. What wise and charitable men, and women too, looking at the case from a distance, were willing to hope, was not that the devotion of a bride, however engaging, should at once and for ever arrest and purify such passions, and charm the 'lurking devil'

devil' out of such a temper, never again to agitate even its surface with a transient gust of the old whirlwind; but that the value of a true wife's love would by degrees force itself into full possession of a masculine understanding; that the womanly weapons of forbearance, and gentleness—and nature's own appointed means for sustaining and quickening the conjugal affections, namely, the unutterable endearments and precious sympathies of a common progeny, 'the dowry of blessed children,'—would be permitted to have free course; and that, if the moral being were thus restored to the precincts of healthfulness, a great intellect might at last open itself to the reception of that faith which connects whatever tends to the happiness of our neighbour here, with the humble hope of our own happiness in another world.

Even these moderate expectations were destined to sore disappointment; but we willingly spare ourselves a minute examination of the gradually darkening hints and glimpses (for they are no more) which these pages afford, as to the domestic history of Lord Byron's last year in England. He had espoused a lady of large expectations, but she brought him no immediate increase of income; and yet the mere fact that he had formed such a connexion with a wealthy family was enough to impress his own creditors (more of whom, as he says, were Jews than Samaritans) with a keen sense of the wisdom and prudence of forthwith urging their claims with new vigour. Eight or nine times this proud man saw executions in his house within twelve months! Meantime, there were abundant sources of irritation out of doors. The scandalous insults which Lord Byron offered to the late king were, of course, mainly designed, and excellently well calculated, to please certain *liberal* circles in those days, condemned as such circles then were to the blackest rancour of hopelessness. They excited, however, proportional disgust, not only in the many that knew and appreciated the amiable qualities of George IV., but among the thousands and millions of right-hearted British subjects, of all orders and persuasions, whose notions of what was due to the constitutional dignity of the son of George III., happened to be independent of the accidents of *in* or *out*. Lord Byron had, in their view, degraded himself as a man, by lending his poetical talents to the purposes of a small exclusive knot of magnates, who, occasionally professing levelling principles on a wider scale,—and perhaps well enough disposed to please the mob, if they could do so safely, at the expense of the people,—have certainly shown unimpeachable consistency in their practical efforts to level that monarchy, which, among its other claims to our respect, is of such efficacy to hold aristocratic haughtiness in check. To act thus was not, in those days,

days, the way to popular favour, any more than to political power. The Conservative principle, still triumphantly predominant in the government, had the sure respect of parliament, and, in general, the firm support of society; it had not yet been deprived of that salutary influence, of which, indeed, nothing but blind mismanagement and vindictive spleen could ever have deprived it, and which unbridled insolence and unmasked selfishness may not, perhaps, be among the slowest means of restoring. The public mind, in short, was still, comparatively speaking, in a healthy state; and Lord Byron, conscious that he had done much to alienate the feelings of the great body of his nation, began, as Mr. Moore intimates, to be visited with a gnawing suspicion that he had already seen out the bloom of his literary success. We need not dwell on a multifarious array of minor entanglements and annoyances. It was obvious to Mr. Moore, when he, after some months' absence, came to town early in 1816, that his noble friend's state of mind was by turns dejected and irritable in the extreme; it was equally clear that in the midst of his distresses he had no solid buttresses of domestic comfort and sympathy to lean back upon; and, in a word, the shrewd man of the world, who 'had never liked *her*,' was well prepared for some violent explosion—though not surely for any irremediable catastrophe.

It was never a secret that the formal deed of separation of 1816 was the result of the wife's fixed determination to live no longer with her husband; but since the first volume of Mr. Moore's work was published, the unfortunate lady has put forth a printed statement which throws new light on the subject. From this we learn, that at the time when she left him in London, the impression was strong on her mind, and the minds of her advisers, that Lord Byron was actually insane; that, according to the counsel she had received, she, after arriving at her father's seat in the north of England, addressed, at least, one letter written in affectionate and even playfully affectionate terms, to Lord Byron—the object being to soothe and quiet his feelings: that presently the persons honoured with her confidence were satisfied by Dr. Baillie that the man who had just written the 'Siege of Corinth' and 'Parasina' could not well be denounced to the world as *insane;* that, upon this, her ladyship communicated to Dr. Lushington and Sir Samuel Romilly a full and particular account of Lord Byron's recent conduct, and received from these learned jurisconsults a professional opinion that—such having been the conduct of a man *not* insane—no reconciliation was possible; and, if such an idea were entertained, they could not, 'either professionally or otherwise, take any part towards effecting it:' and, finally, that on this opinion her ladyship forthwith acted, declaring formally her resolution never again to live with

with Lord Byron. Such is Lady Byron's statement to the public, of February 19th, 1830—what her statement to Sir S. Romilly and Dr. Lushington in the spring of 1816 was—on what grounds these gentlemen conceived it to be their duty to put or keep asunder whom God had joined—remains, we believe, to this moment an entire mystery. The public have indeed for some time given over guessing on the subject; if it is mentioned, the veriest gossippers shake their heads, and express a faint hope that there may be more light for another generation. Even in Mr. Moore's second volume we at least can discover no clue to the great black hoarded secret; nay, we can discover nothing new on the subject whatever, except abundant and decisive proof that, unless Lord Byron was, *intus et in cute*, the most consummate and consistent of hypocrites, he himself, down to the last hour of his life, remained in total ignorance of the specific cause of that part of Lady Byron's conduct which he always professed to consider as the death-warrant of his own peace and character.

This much we believe one extract will sufficiently establish. It is from a letter to the editor of Blackwood's Magazine, drawn up in consequence of certain 'Remarks on Don Juan,' published in that journal in 1819, in the course of which some severe strictures on the poet's matrimonial conduct had been, neither necessarily nor handsomely, introduced. His reply was printed as a pamphlet at the time, but, on further consideration, suppressed.

'My learned brother' (says Lord Byron) 'observes, that "it is in vain for Lord B. to attempt in any way to justify his own behaviour in that affair; and now that he has so *openly* and *audaciously* invited inquiry and reproach, we do not see any good reason why he should not be plainly told so by the voice of his countrymen." How far the "openness" of an anonymous poem, and the "audacity" of an imaginary* character, which the writer supposes to be meant for Lady B., may

* The passage in 'Don Juan' to which the magazine-writer had alluded, was, we presume, the account of Don José's quarrel with Donna Inez, in the first canto; and Lord Byron, in his letter, certainly does not very distinctly protest against the anonymous moralist's application of it to his own case. There is, by the way, a fragment of a novel begun, but never finished, by Lord Byron, which must have been intended, we think, for a sort of history of the actual separation.

'A few hours afterwards we were very good friends, and a few days after she set out for Arragon, with my son, on a visit to her father and mother. I did not accompany her immediately, having been in Arragon before, but was to join the family in their Moorish chateau within a few weeks.'

'During her journey I received a very affectionate letter from Donna Josepha, apprizing me of the welfare of herself and my son. On her arrival at the chateau, I received another, still more affectionate, pressing me, in very fond, and rather foolish terms, to join her immediately. As I was preparing to set out from Seville, I received a third—this was from her father, Don José di Cardozo, who requested me, in the politest manner, to dissolve my marriage. I answered him with equal politeness, that I would do no such thing. A fourth letter arrived—it was from Donna Josepha,

B., may be deemed to merit this formidable denunciation from their "most sweet voices," I neither know nor care; but when he tells me that I cannot "in any way *justify* my own behaviour in that affair," I acquiesce, because no man can "*justify*" himself until he knows of what he is accused; and I have never had—and, God knows, my whole desire has ever been to obtain it—any specific charge, in a tangible shape, submitted to me by the adversary, nor by others, unless the atrocities of public rumour and the mysterious silence of the lady's legal advisers may be deemed such.'—vol. ii., pp. 360, 361.

It may also be well that we should transcribe the following passage from Mr. Moore's own narrative:—

'Lord Byron had the pain of fancying, whether rightly or wrongly, that the eyes of enemies and spies were upon him, even under his own roof, and that his every hasty word and look were interpreted in the most perverting light. As, from the state of their means, his lady and he saw but little society, his only relief from the thoughts which a life of such embarrassment brought with it, was in those avocations which his duty, as a member of the Drury-lane Committee, imposed upon him. And here—in this most unlucky connexion with the theatre—one of the fatalities of his short year of trial, as husband, lay. From the reputation which he had previously acquired for gallantries, and the sort of reckless and boyish levity to which—often in very "bitterness of soul"—he gave way, it was not difficult to bring suspicion upon some of those acquaintances which his frequent intercourse with the green-room induced him to form, or even (as, in one instance, was the case) to connect with his name injuriously that of a person to whom he had scarcely ever addressed a single word.'

We now return to Lord Byron's suppressed pamphlet—of which, indeed, we wish we had room for the whole, since we certainly consider it as one of the finest specimens of English

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Josepha, in which she informed me that her father's letter was written by her particular desire. I requested the reason by return of post; she replied, by express, that as reason had nothing to do with the matter, it was unnecessary to give any—but that she was an injured and excellent woman. I then inquired why she had written to me the two preceding affectionate letters, requesting me to come to Arragon. She answered, that was because she believed me out of my senses—that, being unfit to take care of myself, I had only to set out on this journey alone, and, making my way without difficulty to Don José di Cardozo's, I should there have found the tenderest of wives and—a strait waistcoat.

'I had nothing to reply to this piece of affection but a reiteration of my request for some lights upon the subject. I was answered that they would only be related to the Inquisition. In the mean time, our domestic discrepancy had become a public topic of discussion; and the world, which always decides justly, not only in Arragon but in Andalusia, determined that I was not only to blame, but that all Spain could produce nobody so blamable. My case was supposed to comprise all the crimes which could, and several which could not, be committed, and little less than an auto-da-fé was anticipated as the result. But let no man say that we are abandoned by our friends in adversity—it was just the reverse. Mine thronged around me to condemn, advise, and console me with their disapprobation. They told me all that was, would, or could be said on the subject. They shook their heads—they exhorted me—deplored me, with tears in their eyes, and—went to dinner.'—vol. ii., pp. 522, 523.

prose

prose produced in this or in any preceding time. The Exile of Ravenna thus sums up his own case :—

'The man who is exiled by a faction has the consolation of thinking that he is a martyr; he is upheld by hope and the dignity of his cause, real or imaginary: he who withdraws from the pressure of debt may indulge in the thought that time and prudence will retrieve his circumstances: he who is condemned by the law has a term to his banishment, or a dream of its abbreviation; or, it may be, the knowledge or the belief of some injustice of the law, or of its administration in his own particular: but he who is outlawed by general opinion, without the intervention of hostile politics, illegal judgment, or embarrassed circumstances, whether he be innocent or guilty, must undergo all the bitterness of exile, without hope, without pride, without alleviation. This case was mine. Upon what grounds the public founded their opinion, I am not aware; but it was general, and it was decisive. Of me or of mine they knew little, except that I had written what is called poetry, was a nobleman, had married, become a father, and was involved in differences with my wife and her relatives, no one knew why, because the persons complaining refused to state their grievances. The fashionable world was divided into parties, mine consisting of a very small minority: the reasonable world was naturally on the stronger side, which happened to be the lady's, as was most proper and polite. The press was active and scurrilous; and such was the rage of the day, that the unfortunate publication of two copies of verses, rather complimentary than otherwise to the subjects of both, was tortured into a species of crime, or constructive petty treason. I was accused of every monstrous vice by public rumour and private rancour: my name, which had been a knightly or a noble one since my fathers helped to conquer the kingdom for William the Norman, was tainted. I felt that, if what was whispered, and muttered, and murmured, was true, I was unfit for England; if false, England was unfit for me. I withdrew; but this was not enough. In other countries, in Switzerland, in the shadow of the Alps, and by the blue depth of the lakes, I was pursued and breathed upon by the same blight. I crossed the mountains, but it was the same: so I went a little farther, and settled myself by the waves of the Adriatic, like the stag at bay, who betakes him to the waters. I thought, in the words of Campbell,

Then wed thee to an exiled lot,
And if the world hath loved thee not,
Its absence may be borne.

'I recollect, however, that having been much hurt by Romilly's conduct (he, having a general retainer for me, had acted as adviser to the adversary, alleging, on being reminded of his retainer, that he had forgotten it, as his clerk had so many), I observed that some of those who were now eagerly laying the axe to my roof-tree, might see their own shaken, and feel a portion of what they had inflicted.—His fell and crushed him.—

'I have

'I have heard of, and believe, that there are human beings so constituted as to be insensible to injuries; but I believe that the best mode to avoid taking vengeance is to get out of the way of temptation. I do not in this allude to the party, who might be right or wrong; but to many who made her cause the pretext of their own bitterness. She, indeed, must have long avenged me in her own feelings, for whatever her reasons may have been (and she never adduced them, to me at least), she probably neither contemplated nor conceived *to what she became the means of conducting the father of her child, and the husband of her choice.*'—vol. ii., p. 361—364.

Too great a portion of Mr. Moore's second volume consists of one melancholy commentary on the closing words of the above extract. During one year, at least, Lord Byron continued to think a reconciliation not impossible; but certain advances which he made with that view from Switzerland were, at once it would seem, and peremptorily, rejected; and thence, according to Mr. Moore, dates whatever serious bitterness ever mingled in his thoughts concerning his lady's conduct towards him. He immediately crossed the Alps—the die was cast—he was for ever lost to the society of England; nor, in the whole body of his poetry, is there anything more mournfully and desolately beautiful than certain 'Stanzas to Augusta,' now first printed, which bear the date of this miserable epoch of his story.

'My sister! my sweet sister! if a name
Dearer and purer were, it should be thine.
Mountains and seas divide us, but I claim
No tears, but tenderness to answer mine:
Go where I will, to me thou art the same—
A loved regret which I would not resign.
There yet are two things in my destiny,—
A world to roam through, and a home with thee.

'The first were nothing—had I still the last,
It were the haven of my happiness;
But other claims and other ties thou hast,
And mine is not the wish to make them less.
A strange doom is thy father's son's, and past
Recalling; as it lies beyond redress;
Reversed for him our grandsire's fate of yore,—
He had no rest at sea, nor I on shore.

'If my inheritance of storms hath been
In other elements, and on the rocks
Of perils, overlook'd or unforeseen,
I have sustain'd my share of worldly shocks,
The fault was mine; nor do I seek to screen
My errors with defensive paradox;
I have been cunning in mine overthrow,
The careful pilot of my proper woe.

'Mine

'Mine were my faults, and mine be their reward.
My whole life was a contest since the day
That gave me being, gave me that which marr'd
The gift,—a fate, or will, that walk'd astray;
And I at times have found the struggle hard,
And thought of shaking off my bonds of clay:
But now I fain would for a time survive,
If but to see what next can well arrive.

'Kingdoms and empires in my little day
I have outlived, and yet I am not old;
And when I look on this, the petty spray
Of my own years of trouble, which have roll'd
Like a wild bay of breakers, melts away:
Something—I know not what—does still uphold
A spirit of slight patience;—not in vain,
Even for its own sake, do we purchase pain.

'I feel almost at times as I have felt
In happy childhood; trees and flowers, and brooks,
Which do remember me of where I dwelt
Ere my young mind was sacrificed to books,
Come as of yore upon me, and can melt
My heart with recognition of their looks;
And even at moments I could think I see
Some living thing to love—but none like thee.

'Here are the Alpine landscapes which create
A fund for contemplation;—to admire
Is a brief feeling of a trivial date—
But something worthier do such scenes inspire:
Here to be lonely is not desolate,
For much I view which I could most desire,
And, above all, a lake I can behold
Lovelier, not dearer, than our own of old. . . . . .

'I did remind thee of our own dear lake,
By the old hall which may be mine no more.
Leman's is fair; but think not I forsake
The sweet remembrance of a dearer shore:
Sad havoc Time must with my memory make
Ere *that* or *thou* can fade these eyes before;
Though, like all things which I have loved, they are
Resign'd for ever, or divided far.

'The world is all before me; I but ask
Of nature that with which she will comply—
It is but in her summer's sun to bask,
To mingle with the quiet of her sky,
To see her gentle face without a mask,
And never gaze on it with apathy.
She was my early friend, and now shall be
My sister—till I look again on thee.

'With

'With false ambition what had I to do?
Little with love, and least of all with fame;
And yet they came unsought, and with me grew,
And made me all which they can make—a name.
Yet this was not the end I did pursue;
Surely I once beheld a nobler aim.
But all is over—I am one the more
To baffled millions which have gone before.'

Miserable as were the consequences of his exile, as to his moral being and happiness, and cruel as are the sarcasms in which, amidst conscious degradation, he revenged himself on her whose unrelenting severity he considered as the final determining cause that had made that degradation all but hopeless—on her whom he *then* scoffed at as his 'mathematical Medea,' and still more savagely as 'his moral Clytemnestra, who, being moral, could accomplish her purpose without the aid of an Ægisthus;' miserable as is the whole picture, of which even things like these do not make the darkest shadows, it is Mr. Moore's opinion that the effect of all his sufferings was favourable to the development of his poetical powers. That his great genius might, under other circumstances, have embodied itself in far nobler productions than he ever completed, we, however, should be very sorry to doubt. But it is needless to speculate on what might have been. There is no question that, for several years, the basely profligate course of sensual indulgence, too faithfully portrayed in these pages, did not prevent the genius of Byron from expanding in vigour; that the Third Canto of Childe Harold revealed a mine of poetical wealth, of which even Parasina could hardly have afforded a presage — that the Fourth Canto, written chiefly at Venice, when his debaucheries had reached the very climax, surpassed not less astonishingly the Third; and that through his dramatic pieces, considered merely as poems, the same fervid, onward career will ever be traced. It was not until to all his other evil habits, he had added that of constant nightly inebriety, that the poison of vice was able to sap his intellect also, and condemn the poet of Manfred and Sardanapalus to exercise himself in nothing worthier of his original powers and tastes, than such flimsy lucubrations as occupy fifteen stanzas out of every twenty in the later cantos of Don Juan.

Mr. Moore has thought it his duty to the memory of his friend to print, 'with but little suppression,' his own letters relative to his Italian *amours*. The biographer states in the first place, that, 'to throw a veil altogether over these irregularities would be to afford but a partial portraiture of his character;' to which we answer, that Mr. Moore was not reduced to the necessity of either veiling them *altogether*, or exhibiting Lord Byron's letters concerning

cerning them 'with but little suppression.' Would it not have answered every purpose which Mr. Moore avows, to confess, with the brevity of sorrow, that during several years of his prime in manhood and in intellect, this great poet, as he conceived, unjustifiably deserted by his wife,* and dragooned out of his natural sphere of society by the persecutions of envious hypocrisy, rebelled against the world, and the world's laws, and in the fierce glee of desperation flung himself into as heartless and loathsome a career of sensuality as it ever entered into the head of a Crebillon, or a Louvet, or, we might almost say, of a Cleland, to depict? Would not this have satisfied abundantly all whose only object it was to understand Lord Byron's history? And can any one doubt that a man holding such a place in English literature, and in English society also, as Mr. Moore has long held, incurs very serious responsibility indeed when he, on any pretext short of necessity, becomes the instrument of placing before the public, in a work than which none was ever more sure to be devoured by readers of all ages, and either sex, with equal eagerness, full length pictures of this particular species of profligacy, drawn and coloured with all the masterly power of a Byron? He says, indeed, that to have suppressed the details would have been 'to deprive him of whatever softening light can be thrown around such transgressions by the vivacity and fancy, the passionate love of beauty, and the strong yearning after affection, which more or less mingled with the least refined of his attachments.' We confess that this appears to us very shallow sophistry; nay, we confess that,—vivacity and fancy, and love of *beauty*, and *strong yearning* after the affection of bakers' wives, &c. notwithstanding—miserable as Lord Byron's career at this period was—the very fact that he thus constantly and deliberately made its details the subject of his correspondence to his friends, appears to us something still more deplorable. There are, we fear, but few men who have not in their time given sinful indulgence, more or less, to the passions which made havoc and ruin of Lord Byron; but let us ask Mr. Thomas Moore how many English gentlemen he seriously believes would have been capable, even in their wildest days, of addressing whole reams of letters, filled with minute, graphic, exulting records of their licentious adventures, to distant friends known to be in their own persons discharging contentedly and gracefully all the duties of quiet domestic life,—to virtuous men, husbands, and fathers, and past the *mezzo cammin?*

It also occurs to us—but we have no wish to read a lecture on this

* 'I could have forgiven the dagger or the bowl,—anything, but the deliberate desolation piled upon me when I stood alone on my hearth, where my household gods shivered around me.'—*Lady Byron*, Sept. 1816.

this head to Mr. Moore—that some consideration was due, after all, to the feelings of persons still more nearly connected with the deceased poet than his biographer. Was it a light thing to fling this mass of pollution before the eyes of a tender-hearted sister? could it serve any good purpose to harrow thus cruelly every feeling of a most unfortunate widow? might it not have been expected that the chosen friend of Lord Byron should have remembered the

'Sole daughter of his house and heart'?

There are many other things in this correspondence which might as well have been omitted;—petty trivial details—and repetitions upon repetitions—and jeers and sarcasms on living persons, of which Mr. Moore's asterisks will hardly, in most cases, conceal the point. The better part required none of these last condiments to give it universal attraction. We shall extract, almost at random, a few specimens.

The following is part of a letter to Mr. Moore, dated Venice, June 1, 1818.

'Hunt's letter is probably the exact piece of vulgar coxcombry you might expect from his situation. He is a good man, with some poetical elements in his chaos: but spoilt by the Christ-Church Hospital and a Sunday newspaper,—to say nothing of the Surrey Jail, which conceited him into a martyr. But he is a good man. When I saw "Rimini" in MSS., I told him that I deemed it good poetry at bottom, disfigured only by a strange style. His answer was, that his style was a system, or *upon system*, or some such cant; and, when a man talks of system, his case is hopeless: so I said no more to him, and very little to any one else. He believes his trash of vulgar phrases, tortured into compound barbarisms, to be *old* English; and we may say of it as Aimwell says of Captain Gibbet's regiment, when the Captain calls it an "old corps,"—"the *oldest* in Europe, if I may judge by your uniform." He sent out his "Foliage," by Percy Shelley * * *, and, of all the ineffable Centaurs that were ever begotten by Self-love upon a Night-mare, I think this monstrous Sagittary the most prodigious. *He* (Leigh H.) is an honest Charlatan, who has persuaded himself into a belief of his own impostures, and talks Punch in pure simplicity of heart, taking himself (as poor Fitzgerald said of *him*self in the Morning Post) for *Vates* in both senses, or nonsenses, of the word. Did you look at the translations of his own, which he prefers to Pope and Cowper, and says so?—Did you read his skimble-skamble about * * being at the head of his own *profession*, in the *eyes* of *those* who followed it? I thought that Poetry was an *art*, or an *attribute*, and not a *profession*. But Leigh Hunt is a good man, and a good father—see his Odes to all the Masters Hunt:—a good husband—see his Sonnet to Mrs. Hunt; a good friend—see his Epistles to different people;—a great coxcomb, and a very vulgar person in every thing about him. But that's not his fault, but of circumstances.....

When Mr. Moore asks his advice as to the life of Sheridan, he thus replies:

'I do

'I do not know any good model for a life of Sheridan but that of *Savage*. Recollect, however, that the life of such a man may be made far more amusing than if he had been a Wilberforce; and this, without offending the living, or insulting the dead. The whigs abuse him; however, he never left them, and such blunderers deserve neither credit nor compassion. As for his creditors,—remember Sheridan *never had* a shilling, and was thrown, with great powers and passions, into the thick of the world, and placed upon the pinnacle of success, with no other external means to support him in his elevation. Did Fox * * * *pay his* debts? —or did Sheridan take a subscription? Was the Duke of Norfolk's drunkenness more excusable than his? Were his intrigues more notorious than those of all his contemporaries? and is his memory to be blasted, and theirs respected? Don't let yourself be led away by clamour, but compare him with the coalitioner Fox, and the pensioner Burke, as a man of principle, and with ten hundred thousand in personal views, and with none in talent, for he beat them all *out* and *out*. Without means, without connexion, without character, (which might be false at first, and make him mad afterwards from desperation,) he beat them all, in all he ever attempted.....Never mind the angry lies of the humbug whigs. Recollect he was an Irishman and a clever fellow, and that *we* have had some very pleasant days with him. Don't forget that he was at school at Harrow, where, in my time, we used to show his name—R. B. Sheridan, 1765—as an honour to the walls. Depend upon it, that there were worse folks going, of that gang, than ever Sheridan was.

'I wish you good night, with a Venetian benediction, "Benedetto te, e la terra che ti fara!"—"May you be blessed, and the *earth* which you will *make*"—is it not pretty? .....

The following is also from a letter to Mr. Moore:—

'I remember to have seen Porson at Cambridge, in the hall of our college, and in private parties, but not frequently; and I never can recollect him, except as drunk or brutal, and generally both: I mean in an evening, for in the hall, he dined at the Dean's table, and I at the Vice-master's, so that I was not near him; and he then and there appeared sober in his demeanour, nor did I ever hear of excess or outrage on his part in public,—commons, college, or chapel; but I have seen him in a private party of under-graduates, many of them freshmen and strangers, take up a poker to one of them, and heard him use language as blackguard as his action. I have seen Sheridan drunk, too, with all the world; but his intoxication was that of Bacchus, and Porson's that of Silenus. Of all the disgusting brutes, sulky, abusive, and intolerable, Porson was the most bestial, as far as the few times that I saw him went, which were only at William Bankes's (the Nubian discoverer's) rooms. I saw him once go away in a rage, because nobody knew the name of the "Cobbler of Messina," insulting their ignorance with the most vulgar terms of reprobation. He was tolerated in this state amongst the young men for his talents, as the Turks think a madman inspired, and bear with him. He used to recite, or rather vomit pages of all languages, and could hiccup Greek

Greek like a Helot; and certainly Sparta never shocked her children with a grosser exhibition than this man's intoxication.—vol. ii., p. 163.

At a later period Lord Byron thus writes to Mr. Murray—

'Send me no periodical works whatsoever—*no* Edinburgh, Quarterly, Monthly, nor any review, magazine, or newspaper, English or foreign, of any description. Send me no opinions whatsoever, either *good*, *bad*, or *indifferent*, of yourself, or your friends, or others, concerning any work, or works, of mine, past, present, or to come. The quantity of trash I have received as books is incalculable, and neither amused nor instructed. Reviews and magazines are at the best but ephemeral and superficial reading:—*who thinks* of the *grand article* of *last year* in any *given Review?* In the next place, if they regard myself, they tend to increase *egotism*. If favourable, I do not deny that the praise *elates*, and if unfavourable, that the abuse *irritates*. The latter may conduct me to inflict a species of satire, which would neither do good to you, nor to your friends: *they* may smile *now*, and so may *you;* but if I took you all in hand, it would not be difficult to cut you up like gourds. I did as much by as powerful people at nineteen years old, and I know little as yet in three-and-thirty, which should prevent me from making all your ribs gridirons for your hearts, if such were my propensity: but it is *not;* therefore let me hear none of your provocations. If any thing occurs so very gross as to require my notice, I shall hear of it from my legal friends. For the rest, I merely request to be left in ignorance.

'The same applies to opinions, *good*, *bad*, or *indifferent*, of persons in conversation or correspondence. These do not *interrupt*, but they *suit*, the *current* of my *mind*. I am sensitive enough, but *not* till I am *troubled;* and here I am beyond the touch of the short arms of literary England, except the few feelers of the polypus that crawl over the channels in the way of extract.

'All these precautions *in* England would be useless; the libeller or the flatterer would there reach me in spite of all; but in Italy we know little of literary England, and think less, except what reaches us through some garbled and brief extract in some miserable gazette. For *two years* (excepting two or three articles cut out and sent to *you* by the post) I never read a newspaper which was not forced upon me by some accident, and know, upon the whole, as little of England as you do of Italy, and God knows *that* is little enough, with all your travels, &c. &c. &c. The English travellers *know Italy* as *you* know Guernsey: how much is *that?*

'You will say, "to what tends all this?" I will answer THAT;—to keep my mind *free and unbiassed* by all paltry and personal irritabilities of praise or censure—to let my genius take its natural direction, while my feelings are like the dead, who know nothing and feel nothing of all or aught that is said or done in their regard.

On this last passage Mr. Moore happily observes,—

'It would be difficult to describe more strongly or more convincingly than Lord Byron has done in this letter the sort of petty, but thwarting, obstructions and distractions which are at present thrown across

across the path of men of real talent by that swarm of minor critics and pretenders, with whom the want of a vent in other professions has crowded all the walks of literature. Nor is it only the writers of the day that suffer from this multifarious rush into the mart;—the readers also, from having (as Lord Byron expresses it in another letter) "the superficies of too many things presented to them at once," come to lose by degrees their powers of discrimination; and, in the same manner as the palate becomes confused in trying various wines, so the public taste declines in proportion as the impressions to which it is exposed multiply.'—vol. ii., p. 535.

We have no room for copious extracts from a work of this popular description; but it is our decided opinion that Lord Byron will henceforth hold a place in the very first ranks of English letter-writers. In this capacity he reminds us more frequently of Horace Walpole than of any other of his predecessors; but his vein is thoroughly original; the rapid felicity of the *transitions* unique; and quite as much so the *interfusion* of pure and beautiful pathos, not with humour only, as in Cowper, but with highly-polished wit and energetic bursts of declamation. It is obvious to remark, that by far the best letters are those addressed to Mr. Moore and Mr. Murray; the last-named of whom, at least, had a general permission 'to show these things to the initiated.' 'These things' were, in fact, the noble exile's bulletins and manifestoes, by means of which he found it convenient to keep himself before certain circles of English society; and probably many of our readers may remember as well as ourselves how well they answered his purpose—the *sensation* which, some ten or twelve years ago, used to be occasioned by the arrival of one of these missives extraordinary from Venice, Pisa, or Ravenna. Lord Byron wrote in a far inferior tone to others of his habitual correspondents; he could play the most fantastic of fribbles in addressing a fine lady; and in his communications with his banker, the late Mr. Douglas Kinnaird, he usually sustains, with perfect gravity, the air of 'canny Aberdeen,'—with such success, indeed, as to have apparently imposed on certain readers of 'The Keepsake' (in which those letters were originally printed) the serious impression that avarice became in his later days a part of Lord Byron's character. This, taking the words *avarice* and *character* in their usual senses, we can never believe. High-spirited and at the summit of fame, he had run the gauntlet of all the bailiffs in London during twelve months; and, doubtless, he had felt such humiliating miseries in a way likely enough to deepen in his mind, beyond the usual mark, the lessons which they infallibly leave on any sound understanding. But if any one point be made out clearly in these volumes, it is, that he was all along generous and openhanded in the distribution of his pecuniary resources. Mr. Shelley says,

says, that even at Venice, where his mode of life in other respects was so unworthy of him, he devoted 1000*l.* per annum (a fourth of his income) to charitable purposes; and the instances of munificent liberality, scattered over Mr. Moore's pages, are in perfect harmony with this statement. But, rejecting with scorn the imputation of what is vulgarly called avarice, we are sorry to be obliged to confess, that there is one circumstance connected with Lord Byron's money matters during his residence in Italy, which we must contemplate with feelings of pain and reprobation. Whether the *chief* blame of the separation lay really with him or with others, there can be no doubt that, after a certain lapse of time, Lord Byron indulged himself in bitterly contemptuous satire and sarcasms at his wife's expense; and we suppose most men will agree with us in thinking that, such being the state of things between them, he did not act as became a high-spirited gentleman in retaining, for his personal purposes, one half of the yearly revenue of the estates which the letter of the law made his on the death of Lady Byron's mother. Indeed, it appears from Mr. Moore's narrative, that he at first avowed his resolution never to let a shilling, derived from that source, touch his hand; but he wanted the manhood to persist in what it is thus clear he knew and felt to be the proper course of conduct. But perhaps we have already been wandering too widely from the main thread of Mr. Moore's story—the next important feature in which is, Lord Byron's connexion with the Countess Guiccioli.

It may, perhaps, be truly said of Mr. Leigh Hunt, that '*nihil quod tetigit non de-ornavit;*' indeed, it appears to us, that no one has ever sufficiently dwelt on the undeniable fact, that it is possible to possess, in almost the total absence of every other talent, a potent one for producing deep and permanent impressions of disgust. This is Mr. Hunt's *forte*. Perhaps no writer, by half so feeble, ever succeeded in turning so many beautiful things into objects of aversion and loathing: his gift was so great in this way that at the period when he possessed a species of vogue, he, by dint of his fulsome manipulations, had actually well nigh succeeded in vulgarizing to the public fancy such names as Raphael, Tasso, Chaucer, and Wordsworth. No wonder, then, that, of the very few things which adhered to our memory, from a hasty perusal, some three or four years ago, of his coxcombical libel, entitled 'Lord Byron and his Contemporaries,' one should have been a sickening notion of something like sleek and '*jaunty*' meretriciousness, reviving at any casual mention of this unfortunate lady's name. One verminous expression, in short, had found means to stick itself in our fancy—'a sort of buxom parlour-boarder;' and we certainly approached this part of Mr. Moore's narrative, expecting

expecting to find the mere taste of Lord Byron exhibited in a point of view only less melancholy than his morality.

How different, in as far as the poor lady's personal appearance and manners are concerned, is the impression conveyed by the following little sketch from a letter of Mr. West, an American artist, to whom Lord Byron sat for his picture, in the summer of 1822, after his connexion with her had lasted more than three years!

'The next day I returned, and had another sitting of an hour, during which he seemed anxious to know what I should make of my undertaking. Whilst I was painting, the window from which I received my light became suddenly darkened, and I heard a voice exclaim "E troppo bello!" I turned, and discovered a beautiful female stooping down to look in, the ground on the outside being on a level with the bottom of the window. Her long golden hair hung down about her face and shoulders, her complexion was exquisite, and her smile completed one of the most romantic-looking heads, set off as it was by the bright sun behind it, which I had ever beheld. Lord Byron invited her to come in, and introduced her to me as the Countess Guiccioli. He seemed very fond of her, and I was glad of her presence, for the playful manner which he assumed towards her made him a much better sitter.'—vol. ii. pp. 602, 603.

This is in keeping with all that Mr. Moore records of his own observation; and the impression is not only sustained, but heightened, by every syllable of the lady's own narrative of the circumstances which have connected her fortunes with an immortal name. This narrative occupies a considerable space in these pages: it is written, if we may presume to have an opinion on such a subject, in as pure, simple, elegant Italian, as ever flowed from the pen of Botta or Foscolo; the deep passionate tenderness with which she broods over the recollection of the least word and look of her buried lover, must go home to the coldest heart; nor will it tend to lighten the desolate effect of the whole sad picture, to find that, from the beginning to the end of her story, there occurs not one expression to intimate even the slightest suspicion that her love was guilt. Such is the power of education; for such things are the basely-perverted manners of modern Italy responsible—manners, the whole spirit of which is concentrated in the single exclamation of a distinguished leader of fashion in Venice, when she first heard that Lord Byron contemplated removing altogether from under her husband's roof the young and beautiful woman with whom that leader well knew he had long carried on an adulterous intrigue—'Shocking!—hitherto he had behaved *so* well!'—manners, according to which it seems to have been heard of without exciting either wonder or disgust, that the father of Countess Guiccioli (who had sold her hand at eighteen, fresh from a convent, to

a miserly poltroon, old enough to have been her grandfather)—that this father, Count Gamba, and her brother, when exiled for their Carbonaro politics from Ravenna, were but too happy to take up their abode along with her, under her then avowed paramour's roof at Genoa. Such is the tone of that Italian society in which, if anywhere in the world, all that is usually talked of as grace, and refinement, and taste, and accomplishment, may find the most exquisite of models; and in the midst of which so many of our countrymen hold it consistent with their duties, as parents and as Englishmen, to allow their daughters to ripen into womanhood.

Mr. Moore, Mr. Shelley, and indeed all those English friends who, having watched Lord Byron's career at Venice, were afterwards brought into contact with him, as living with Countess Guiccioli, concur in viewing this last connexion as having checked an otherwise hopeless course of intellectual, as well as moral and physical deterioration.

'Lord Byron (writes Mr. Shelley, in Aug. 1821) had almost destroyed himself; his state of debility was such, that he was unable to digest any food—he was consumed by hectic fever, and would speedily have perished, but for this attachment, which reclaimed him from the excesses into which he threw himself, from carelessness and pride, rather than taste. He is now greatly improved in every respect—in genius, in temper, in moral habits, in health, and happiness. He has had mischievous passions, but these he seems to have subdued, and is becoming, what he should be, *a virtuous* man!'

Mr. Moore says—

'That spring of natural tenderness within his soul, which neither the world's efforts nor his own had been able to chill or choke up, was now, with something of its first freshness, set flowing once more. He again knew what it was to love and be loved,—too late, it is true, for happiness, and too wrongly for peace, but with devotion enough, on the part of the woman, to satisfy even his thirst for affection, and with a sad earnestness, on his own, a foreboding fidelity, which made him cling but the more passionately to this attachment, from feeling that it would be his last.

'A circumstance which he himself used to mention as having occurred at this period will show how overpowering, at times, was the rush of melancholy over his heart. It was his fancy, during Madame Guiccioli's absence from Bologna, to go daily to her house at his usual hour of visiting her, and there, causing her apartments to be opened, to sit turning over her books, and writing in them. He would then descend into her garden, where he passed hours in musing; and it was on an occasion of this kind, as he stood looking, in a state of unconscious reverie, into one of those fountains so common in the gardens of Italy, that there came suddenly into his mind such desolate fancies,

fancies, such boding of the misery he might bring on her he loved, by that doom which (as he has himself written) "makes it fatal to be loved," that, overwhelmed with his own thoughts, he burst into an agony of tears.

'During the same few days it was that he wrote in the last page of Madame Guiccioli's copy of "Corinne" the following remarkable note:—

'"My dearest Teresa,—I have read this book in your garden;—my love, you were absent, or else I could not have read it. It is a favourite book of yours, and the writer was a friend of mine. You will not understand these English words, and *others* will not understand them,—which is the reason I have not scrawled them in Italian. But you will recognise the handwriting of him who passionately loved you, and you will divine that, over a book which was yours, he could only think of love. In that word, beautiful in all languages, but most so in yours—*Amor mio*—is comprised my existence here and hereafter. I feel I exist here, and I fear that I shall exist hereafter,—to *what* purpose you will decide; my destiny rests with you, and you are a woman, eighteen years of age, and two out of a convent. I wish that you had staid there, with all my heart,—or, at least, that I had never met you in your married state.

'"But all this is too late. I love you, and you love me,—at least you *say so,* and *act* as if you *did* so, which last is a great consolation in all events. But *I* more than love you, and cannot cease to love you. Think of me, sometimes, when the Alps and the ocean divide us,—but they never will, unless you *wish* it. Byron.

Bologna, August 25, 1819."

'What tended, even more fatally than anything else, to sully and bring down, for a time, to earth the romance of his character, was the course of life to which, outrunning even the licence of his youth, he abandoned himself at Venice. From this, as from his earlier excesses, the timely warning of disgust soon rescued him; and the connexion which followed, and which, however much to be reprehended, had in it all of marriage that his real marriage wanted, seemed to place, at length, within reach of his affectionate spirit that union and sympathy for which, through life, it had thirsted. But the treasure came too late;—the pure poetry of the feeling had vanished, and those tears he shed so passionately in the garden at Bologna flowed less, perhaps, from the love which he felt at that moment, than from the saddening consciousness, how differently he could have felt formerly. It was, indeed, wholly beyond the power, even of an imagination like his, to go on investing with his own ideal glories a sentiment which—more from daring and vanity than any other impulse—he had taken such pains to tarnish and debase in his own eyes.'—vol. ii., p. 393.

Not the least interesting page in Madame Guiccioli's own narrative, is that which records Lord Byron's affliction on receiving the news of the death of his natural daughter, Allegra;—who that

that reads it can suppress the reflection that had Lord Byron's paternal feelings been allowed to develope themselves in the proper manner, in them, almost in them alone, the means of redemption might have been found!

'Nell' occasione pure della morire della sua figlia naturale io ho veduto nel suo dolore tuttociò che vi è di più profondo nella tenerezza paterna. La sua condotta verso di codesta fanciulla era stata sempre quella del padre il più amoroso; ma dalle di lui parole non si sarebbe giudicato che avesse tanta affezione per lei. Alla prima notizia della di lei malattia egli fu sommamente agitato; giunse poi la notizia della morte, ed io dovessi esercitare il tristo uficio di participarla a Lord Byron. Quel sensibile momento sarà indelebile nella mia memoria. Egli non usciva da varii giorni la serà:—io andai dunque da lui. La prima domanda che egli mi fece fu relativa al Corriere che egli aveva spedito per avere notizie della sua figlia, e di cui il retardo lo inquietava. Dopo qualche momento di sospensione con tutta l'arte che sapeva suggerirmi il mio proprio dolore gli tolsi ogni speranza della guarizione della fanciulla. "Ho inteso," disse egli—"basta così—non dite di più"—e un pallore mortale si sparse sul suo volto; le forze gli mancarono, e cadde sopra una sedia d'appoggio. Il suo sguardo era fisso e tale che mi fece temere per la sua ragione. Egli rimase in quello stato d'immobilità un' ora; e nessuna parola di consolazione che io potessi indirezzargli pareva penetrare le sue orecchie non che il suo core. Ma basta così di questa trista detenzione nella quale non posso fermarmi dopo tanti anni senza risvegliare di nuovo nel mio animo le terribile sofferenze di quel giorno. La mattinà lo trovai tranquillo, e con una espressione di religiosa rassegnazione nel suo volto. "Ella è più felice di noi," diss' egli—"d'altronde la sua situazione nel mondo non le avrebbe data forse felicità. Dio ha voluto così—non ne parliamo più." E da quel giorno in poi non ha più voluto proferire il nome di quella fanciulla. Ma è divenuto più pensieroso parlando di Ada, al punto di tormentarsi quando gli ritardavano di qualche ordinario le di lei notizie.'—vol. ii., p. 616.

One consequence of Lord Byron's connexion with the Gambas is dwelt upon with unmingled satisfaction by Mr. Moore:—it led to his becoming mixed up, to a much greater extent than we were till now aware of, in the Carbonaro politics. He contributed large sums of money to the conspiring patriots of the Austrian States, of the Romish legations, even of Naples; his house became a regular rendezvous for insurrectionary consultations, and even, such was his imprudence, a complete magazine of arms and ammunition; and there can be no doubt that, but for the ludicrous failure at Naples, he would have been in the field in Lombardy. His biographer seems to consider this 'devotion to the sacred cause of human freedom' as almost enough to cover more sins than could ever be laid to his charge; and perhaps, at a time when English ministers of state applaud even an *imaginary* tricolor

lor flag at the gates of St. James's, such views may find ready acceptance. We, however, are of the old school in many respects, and in none more decidedly than in the firm belief, that the man who on any pretext takes a part, voluntarily, in a war with which the service of his own country has nothing to do, incurs moral guilt of a deep and heinous dye. No cant 'about the sacred cause of human freedom' will deceive any man who has considered what war is—and who HE is that has set his canon against the shedding of man's blood. If Italians consider the governments under which they live as so oppressive that they ought to be rebelled against, we have neither title nor wish to question their proceedings; but what can give an English subject a right to take up arms in a cause which is not his—or even open his purse to the assailants of a government in alliance with that which protects his property—we confess we have never been able to comprehend. No man can have any claim to hold, at one and the same time, the privileges of an English citizen, and the right of making war for purposes not sanctioned by the English government. He who acts on the opposite principle; who, under the influence of theories, at best doubtful, or, as is more commonly the case, of personal spleen and vanity, makes bold to be the instrument of terminating one human life, does that which we believe no Christian moralist will find it possible to take out of the category of murder. Such were the views adopted, and through life acted upon, by one whom it is no longer the fashion to call *illiberal;* but, in spite even of the authority of Mr. Canning, Mr. Moore will probably smile at all this, as the very dotage of toryism; he will appeal to the Spanish exploits of Sir Robert Wilson and Lord Nugent, and those British loyalists whose hands are yet red with the blood of Paris and Brussels; and console himself with the proud reflection, that though the 'holy cause' of insurrection all over the world has no longer its Lord Byron, it may still boast of its Buckingham and Bowring.

The failure of these conjurations led to the banishment of the Gambas from Ravenna—and Lord Byron, after various changes of residence, fixed himself at last at Genoa, where he and his mistress had soon the honour of receiving Mr. and Mrs. Leigh Hunt beneath their roof; a visitation, the purposes and results of which are already familiar to our readers. For the history of the unfortunate 'Liberal,' we refer to our review of Mr. Hunt's libel, before mentioned*; and beg to take leave of the subject for ever, by transcribing a short passage from one of Lord Byron's letters.

'The grand distinction of the under forms of the new school of poets is their *vulgarity.* By this I do not mean that they are *coarse,* but "shabby-genteel," as it is termed. A man may be *coarse* and

* Quarterly Review, No. LXXIV.

yet

yet not *vulgar*, and the reverse. Burns is often coarse, but never *vulgar*. Chatterton is never vulgar, nor Wordsworth, nor the higher of the Lake school, though they treat of low life in all its branches. It is in their *finery* that the new under school are *most* vulgar, and they may be known by this at once; as what we call at Harrow "a Sunday blood" might be easily distinguished from a gentleman, although his clothes might be the better cut, and his boots the best blackened of the two;—probably because he made the one or cleaned the other with his own hands.

"In the present case, I speak of writing, not of persons. . . . . They may be honourable and *gentlemanly* men, for what I know, but the latter quality is studiously excluded from their publications. They remind me of Mr. Smith and the Miss Broughtons at the Hampstead Assembly, in "Evelina." In these things, (in private life at least,) I pretend to some small experience; because, in the course of my youth, I have seen a little of all sorts of society, from the Christian prince and the Mussulman sultan and pacha, and the higher ranks of their countries, down to the London boxer, the "*flash and the swell*," the Spanish muleteer, the wandering Turkish dervise, the Scotch highlander, and the Albanian robber;—to say nothing of the curious varieties of Italian social life. Far be it from me to presume that there are now, or can be, such a thing as an *aristocracy* of *poets;* but there *is* a nobility of thought and of style, open to all stations, and derived partly from talent, and partly from education—which is to be found in Shakspeare, and Pope, and Burns, no less than in Dante and Alfieri, but which is no where to be found in the mock birds and bards of Mr. Hunt's little chorus. If I were asked to define what this gentlemanliness is, I should say, that it is only to be defined by *examples*—of those who have it, and those who have it not. In *life*, I should say that most *military* men have it, and few *naval;* that several men of rank have it, and few lawyers; that it is more frequent among authors than divines (when they are not pedants); that *fencing*-masters have more of it than dancing-masters, and singers than players; and that (if it be not *an Irishism* to say so) it is far more generally diffused among women than among men. In poetry, as well as writing in general, it will never *make* entirely a poet or a poem; but neither poet nor poem will ever be good for anything without it. It is the *salt* of society, and the seasoning of composition. *Vulgarity* is far worse than downright *blackguardism;* for the latter comprehends wit, humour, and strong sense at times; while the former is a sad abortive attempt at all things, "signifying nothing." It does not depend upon low themes, or even low language, for Fielding revels in both;—but is he ever *vulgar?* No. You see the man of education, the gentleman, and the scholar, sporting with his subject,—its master, not its slave. Your vulgar writer is always most vulgar the higher his subject; as the man who showed the menagerie at Pidcock's was wont to say, "This, gentlemen, is the *Eagle* of the *Sun*, from Archangel in Russia: the *otterer* it is, the *igherer* he flies."'—vol. ii., p. 477—479.

Mr. Moore's next chapter details the departure of Lord Byron from

from Italy, on that Greek expedition from which he was never to return, and presents us with a lively account of his voyage to Cephalonia, and the melancholy incidents which ensued. The history of this expedition has not, however, been told for the first time in these pages—and, indeed, we hardly find anything actually new in them, as far as matters of fact are concerned. We must, therefore, leave this part of Mr. Moore's narrative untouched—observing merely, that every statement it contains confirms the opinion we had all along expressed—namely, that, after he had once engaged in the Greek cause, Lord Byron's conduct was, in the highest degree, honourable to his sagacity, prudence, and resolution—and that in him that cause lost not only the one man of genius, but also the one man of common sense, that ever espoused it.

The book named beside Mr. Moore's, at the head of our paper, has but just been published, and may furnish an extract or two not unworthy the reader's attention. The author, Dr. Millingen, was surgeon to the brigade of Suliotes, taken into Lord Byron's pay on his arrival in the Morea, and had thus many opportunities of observing his conduct, personal and political, during the last months of his life. He writes simply and well, and effectually vindicates himself from certain charges hazarded in the Journals of the Greek Committee of London; but we can afford room only for a few passages immediately bearing on our present subject. The young doctor was not a little surprised to hear Lord Byron's contemptuous language, in his own circle, concerning the Greek character, so little in unison with the notions which he himself had brought with him from the congresses of the Philhellenes, in Queen-Square, Westminster.

'"This should not surprise you, (said Lord B.) for I know this nation by long and attentive experience, while in Europe they judge it by inspiration. The Greeks are, perhaps, the most depraved and degraded people under the sun; uniting to their original vices both those of their oppressors, and those inherent in slaves. Breaking asunder the frail shackles which checked their immorality, the late revolution has given the amplest scope to the exhibition of their real character; and it stands to reason, that it must have placed in a more glaring light the melancholy picture of their utter worthlessness. Even under the wisest government, the regeneration of a nation can only be the difficult work of time; and certainly none can be less easily improvable than this."'—*Millingen*, p. 6.

The doctor might well ask, how then Lord Byron should have determined on devoting himself to the Greek cause?—and this was the answer, after a long pause:—

"Heartily weary of the monotonous life I had led in Italy for several years; sickened with pleasure; more tired of scribbling than the public, perhaps, is of reading my lucubrations; I felt the urgent

urgent necessity of giving a completely new direction to the course of my ideas; and the active, dangerous, yet glorious scenes of the military career struck my fancy, and became congenial to my taste. I came to Genoa; but far from meditating to join the Greeks, I was on the eve of sailing for Spain, when, informed of the overthrow of the Liberals, and the desperate state of things in that country, I perceived it was too late to join Sir R. Wilson;—and then it was, in the unmanageable delirium of my military fever, that I altered my intention, and resolved on steering for Greece. After all, should this new mode of existence fail to afford me the satisfaction I anticipate, it will at least present me with the means of making A DASHING EXIT from the scene of this world, where the part I was acting had grown excessively dull." '—*Millingen*, pp. 6, 7.

The reader needs not to be told, that Lord Byron's 'new mode of existence' did fail to afford him the satisfaction he had anticipated. How he was tormented by the meanness, the treachery, the ferocity, and the incurable falseness of the Greeks, and by the obstinate follies and absurdities of his Philhellenic associates—is well known to all; but we must confess, that even Mr. Moore's detailed account of his Italian life had not given us so complete a notion of the lassitude and weariness of spirit, under which he threw himself into this new sea of troubles, as the following brief passage in Dr. Millingen:—

'I frequently heard him say, "I especially dread, in this world, two things, to which I have reason to believe I am equally predisposed —growing fat and growing mad; and it would be difficult for me to decide, were I forced to make a choice, which of these conditions I would choose in preference." To avoid corpulence, not satisfied with renouncing the use of every kind of food that he deemed nourishing, he had recourse almost daily to strong drastic pills, of which extract of colocynth, gamboge, scammony, &c. were the chief ingredients; and if he observed the slightest increase in the size of his wrists or waist, which he measured with scrupulous exactness every morning, he immediately sought to reduce it by taking a large dose of Epsom salts, besides the usual pills. . . .

'Besides the medicines I have mentioned, he had daily recourse to soda powders or calcined magnesia, in order to neutralize the troublesome acidities which the immoderate use of Rhenish wines and ardent spirits continually generated in his debilitated stomach. Nothing could be more strange, and at the same time more injurious to health, than the regimen which he had been induced to adopt, and to which, during several years, he unalterably adhered. He rose at half-past ten o'clock, when, by way of breakfast, he took a large basinful of a strong infusion of green tea, without either sugar or milk; a drink that could not but prove exceedingly prejudicial to a constitution so essentially nervous. At half-past eleven he would set out on a two hours' ride; and on his return his singular and only meal was served up. Having dined, he immediately withdrew to his study, where he remained

remained till dark; when, more willingly than at any other time, he would indulge in conversation: and afterwards he would play at draughts for a while, or take up some volume on light subjects—such as novels, memoirs, or travels. He had unfortunately contracted the habit of drinking immoderately every evening; and almost at every page he would take a glass of wine, and often of undiluted Hollands, till he felt himself under the full influence of liquor. He would then pace up and down the room till three or four o'clock in the morning; and these hours, he often confessed, were the most propitious to the inspirations of his muse.' (That is to say, we presume, of Don Juan!)

'This mode of life could not but prove ruinous to his constitution, which, however robust it might originally have been, must necessarily sink under shocks so powerful and so often repeated. The disagreeable symptoms of dyspepsia obliged him to have recourse to the daily use of pharmacy, which, instead of annoying him, seemed to be a business of pleasure, persuaded as he was, that there was no other way of obviating the misfortune of corpulency: but after the evanescent stimulation of alcohol had subsided, hypochondriasis, the inseparable companion of intemperance, plunged him in a condition often bordering on despair.'—p. 8—10.

In one of his diaries Lord Byron concludes a brief character of Robert Burns with these words: 'what a strange compound of dirt and deity!' Mr. Moore had better have drawn his pen through them, unless he wished to provoke a *mutato nomine.* But we shall not dismiss this matter quite so abruptly. Inebriety is not certainly a common or prominent vice, elsewhere than among the lowest vulgar, of these times; yet, perhaps it may have attracted the notice of some of our readers, that not a few who, under the older system of manners, would have been likely to bear the reputation of jolly companions, have, mainly in consequence of the change, fallen into habits infinitely more injurious, both to body and mind—those of the solitary drinker. Such habits are miserable in any case; but in the case of a man constitutionally disposed to melancholy, and more given to exert his imagination than any other of his faculties, we may be assured they can rarely fail to be fatal. The poet, above all, who accustoms himself to labour in his not more surely exciting than exhausting vocation, with a bottle at his elbow, is a lost man. His case is a thousand times worse than that of any mere tavern merrymaker, like Robert Burns, can ever be; he mixes his vice inextricably with his genius—and, the finer the genius, the more unconquerable will the vice become. We are not told during how many years these wretched habits had been gaining on Lord Byron; but, when his body was opened after death, in the absence of all other features of physical decay, the usual symptoms of a constitution grievously shattered by excessive indulgence in strong liquors were at once recognized; the

the brain 'resembled completely that of a man much advanced in life;' the heart was 'of a consistence as flabby as in persons who have died of old age;' the liver hard, colourless, and much wasted in bulk.—*Millingen*, p. 144.

A deep debauch, followed by needless exposure to a storm of rain, brought on a fit of epilepsy, for which his private physician, Dr. Bruno, bled him by leeches on the temple so copiously as almost to induce syncope; and for such a shock his nervous system was little prepared.

'Like a cord at its full stretch, it required but the slightest force to break it. He felt assured that his constitution had been irretrievably ruined by intemperance; that he was a worn-out man; and that his muscular power was gone. Flashes before the eyes, palpitations, and anxieties, hourly afflicted him. "Do you suppose," he said, with impatience, "that I wish for life? I have grown heartily sick of it, and shall welcome the hour I depart from it. Why should I regret it? can it afford me any pleasure? have I not enjoyed it to a surfeit? Few men can live faster than I did. I am, literally speaking, a young old man. Hardly arrived at manhood, I had attained the zenith of fame. Pleasure I have known under every form in which it can present itself to mortals. I have travelled, satisfied my curiosity, lost every illusion; I have exhausted all the nectar contained in the cup of life; it is time to throw the dregs away. But the apprehension of two things now haunts my mind. I picture myself slowly expiring on a bed of torture, or terminating my days like Swift, a grinning idiot! Would to heaven the day were arrived in which, rushing, sword in hand, on a body of Turks, and fighting like one weary of existence, I shall meet immediate, painless death,—the object of my wishes!"'—*Millingen*, pp. 119, 120.

We shall not linger over the rest of this most painful picture. When the symptoms of immediate danger began to show themselves, Lord Byron requested Dr. Millingen to inquire in the town 'for any very old and ugly witch.' The doctor laughed—and he proceeded thus, 'with a serious air:'—

'Never mind whether I am superstitious or not; but I again entreat of you to bring me the most celebrated one there is, in order that she may examine whether this sudden loss of my health does not depend on the evil eye. She may devise some means to dissolve the spell.'—*Millingen*, pp. 140, 141.

It appears that his mind was constantly haunted with the recollection that his Greek expedition had begun on a Friday, and a warning that he should 'beware of the 37th year,' which his mother had received when he was an infant from an old gypsy at Aberdeen. His obstinate refusal to be bled soon made the case hopeless, and, in the agony of death, 'his last adieu was to Greece and Ada.' Alas! there is one sentence more in Dr. Millingen's narrative, which we must quote:—

'It

'It is with infinite regret I must state, that, although I seldom left Lord Byron's pillow during the latter part of his illness, I did not hear him make any, even the smallest, mention of religion. At one moment I heard him say: "Shall I sue for mercy?" After a long pause, he added, "Come, come, no weakness! let's be a man to the last."'—*Millingen*, p. 141.

We quote this as we find it: but certainly with every disposition to hope that the fatal delirium had begun before Dr. Millingen heard what he has repeated. Even on that supposition, the case is bad enough.

It is the old rule to wind up a piece of biography with a description of personal appearance, and a summary analysis of personal character; and Mr. Moore adheres to it; nor, considering the circumstances under which he writes, and especially his well-understood opinions on many subjects, with respect to which we are not ashamed to differ from him, have we much reason to disapprove of the manner in which he has acquitted himself even of the latter part of his task. The countenance of Lord Byron is perhaps preserved to posterity as completely as such a countenance, one of which versatility of expression makes the main characteristic, has in general had much chance to be; but it is impossible not to regret that, being the contemporary of Lawrence and Chantrey, he never sat to either of those unrivalled artists, whose canvass and marble have fixed, with such magical felicity, the very air and gestures of the other illustrious men of this age—our Wellingtons, our Cannings, our Scotts, and Southeys.

'"Many pictures have been painted of him (says a fair critic of his features) with various success; but the excessive beauty of his lips escaped every painter and sculptor*. In their ceaseless play they represented every emotion, whether pale with anger, curled in disdain, smiling in triumph, or dimpled with archness and love." It would be injustice to the reader not to borrow from the same pencil a few more touches of portraiture. "This extreme facility of expression was sometimes painful, for I have seen him look absolutely ugly—I have seen him look so hard and cold, that you must hate him, and then, in a moment, brighter than the sun, with such playful softness in his look, such affectionate eagerness kindling in his eyes, and dimpling his lips into something more sweet than a smile, that you forgot the man, the Lord Byron, in the picture of beauty presented to you, and gazed with intense curiosity—I had almost said—as if to satisfy yourself, that thus looked the god of poetry, the god of the Vatican, when he conversed with the sons and daughters of man."

* The early picture by Sanders, engraved for Mr. Moore's second volume, is considered by some of Lord Byron's relatives as the best likeness in existence; and ample justice has been done to it by the masterly burin of Finden. The bust by Canova is beautiful, but faithless. The portrait by the American, West, we have never seen. That of Phillips, exquisitely drawn and coloured, but spoiled by a silly theatrical costume, is familiar to all the world. His

'His head,' says Mr. Moore, 'was remarkably small,*—so much so as to be rather out of proportion with his face. The forehead, though a little too narrow, was high, and *appeared more so* from his having his hair (to preserve it, *as he said*) *shaved over the temples* (!); while the glossy, dark-brown curls, clustering over his head, gave the finish to its beauty. When to this is added, that his nose, though handsomely, was rather thickly shaped, that his teeth were white and regular, and his complexion colourless, as good an idea perhaps as it is in the power of mere words to convey may be conceived of his features.'†

The following passage from Dr. Millingen's Memoir may also be acceptable to our readers:—

'Before we proceeded to embalm the body,' says the young surgeon, 'we could not refrain from pausing, in silent contemplation, on the lifeless clay of one, who, but a few days before, was the hope of a whole nation, and the admiration of the civilized world. After consecrating a few moments to the feelings such a spectacle naturally inspired, we could not but admire the perfect symmetry of his body. Nothing could surpass the beauty of the forehead; its height was extraordinary, and the protuberances, under which the nobler intellectual faculties are supposed to reside, were strongly pronounced. His hair, which curled naturally, was quite grey; the mustachios light coloured. His physiognomy had suffered little alteration; and still preserved the sarcastic, haughty expression which habitually characterized it. The chest was broad, and high vaulted; the waist very small, the pelvis narrow.....The only blemish of his body, which might otherwise have vied with that of Apollo himself, was the congenital malconformation of his left foot and leg.'—*Millingen*, pp. 142, 143.

Mr. Moore's summary of Lord Byron's personal character is a very elegant, ingenious, and elaborate piece of writing; of which, however, the substance may, as it seems to us, be compressed into few words. It is easy, he says, to draw the characters of most men,—because, however anomalous at first sight many of their sayings and doings may appear, certain leading principles of action, if not some one determining 'pivot,' will not fail to be detected on a close and deliberate inspection. No such leading principles—no such pivot, can, he confesses, be discovered in the case of Lord Byron; and here he proceeds—in the very fact that

* '"Several of us, one day," says Colonel Napier, "tried on his hat, and in a party of twelve or fourteen, who were at dinner, *not one* could put it on, so exceedingly small was his head."' This is a fact for the phrenologists.

† 'No petit-maître (says Dr. Millingen) could pay more sedulous attention than he did to external appearance, or consult with more complacency the looking-glass. Even when *en négligé*, he studied the nature of the postures he assumed as attentively as if he had been sitting for his picture; and so much value did he attach to the whiteness of his hands, that in order not to suffer "the winds of heaven to visit them too roughly," he constantly, and even within doors, wore gloves. The lameness, which he had from his birth, was a source of actual misery to him; and it was curious to notice with how much coquetry he endeavoured, by a thousand petty tricks, to conceal from strangers this unfortunate malconformation.'—*Millingen*, p. 8.

there

there are neither principles nor pivots—here, he tells us, he has discovered the principles and the pivot of which he had been in quest. In a word, according to Mr. Moore, the distinguishing characteristic of Lord Byron is neither more nor less than that he had no fixed principles or motives of action of any kind, but with sensibilities, passions, and talents excessively keen, lively, and powerful, surrendered habitually his whole being, physical, moral, and intellectual, to whatever external influence happened to be nearest at the moment. But for Lord Byron's genius, then, we presume, Mr. Moore would have had little difficulty about bringing him, *sans phrase*, within the category of 'no character at all;' and, as it is, we must acknowledge that, in the eloquent detail by which his preliminary statement is followed, the friendly biographer sets to work much as if Pope's recipe had been on his desk—

'Dip in the rainbow, paint him in the air.'

When he condenses into brief and rapid analysis the unbroken series of contrasts—of circumstance, of feeling, of conduct—over which he had before led us more leisurely and deliberately—we can compare the effect produced to nothing except that of Mr. Mathews's gallery at Highgate, where original portraits of the greatest of actors in all his multifarious parts are grouped together by the dozen, and the visitor is lost and bewildered in the effort to bring it thoroughly home to his conviction, that under such endless variety of garb, attitude, and physiognomy, the same individual is every where before him—Romeo, Richard, Mercutio, and Timon, all and each David Garrick.

Such versatility presents, even in an intellectual point of view, something more likely to move admiration than respect; but the moral side of the picture is fatal to anything like a high impression of dignity. That demands either sustained energy or majestic repose. Vanity cannot jostle pride without sullying it; the sardonic sneer poisons the charm of melancholy; and it is extremely difficult, even with every disposition to keep in view the unfavourable circumstances of Lord Byron's opening position in life, to compare what that life as a whole was, with what it might have been, and yet entirely suppress indignation in the depth and anguish of sorrow.

Mr. Moore, towards the conclusion of his apologetic summary, introduces a disquisition of some length on Lord Byron's feelings and principles as to religion. That so great a genius must have had many gleams of devotional sentiment, we could never have doubted; and the remorseful tone of his poetry was of itself sufficient evidence, that his understanding had never reconciled itself to the cold conclusions of the infidel. But we confess it affords

affords us little consolation, on this head, to be told such things, as that the author of Don Juan felt piously disposed whenever he entered a Gothic cathedral, or listened to solemn music, or surveyed the stars through a telescope; they are of a piece with poor Burns's falling on his knees when he first found himself within a Druidical circle, and the mystic raptures which he says never failed to visit him when the sky was dim and hoary, and the autumnal wind sighed over head in a pine forest; these things are little more than the results of exquisite nervous organization. Still less, in our view, does Mr. Moore serve his unfortunate friend's character, by showing, as he does, that the scriptures were often in his hands, and that in his conversations with Dr. Kennedy at Cephalonia, he displayed perfect familiarity with the works of many of our own theological classics. The young officers who were invited to be present at these conversations were indeed amazed to find that a scoffing poet had dipped so largely in such studies; but if they were ignorant, no one knows better than Mr. Moore, that a man might as well aspire to the character of a Greek scholar without giving his days and his nights to the Athenian drama, as hope for a place among the masters of the English tongue, without having familiarised himself with the great divines of his country. Lord Byron possessed the temperament of a poet and the accomplishments of a scholar; but religion, as a principle or action, had no place in his bosom. Self-will was his guide through life; and if the terrible anecdote quoted from his surgeon's narrative is to be accepted as he gives it, it seems to force on us the conviction, that his haughty spirit, writhing under the sting of conscience, concentrated almost its last energies in an agony of blasphemous rebellion.

There are, however, not a few palliative considerations which the man that wishes to judge this great poet's life in the spirit of candour and charity, must never allow to slip entirely out of his mind. He *inherited* a vein of morbid sensibility, which, in many of his ancestors, had won public compassion for *crimes*. He was himself haunted through life by the fear of madness; and if he never was actually what the world calls insane, it may be doubted whether any man was more frequently on the verge of that consummation of all human miseries. Such is the impression left on us by Mr. Moore's elaborate narrative, and by the whole body of Lord Byron's own writings. There was disease in the mind from the beginning; and one so deficient as Lord Byron unquestionably was in fixed principles of belief and of action, was little likely to struggle the inborn enemy down. It required all the high moral energy, and all the solemn piety too, of Dr. Johnson, to sustain him in this awful strife. The character of his

his unhappy parent, and her early treatment of him, must in like manner be meditated deeply and continually. By her rude and unaided hand were the seeds planted of a sadly mingled crop, in which that the tares at last overtopped the wheat, should move perhaps any other feelings rather than surprise. Let no man who in his day sat on a happy mother's lap, and was taught to lisp his first prayer by a peaceful fireside, refuse compassion to the circumstances under which this miserable woman's gifted child imbibed that nervous suspiciousness which afterwards ripened into a quarrel with human nature, and was remarked among his earliest companions at once for solitary pride, and passionate fervours of affection, for sitting in a churchyard to watch the sunset, and for 'silent rages.'

We presume no one can doubt what was in Lord Byron's mind when he put the following words into the mouth of his *Manfred*.

> 'There is an order
> Of mortals on the earth, who do become
> Old in their youth, and die ere middle age
> Without the violence of warlike death:
> Some perishing of pleasure—some of study—
> Some worn with toil—some of mere weariness—
> Some of disease—and some INSANITY;
> And some of wither'd or of broken hearts.
> For this last is a malady which slays
> More than are number'd in the lists of fate;
> Taking all shapes, and bearing many names.
> Look upon me! for even of all these things
> Have I partaken; and of all these things
> One were enough.'

These lines form a prophetic epitome of this tragic story—a story of which no good man will ever think without mingled emotions of awe, pity, and reprobation. We do not forget what he wished to be the only inscription on his tombstone, 'IMPLORA PACE;' but all the respect that is justly claimed for buried genius must not make us shrink from our duty to the living; and we feel assured that few who have read Mr. Moore's work, with the attention which its theme and its execution deserve, will think we dismiss the subject unappropriately, by recalling the solemn words in which a man of genius, at least equal to any of our age, was accustomed to humble himself before his Maker. Jeremy Taylor's nightly prayer for himself and his friends was for God's merciful deliverance and preservation—

> 'From the violence and rule of passion; from a servile will and a commanding lust; from pride and vanity; from false opinion and ignorant confidence;

'From improvidence and prodigality; from envy and the spirit of slander; from sensuality; from presumption, and from despair;

'From a state of temptation and hardened spirits; from delaying of repentance and persevering in sin; from unthankfulness and irreligion, and from seducing others;

'From all infatuation of soul, folly, and madness; from wilfulness, self-love, and vain ambition; from a vicious life and an unprovided death.'

ART. VI.—1. *Military Events of the late French Revolution; or, an Account of the Conduct of the Royal Guard on that occasion.* By a Staff-Officer of the Guards. From the French. Fourth Edition. 8vo. London. 1830.

2. *Dix Jours de* 1830, *Souvenirs de la dernière Révolution.* Par A. S——, Officier d'Infanterie de la Garde Royale. Paris. 1830.

3. *Procès des Ex-Ministres.* 3 tom. Paris. 1830.

4. *Evènemens de Paris des* 26, 27, 28, 29 *Juillet,* 1830. Par plusieurs Témoins Oculaires. Paris. 1830.

5. *Une Semaine de l'Histoire de Paris.* Paris. 1830.

6. *La Dernière Semaine de Juillet,* 1830. Par Léonard Gallois. Paris. 1830.

7. *The French Revolution of* 1830. By D. Turnbull, Esq. London. 1830.

8. *Full Annals of the French Revolution.* By William Hone. London. 1830.

IT is not our intention to discuss, in the following article, any of the *political* considerations connected with the late French revolution. We shall, we fear, have but too many and too serious occasions for such inquiries. We mean at present to confine ourselves exclusively to the military events of the *Three Days,* with the view of explaining the phenomenon of the triumph of an unorganized and ill-armed population over disciplined and well-affected troops, directed by most distinguished officers. We are well aware that every voice, and almost every publication, in France and throughout Europe, offer a short and easy solution of the apparent difficulty, in 'the enthusiasm of popular feeling and the omnipotent power of public opinion.' No doubt these are the springs by which nations are moved and revolutions finally effected; but we doubted, from the first, whether these causes existed in France to so great an extent as to account for results so sudden and so stupendous; and an attentive, and we hope impartial, examination of all the circumstances, has led us to a conclusion that the degree of zeal

zeal and courage exhibited by the Parisians (considerable as in the progress of events it became) could not have achieved successes so extraordinary, without great blunders, strange unreadiness, and marvellous imbecility, of all kinds, on the part of the ministers and the generals.

The ministers, as appears by the *Procès*, had not only made no preparation to enforce their measures, but had left the garrison of Paris weaker than it usually was; and Marshal Marmont, to whom, at the eleventh hour, the command was given, showed himself to be wholly incompetent to the management of the forces placed at his disposal. The contest was begun, on the part of the royal authorities, with blind neglect, was pursued feebly, irresolutely, and erroneously, and finally terminated by an accident which common sense would have prevented, and a very ordinary exertion of presence of mind might have repaired; nor can there be any rational doubt that such was the real state of the case. It is not at all wonderful that the confusion and excitement of such scenes should have led to much misstatement and great exaggerations on the part of the conquerors; while, on the other hand, the astonishing rapidity and importance of the results seemed to confirm all the claims of the Parisians. But prejudice and popular excitement have their time, and historical truth has, on this occasion, asserted its right sooner than usual. The works, whose titles we have enumerated above, though they are in number but a small part of the publications which these events have produced, contain such a mass of evidence from all sides, as puts us in full possession of the facts of the case. By far the most important of these works, and indeed one of the most lucid, able, and interesting military narratives which we have ever read, is the 'Military Events by a Staff Officer of the Royal Guard.'

We must premise a word or two as to this writer. He was, as the title-page announces, an officer of the staff of the late Royal Guard, and seems to have been concerned in most, and cognisant of all, the proceedings in which that body were engaged; and, as the translator justly observes, the history of the Guard is the history of all the fighting of the three days, because 'there was no resistance made to the people, except *by the Guards, or in conjunction with them.*' — (*Advertisement.*) The work is anonymous, but the author is understood to be M. Bermond de Vachères, one of the field-officers of the 3d regiment of French Guards. We learn, too, that his personal character and position afford a strong guarantee of the accuracy and impartiality of his statements. He was no courtier—no emigrant—he has served long and well in the old army—his work proves him to be a most able judge and perspicuous narrator of military movements—and, finally, his political senti-

ments were decidedly hostile to the ministerial measures in support of which his duties as a soldier engaged him.

The correctness of his facts is established by those parts of the evidence given on the trial of the ex-ministers which relate to the military operations, and is further confirmed by a very remarkable fact—that, although the author's task has, as he has himself observed, obliged him to depreciate a popular triumph, and to offend individual *amour propre* as well as *national vanity*, his work has gone through several editions, and been reviewed in the public journals, without having received any contradiction, or having had produced against it one single charge of error or inaccuracy. In so wide a field of operations as that which he describes, and under such circumstances of interruption and confusion as distracted every mind, it would not have been surprising if many mistakes had been made; but the absence (in these days of journalism and pamphlets) of any kind of reply, and the acquiescence in the author's statement of all those whose interests and passions would doubtless have prompted them to contradict him *if they could*, confirm that reliance on both his veracity and his accuracy which the clearness and apparent fairness of his narrative at first excited. The work of Lieut. S——- has neither the scope nor the importance of that of his brother officer, but, as far as it goes, fully corroborates it. The other French works are, for the most part, selections from the journals of the days immediately succeeding the revolution, and are therefore very vague, much exaggerated, and very contradictory. Mr. Turnbull's book, though it claims the dignity of an original work, and comes forth in the shape of a portly octavo, is a mere collection and translation of all the vague and contradictory trash just mentioned, and Mr. Hone's Annals are little better. We shall generally make our quotations from Turnbull and Hone, to save the trouble of translation; but it must be understood that they are nothing but servile repetitions of the French pamphlets.

We now proceed to follow the course of the events, taking M. de Bermond as our principal guide.

On Sunday, the 25th July, the fatal *Ordonnances* were signed. On the 26th they surprised *every man in France*—except the King, the seven ministers, and the printers of the Moniteur—by their appearance in that official journal. On that day the armed force in Paris was as follows:

Guards (horse, foot, and artillery) . . .	4750
The Line (5th, 15th, 50th, and 53d regiments) .	4400
Fusiliers Sédentaires (veterans) . . .	1100
Gendarmérie (horse and foot) . . .	1300
	11,550

But

But nothing like this force was ever employed in subduing the insurrection. First, M. de Bermond deducts the 4400 men of the Line, who not only professed neutrality early on the 27th, but in fact were, as we shall see, sometimes rather auxiliaries to the people; secondly, the 1100 *Fusiliers Sédentaires*, or veterans, who gave their arms to the people on the first demand; and thirdly, 1300 of the Guards and Gendarmerie, who were marched off the parade on the morning of the 27th, *as usual*, for the daily service, in guards of honour, sentinels, &c., of Paris, and St. Cloud, where the court then was. These little scattered detachments were all seized on the first disturbances, and disarmed in detail on their several posts, and of course with little or no resistance. This left a real force, on the morning of the 28th July—the fighting day, as we shall see—of cavalry, infantry, and artillery, of four thousand two hundred men only, all Guards, except about seven hundred Gensdarmerie. The infantry were divided into small battalions of only 220 each, except the three battalions of the Swiss regiment, which were 400 each. The cavalry were in squadrons of 100 men each. We request our readers to bear these numbers in mind. Well might M. de Polignac allege on his trial that no preparation had been made!—there were three battalions of infantry and twelve squadrons of cavalry of the Guards, at Versailles, only ten miles off;—two battalions of infantry, and two squadrons of cavalry, at Sèvres, and at St. Denis, about four miles distant;—one with the *regiment of artillery*, at Vincennes, close to the gates of Paris—none of whom were called into the town till it was too late to employ them. There were other regiments of Guards at no great distance; and if any preparation had been thought of, twenty-five thousand men might have been collected within a week. The report of the managers of the impeachment, and the evidence adduced on the *Procès*, fully admit the fact of non-preparation, and prove even that the garrison at Paris was, on the 26th, short of its usual force by three full battalions of Guards, which the ministers had lately detached into Normandy, to assist in quelling the incendiary disturbances in that province.

To swell the triumph of the people, this supineness, this apathy of the ministers has not only been disguised, but they have been represented as '*on the alert.*'

'In the meantime, on the 26th, the *Government was on the alert*, and sent a general officer to *Angers*, and another to *Grenelle*, for *military purposes.* The military command of Paris was entrusted to Marshal Marmont. Troops were ordered in from the barracks *fifty miles round.* It was evident the King and the ministers were bent on enforcing obedience to their ordonnances by arms; the Guards in the city were doubled.'—*Hone's Annals*, p. 16.

What

What a mass of absurdity! 'A general officer despatched to *Angers* and another to *Grenelle* on military purposes!' Angers is near two hundred miles from Paris, and Grenelle is a suburb of the city; but no such thing took place.—'Troops were or-ordered in from *fifty miles* round;' they were not even ordered in from Versailles, Sèvres, St. Denis, or Vincennes!—'The guards were doubled'—they were not only *not* doubled, but the usual posts and sentinels were scattered through the town, without any notification of danger, and they were accordingly made prisoners, without resistance, in their guard-houses and sentry-boxes—and their *unloaded* arms, and the few cartridges which were issued for daily service, became the prize of the people.—'The military command of Paris was entrusted as early as the 26th to Marshal Marmont.' It is true, that this order was dated the 25th, but that was an antedate, for on the morning of Tuesday the 27th Marmont was so little acquainted with the state of affairs, that he was stepping into his carriage at St. Cloud, to make a little excursion into the country, when one of his aides-de-camp told him, that there had been some disturbance in Paris the evening before, and desired to know where he should be sent to in case of any serious event. This induced him to postpone his departure, and about noon on that day, the 27th, he was sent for by the king and the ministers, and invested with the command, which he assumed at the Tuileries some hours after.—*Procès*, vol. i. p. 275.

On Monday, the 26th, the day of the publication of the *Ordonnances*, mobs collected in various parts of the town. The windows of the Minister of Finance, and of M. de Polignac on the Boulevard, were broken; but no measures whatever were taken by either the police or the military authorities:—and such was the *blind security* in which the government seemed plunged, that the officers of the Guards who asked, as usual, temporary leaves of absence, obtained them without demur.

On Tuesday, the 27th, the journals which attempted to appear having been seized, the irritation of the people, and principally of the printers thus thrown out of work, was hourly increasing. A protest, signed by all the editors of papers, was scattered through the town in profusion. '*The social contract*,' said this protest, '*is torn, and we are bound and authorized to exert every possible mode of resistance.*' One journal, which had not been able to appear, circulated to its subscribers a notice, concluding in these prophetic words—'Between *right* and *violence* the struggle cannot be protracted, and we soon shall see our *National flag!*—Paris, 26th July.'

It would be idle to enter on the details of the tumults which took place in consequence of the attempt to suppress the several journals; they were of no permanent importance, and we believe

lieve no personal violence took place on either side; but they were so general, and the expression of public opinion was so loud and unanimous, that the most casual and heedless looker-on must have seen, even so early as *that* day — the 26th — that the people of Paris were resolved to adopt the principle of resistance literally, and to carry it into immediate effect; and the menace of the tricoloured flag ought to have apprised the government, that the spirit of opposition came from an earlier and deeper source than the *Ordonnances* of the 25th.

At four o'clock, P. M., however, on the 27th, the troops had as yet received no orders. Some regiments had been kept together in their barracks by the *private* orders of their colonels, on account of some squabbles which had occurred the day before on the Boulevards, and in the Rue de Rivoli: but the guards, sentinels, and all the daily detail of posts had been marched off as usual from the morning parade. At half-past four, however, in consequence of Marmont having assumed the command, sudden orders were sent to the barracks of the several regiments for getting the troops under arms, and for marching them to the Carousel, the Place Louis XV., and the Boulevards. Many officers were absent from this sudden parade, *not having been apprized that any duty whatever was expected.*

Up to this time, the only demonstration of popular violence was directed against the official residence of M. de Polignac, the Foreign Office on the Boulevards; M. de Polignac was also minister of war *ad interim,* and the only movement of troops that he seems either to have ordered or suggested was for the protection of his own house, where he gave a dinner that evening to his colleagues. We mention this, not as a proof of any selfish anxiety on the part of M. de Polignac—his personal courage and disinterestedness are undoubted—but as an additional proof of his total ignorance of the state of the public mind, and the deplorable want of any general arrangement for the maintenance of the public peace.

It is a fact not easily explicable—at least not without entering into greater details than we have room for—but it is a *fact,* that *la haute commerce,* the monied men and the great manufacturers, were adverse to the government, and they took this day a very cruel but effective step, which mainly contributed to the Revolution—*they discharged all their workmen.* These poor people, with their families, thus suddenly—as the printers had been the day before—driven to hunger and desperation, formed the main body of the popular force, which now began to assume an appearance formidable in numbers and spirit.

About six or seven o'clock in the evening the crowd had become

so great in the streets of Richelieu and St. Honoré, that all passage was stopped. The gendarmerie endeavoured, but in vain, to clear these great thoroughfares. Apprehensions were entertained that an attempt would be made to plunder the shops of the numerous gunmakers in the neighbourhood of the Palais Royal, and detachments of the Guards were called for to assist the gendarmerie. They succeeded, but (as they were unwilling to use their arms) with great difficulty, in clearing these streets in some degree; but they soon found themselves assailed by showers of stones and tiles. One of these detachments, consisting of eighteen men of the Guards, commanded by a second lieutenant, endeavoured to *déboucher* by the Rue de Duc de Bordeaux (since called the *Rue du 29 Juillet*), but was so closely pressed upon and pelted with all sorts of missiles, near the Hotel Meurice, that it was for a short time equally unable to advance or retire. The officer commanding the detachment was endeavouring and still hoped to escape the necessity of firing, when a shot from the window of the Hôtel Royal, corner of the Rue des Pyramides and St. Honoré, determined him to allow his men to defend themselves. An Englishman,* it seems, lodged in that hotel, and as the detachment was endeavouring to pass, he had loaded a fowling-piece and fired from the windows. The soldiers fired in return a volley into the house, and the Englishman and two other persons were killed.

This, the author of the 'Military Events' thinks, was the first blood shed; and perhaps it was the first shed *by* the troops, but other accounts (*Hone's Annals*, p. 20) state, that a gendarme had been previously killed by the people in the neighbourhood of the Palais Royal, and there seems, from the *Procès*, to have been one or two lives lost in that quarter in the course of the evening; but it is certain, and indeed generally admitted, that the troops were nowhere the aggressors. It was proved in the *Procès* that the arms of the detachments sent out to disperse the mobs on the 27th were generally *unloaded:* in truth, although they did their duty as soldiers, they had little liking for the task, and they seem —that is, the guards and gendarmerie (for the Line did nothing)— to have behaved with equal courage and moderation in the most difficult circumstances in which, perhaps, troops were ever placed, of acting against their fellow-citizens in obedience to their military duty, but in opposition to their own private sentiments and feelings.

A second and stronger detachment, preceded by a few gendarmes and lancers, and commanded by a general officer, ad-

* A note to the 'Military Events' states that his name was Fox, and that he was of the family of the celebrated minister; but this is probably a mistake. In other accounts the name is spelled *Foulkes*.

vanced

vanced through the Rue de l'Echelle, and endeavoured to turn to the left into the Rue St. Honoré. This detachment was also stopped by the mob in the latter street, in which were now doubly accumulated, one crowd which had been driven back from the Palais Royal, and another which was endeavouring to get to that point. There was seen the first *barricade*, formed by one of those long coaches called *Omnibus*. The commanding officer summoned the people behind this barricade to surrender—the answer was a shower of stones and tiles. A second and a third summons were made, and received as the first had been. The general then ordered the troops to repel force by force—they easily surmounted the barricade, a volley was fired *into the air*—the crowd began to retire; and the detachment advanced slowly up the street; but just beyond the church of St. Roque, the throwing of stones recommenced with more violence than ever. A second volley *in the air* only encouraged the assailants; a third discharge, directed *partially* against the mob, severely wounded one of them. His companions lifted and carried him off. It seems this was the man whose body, dying or dead, was all that night paraded through various quarters of the town to excite the populace to insurrection and vengeance. After this third discharge the crowd melted away rapidly.

This detachment having then picked up in its way the detachment of eighteen men, which had halted at the end of the *Rue du 29 Juillet*, they returned together by the Rue de Rivoli into the Carousel, and all became quiet in that quarter.

It appears from the *Procès* that Marmont had, that evening, ordered the Colonel (Perregaux) of the 15th regiment of the line to move from the Pont Neuf, by the quays, and thence into the Rue St. Honoré, to take in reverse a barricade near the Palais Royal; thence to march up the Rue St. Denis; thence along the Boulevards towards the Champs Elysées, dispersing the crowds before him. It is not quite clear whether the 15th obeyed this order, the concluding passage of which, prescribing the conduct the troops were to pursue towards the people, is remarkable:—

'The troops will clear away the crowds from the streets, and in case of resistance, will use their bayonets, but will only fire if they are fired upon. They will, however, direct shots at windows from which stones may be thrown at them. They will march with resolution, the drums beating the *charge*. It is important that all this should be done before night, and the Marshal desires it to commence at seven o'clock.'—*Procès*, vol. 1, p. 253.

On the Boulevards nothing remarkable had happened. The Faubourg St. Germain also was tranquil. The guardhouse on the Place de la Bourse (the Exchange) was burned, because the populace

populace could not otherwise expel the few sentinels who held it; but this post was re-occupied in the course of the evening.

It is observable, that on this day the insurgents appeared to be altogether of the very lowest class of the people (*Procès*, vol. 1, p. 321; Military Events, p. 12), indeed all the accounts are unanimous on this point. It was also remarked that the several houses from which stones, glass, and other missiles had been thrown, were all houses of ill-fame. One house in particular in the Rue de Rohan, was noted in six or seven different reports; so that it was 'mere justice,' sarcastically observes M. de Bermond 'which, on the 29th, restored the imprisoned penitents of St. Lazare to their usual avocations.'

At eleven o'clock at night the troops were ordered to return to their respective quarters; the streets through which they had to pass were dark, empty, and silent. It was, it is said, this very silence and apparent tranquillity that contributed to strengthen the fancied security of M. de Polignac—a security in which Marshal Marmont, it would seem, at least participated. To all mankind—except the prime minister and the commander in chief—it was evident that the events of the day were but a prologue—a more serious struggle was preparing for the morrow.

There was reason to fear that the troops would have to face next day a force of from sixty to eighty thousand men, of which a great portion would be armed. There were known to exist in Paris forty thousand equipments of the old National Guard; the attempts on the gunsmiths' shops had not altogether failed; at day-break they might be expected to be renewed, and the several guardhouses scattered through the town, which could offer no resistance, would, of course, afford a considerable number of muskets; the Arsenal was well supplied both with arms and ammunition. The powder-magazine of Deux-Moulins was unguarded. All these points ought to have been considered and provided for. This night offered leisure to arrange, and opportunity to execute, all necessary precautions; the circumstances were urgent,—the danger obvious and imminent, yet NOTHING AT ALL WAS DONE. M. de Bermond distinctly states, that 'all this *was represented to the proper authorities*, but nothing was attended to; blindness, folly, or fatality, were triumphant.'

How that night was passed by the ministers and by the marshal is not explained; the ministers, indeed, signed an *ordonnance* declaring Paris in a state of siege, which, however, appears to have been a dead letter; but, for all that we can trace, from eleven on Tuesday night till eight on Thursday morning, the commander-in-chief, disregarding the representations made to him, of the necessity of precautionary measures, showed no signs of existence. Not so the people.

people. They retired to rest, perhaps, sooner, indeed, than the marshal; but their activity began before the dawn; and their assemblages were soon much more formidable than those of the preceding evening. Individuals in the uniform of National Guards appeared in the streets, and arranged themselves according to their districts. The mob proceeded to all the gunmakers, who at once gave up their arms—the shops which the inhabitants had begun to open were soon closed—the tradesmen of the king and royal family hastened to take down the royal arms from over their doors, lest they should be made the pretext of insult or pillage. The same precautions were taken by notaries, bailiffs, and other persons whose signs exhibited the royal escutcheon; this, which was at first done by the fears or prudence of individuals, soon took the character of an enforced and general overthrow of all the insignia of the royal authority. At last, *as had been promised on the 26th,* and ushered in by acclamations of *Vive la Charte!* appeared—THE TRI-COLOURED FLAG! The attack and disarming of the detached guardhouses—the capture of the Arsenal and of the powder-magazine—the disarming of the companies of *Fusiliers Sédentaires*—all took place in a moment, and as had been so *vainly foretold* the evening before. The mob assembled early in the Place de Grève in front of the Hotel de Ville, and took possession of it. All this was done without the slightest opposition, and was all over by eight o'clock, while the *troops were yet in their barracks.*

At last, however, Marmont seems to have taken serious alarm; at eight o'clock he wrote a long letter to the king, which was lost; but which was to the same effect as the following, which he wrote at nine o'clock, as soon as he had doubts of the safety of the former:—

'*Wednesday*, 9 A.M.

'I have already had the honour of reporting yesterday to your Majesty the dispersion of the groups who disturbed the tranquillity of Paris; but this morning they have appeared again, still more numerous and menacing. *It is no longer a riot—it is a revolution.* It is of urgent necessity that your Majesty should adopt measures of pacification. The honour of the crown may yet be saved: to-morrow it may be too late. I shall take to-day the same measures as yesterday. The troops will be ready at noon; but I expect with impatience your Majesty's orders.'—*Procès*, vol. i., p. 254.

This letter, which offers such just views and such prudent advice, also affords, we think, a clue to Marmont's subsequent conduct, which M. de Bermond (who could not have known of this letter, which has only been produced on the *Procès*) considered as quite inexplicable. It does not, indeed, justify

justify Marmont—nay, it exposes the absurdity of his conduct—but, at least, it accounts for it. The disturbance of the day before he looked upon as a riot, and treated it as such, by sending moveable columns to disperse the mobs and clear the streets; but on Wednesday he sees that it is no longer a *riot*, but a *revolution*, and yet he determines to treat it with the self-same remedies he had applied the day before.

If M. de Bermond had known that it was Marmont's principle to meet a *riot* and a *revolution* with the same species of opposition, he would not have expressed so much wonder as he has done at all the subsequent proceedings. Our readers will not fail also to observe with surprise the *dates;*—the *Revolution* has been active since three o'clock in the morning; at nine o'clock Marmont sees it in all its terrific aspect, but tells the King that he cannot have his troops *ready* till NOON. Why not ready? At nine o'clock (many hours too late), the Guards were in position on the Carousel,—that is certain; the Line were probably also at their posts at the same hour. We suppose the explanation of this is, that Marmont did not wish to tell the King that in such an emergency he would wait three hours for his Majesty's answer—and by thus losing so much precious time, allow the *Revolution* to consolidate itself; and he therefore represented the troops as '*not ready*.' There may be some other explanation of this apparent inaccuracy, but this is the only one which occurs to us.

Early in the morning the Marshal had ordered the 15th regiment to occupy the Pantheon (St. Genevieve), the Palais de Justice, the Place de Grève, and the Hôtel de Ville. M. de Bermond thinks that his first design was to occupy these places, and the Tuileries, Louvre, Palais Royal, Ecole Militaire, and the interior Boulevards, in force, as *positions;* and that he changed this design in consequence of the delay of the 15th regiment to obey his orders. But as, in his letter to the King, he says that he means to adopt the *same course as the day before*, that is, clearing the streets by *moveable* columns, and that he did not mean to act till *noon*, it seems to us that M. de Bermond gives him credit for a more judicious intention than he really had.

Be that as it may, his proceedings were as follows. About half-past nine he sent a detachment of a lieutenant (M. de St. Germain) and fifteen men towards the Place de Grève, to ascertain whether the 15th had arrived there. Such a number proved, says M. de Bermond the perfect ignorance of the Marshal of the state of Paris, for, if the 15th were not arrived, this weak detachment must inevitably have been cut off.

'A quarter of an hour afterwards, this was thought of, and a whole battalion was ordered to make a *reconnoissance* in that direction; but, by

by a singular neglect, the battalion was not apprized of the former detachment. It was only ordered to proceed to the Palais de Justice, and there to wait till the 15th should have arrived. This battalion proceeded along the quays to the Pont Neuf, which it ought naturally to have crossed, and then have marched by the opposite Quay de l'Horloge ; but its advanced guard having continued to march by the north Quay de la Mégisserie, it was not thought worth while to turn back—and the battalion followed, intending to cross at the next bridge, the Pont au Change. This little accident saved the detachment of fifteen men just mentioned, which, on its arrival at the Place de Grève, found it occupied by an armed mob. The officer, advancing to parley with them, was received with a volley point-blank. He himself was severely wounded, and one private was killed, and some others wounded. He, of course, made the best retreat he could, but was on the point of being cut off, when the advanced guard of the battalion reached the Place du Châtelet, and saved it.'—*Military Events*, pp. 18, 19.

This incident affords a curious instance of the inaccuracy and exaggeration of the popular accounts of these transactions. We find, in a History of the Revolution, dedicated to the 'King of the French,' by M. Rossignol, p. 301, and repeated in all the other publications—

'That M. Paul Caffe, house-surgeon of the Hôtel-Dieu, attended, and saved from the fury of the people, *an officer and fifteen grenadiers of the Royal Guards, all of them wounded ; ten others were dead*, and therefore no longer required his assistance ; and that the detachment suffered all this loss for having disregarded the advice of M. Caffe, who had warned the officer that, on his arrival at the Hôtel de Ville, he and his men would be massacred. *But the unfortunate officer is said to have lived for half a day, and long enough to thank, more than once, his young and intrepid liberator, and to ask his pardon for neglecting his advice.*'—*Military Events*, p. 116 ; *Turnbull*, p. 226.

Now hear the truth of this story.

'This circumstance, which I had some difficulty in recognizing to be the same, relates to the patrol of fifteen men, sent by the Marshal to the Hôtel de Ville. It is well known that *one* man only was killed, and that neither the officer nor the detachment fell into the hands of the people. Nor did they receive any assistance from M. Caffe. Lastly, the men who were wounded were taken to the hospital of *Gros Caillou* (not to the *Hôtel-Dieu*), where their wounds were dressed, and the officer and men quickly recovered. The Lieutenant (M. de St. Germain) whose death is so pathetically related is now alive and well. (He gave evidence on the *Procès.*)

'I will now merely add, that the only part of the above account which has any foundation in truth, is the *advice* given by M. Caffe. The Lieutenant himself told me, that he had indeed been warned by a private individual of the occupation of the Hôtel de Ville by the people ;

people ; but that he had nevertheless followed his orders, which were positive, to advance to the Place de Grève.'—*Military Events*, p. 117.

Here, our readers will observe, was a story, authenticated by the name of a public officer,—the house-surgeon of the Hôtel-Dieu, —which turns out to be, in all its important circumstances, a mere fable. There are hundreds such!

This incident being over, Marmont now ordered his grand movement. He divided his force into four columns—the *first*, commanded by the Viscomte de St. Hilaire, of one battalion, two squadrons of cavalry, and two guns, in all about five hundred men, was to march from the Champs Elysées along the Boulevards as far as the Rue de Richelieu, and *return* to the Champs Elysées; —the *second*, of about the same force, under M. de St. Chamans, was to march up the Rue de Richelieu and along the Boulevards to the Bastille, and thence return by the Rue St. Antoine to the Place de Grève ;—while a *third*, of nearly the same strength, under M. de Talon, was to fall in with the 15th regiment on the Pont Neuf, and thence proceed along the Quays to meet the second column on the Place de Grève ;—a *fourth* column, of two battalions of Guards, two guns, and thirty gendarmes, under M. de Quinsonas was to proceed to the Marché des Innocens, and thence diverge *up* and *down* the Rue St. Denis, and, having cleared that great thoroughfare, return to the Marché, where it was to wait for further orders.

We cannot guess what advantage Marmont proposed, in his own mind, from these four *promenades*, which fatigued and exposed his troops in doing a laborious and dangerous *nothing;*— for if his whole plan had been uninterruptedly successful, and if all the promenades had been happily accomplished, things would only have been exactly where they began, as regards *position;* but with two serious disadvantages in other respects, namely— that the troops would have been exposed and harassed; and that the people would have become acquainted with the whole force of their opponents, and gained time to take their measures accordingly. If the insurgents had been apprized of the whole extent of Marmont's absurd movement, the Louvre and Tuileries, which were left nearly unguarded during this operation, might have been taken, and the whole affair ended early on the 28th.

Another and very unfavourable effect produced by these promenades was, that every movement of the troops was looked upon as a *retreat*. The crowd, not knowing that the troops were acting under precise orders, imagined that every change of place was a consequence of its opposition. This idea gave the assailants courage at the time, and has since tended to produce some of those exaggerated claims of successes, which had

had no foundation but the extraordinary absurdity of the proceedings. On the whole, so far are we from wondering at the advantages obtained by 'the unarmed population' of Paris over 'the ferocious satellites of the despot,' that we cannot comprehend how one man of the four columns thus ordered to promenade the interior of a hostile town, whose narrow streets were encumbered with innumerable barricades,—whose windows were filled with sharpshooters,—whose house-tops rained bricks and tiles,—how one man, we say, of these columns could have escaped destruction; yet, as we shall see, all the four columns did eventually find their way back to the Tuileries, with a loss wholly inconsiderable when compared with the dangers to which they seem to have been thus thoughtlessly and idly exposed.

The first column cleared its ground without difficulty. The second, under M. de St. Chamans, got as far as the Porte St. Denis, without opposition, but there a shot was fired on the Lancers at the head of the column. The Adjutant-major of this corps fell from his horse severely wounded. The individual who fired the shot escaped into the crowd, which, opening on both sides, left room for the column to pass. Some shots were fired, also, from the top of the Porte St. Denis itself. Near the Porte St. Martin, M. de St. Chamans was assailed by a sharp firing; he counter-marched his cavalry behind the infantry, which thus, unmasked, fired by platoons; the artillery fired also two rounds, and the column broke through a barricade which the people had erected across the Boulevard.

Pursuing its march, the column passed, near the *Fountain of Lions*, the 50th regiment of the line, which had been stationed there ever since the morning. At the Place de la Bastille they found the inhabitants of the Faubourg St. Antoine assembled in considerable numbers, and in great agitation. The General spoke to several of them, and endeavoured to persuade them to continue quiet, by showing them that they had nothing to gain by disturbing the public tranquillity. They answered that they had neither bread nor work. Amongst the foremost on this occasion were many women and children. He gave them all the money he had about him, and they cried, '*Vive le Roi!*' These cries were, however, mingled with those of '*Vive la Charte!*'—'*A bas les Ministres!*'

The General caused the *Place* to be cleared, to enable him to deploy the troops. The crowd fell back into the adjoining streets. This movement of the people was effected half by persuasion, half by force; the General distributing money, and the soldiers pushing back the people by degrees. A barricade had been raised at the end of the Rue St. Antoine: a detachment of infantry, which approached

proached it, was received by a volley, which wounded one officer and several men. This firing served as a signal to the crowd, which had just evacuated the *Place*, to fire from all the corners of the neighbouring streets on the column, which *at length* returned the fire, and maintained its position without any considerable loss. It seems hard to imagine how, so exposed, and so attacked from the windows, the troops were not exterminated; but the commanding officer adopted a simple and effective measure, which it is said the French had learned during the war in Spain:—he drew up his men in two lines, with their backs close to the houses on each side of the street, so that each line commanded the houses of the opposite side, (*Dix Jours*, p. 16.) This arrangement completely defeated the *guerre des fenêtres*, as long as the troops were stationary, but could not be maintained when they were in march. General de St. Chamans, therefore, seeing that several barricades were forming in the Rue St. Antoine and the other streets, (through which, it must be recollected, he was ordered to return,) thought that his artillery could not fail to embarrass him by the delays and difficulties of getting it over these impediments, and thus afford his adversaries all the peculiar advantages which street fighting gives to irregular assailants. Convinced, also, of the utter inutility of these kind of military *promenades* through these intricate quarters, he came to the resolution of returning to the Tuileries by the Southern Boulevards, and for this purpose he crossed the river at the Pont d'Austerlitz, and brought back his column to its original position, with little loss.

We must here notice one of the exaggerations so frequent in the popular accounts. Mr. Turnbull tells us that—

'In consequence of three officers of rank having been killed in the Rue St. Antoine, in front of a certain house, *a battery of twelve pounders* and two twenty-four inch *howitzers*, were directed against it, and that it was battered almost to ruins by balls and *shells;* and that one of the *shells* having fallen down the chimney, into the house No. 75, the inhabitants succeeded in extinguishing the fusee before it had exploded, and it was immediately suspended across the street at the height of the third-floor windows, where it still remains surmounted by a tricoloured flag, and bearing this inscription—"*Charles X. to his people.*"'—*Turnbull*, pp. 97 and 234.

Now, it is well known, that M. de St. Chamans' column, like all the others, had but *two guns* with it—that it was purposely and humanely determined to employ no *howitzers* in these contests—that no *shell* was, or could have been fired—and that the number of the house, the mode in which the shell entered, and all the other details so circumstantially given, are just as true as the celebrated incident of the *School for Scandal*—'the ball struck against a little

little bronze Shakspeare that stood over the fire-place, grazed out of the window at a right angle, and wounded the postman who was just coming to the door with a double letter from Northamptonshire!'

The third column, which was ordered to occupy the Marché des Innocens, was received there by a pretty sharp fire, particularly from the windows, from which also stones, tiles, and even pieces of furniture were thrown, and wounded several men; but the fire of the troops soon silenced that of the people on the *Marché;* and General Talon lost no time in detaching the first battalion (according to Marmont's arrangement) to march *up* the Rue St. Denis, and back again; the General, with the other battalion, remaining stationary in the Marché des Innocens, instead of marching, as he had been ordered to do, *down* the Rue St. Denis to the Place du Châtelet. He thus varied from Marmont's orders, and, in the opinion of military men, did right; for what advantage was to be gained by marching his column backwards and forwards in these narrow and barricaded streets? He therefore very prudently resolved to defer his movement towards the Place du Châtelet, till the first battalion should have returned from *its* promenade: that return, however, was found impracticable. The Rue de St. Denis was blocked up by numerous barricades. A Plan of Paris with the Barricades, since published, exhibits as many as *thirty* in this space. Though they appear to have been poorly defended, and to have *been everywhere surmounted by the troops—and, what is more surprising, by the guns—with little or no difficulty,* their number and the time taken in removing them retarded the march of the column, and exposed it to the fire and missiles from the houses on both sides of the way. Colonel Pleineselve, one of the best officers, and one of the most respectable men of the army, was wounded early in this absurd promenade, by a shot which passed through his thigh and killed his horse. Even after his wound he continued to command the battalion; and notwithstanding his sufferings, his coolness and the spirit of discipline never for a moment abandoned him. This incident delayed the march of the column so long, that the Colonel, on his arrival at the Porte St. Denis, finding that the barricades he had removed had been soon rebuilt behind him by the ten thousand hands of the people, and seeing that the interior Boulevard at each side of him was blocked up in the same way, resolved (after waiting a considerable time at the Porte St. Denis for the chance of orders) to effect his return to the Tuileries of the Faubourg St. Denis, and the external Boulevard, which he accomplished with the loss of seven killed and about thirteen wounded, during this long and difficult march, which *lasted for near eight hours,* and in

 which,

which, if we are to believe the *popular diagrams*, he would have had to surmount near fifty barricades. During the halt at the Porte St. Denis, some men who had occupied that elevated post all the morning were dislodged; and nothing can more strikingly show the folly of these promenades, than this fact—that although these men had fired on M. de St. Chamans' column, and killed one of the superior officers, that column had passed on without dislodging them. It is also a remarkable fact, and very explanatory of the spirit in which the military acted, that these men suffered no kind of retaliation from the troops, who seem not even to have made them prisoners. It seems to have been at this time also, that an incident proved in the *Procès*, and very characteristic of the generous forbearance of the troops, must have taken place.—A shopkeeper near the Boulevard came from his house, and, taking deliberate aim, fired on one of the mounted officers who was at the head of the party; he missed him and ran off, but, as soon as he had loaded his gun, returned, and again fired and again missed; upon which the officer rode up to him, and, instead of cutting him down as might be expected, he said to him quietly, 'Now, my friend, you have shown that you are but a bad marksman, had you not better stick to your shop?'

While this was going on at the head of the Rue St. Denis, the other column had remained in the Marché des Innocens. At four o'clock cartridges began to run short, although they had been carefully economized. The first battalion did not return: the General could not communicate with the Tuileries: barricades and crowds, growing every moment more formidable, particularly in point of *armament*, were closing him in on every side. His situation might become very critical. His aid-de-camp offered to carry information of these circumstances to the Marshal. In a moment he cut off his moustaches, and putting on a jacket of one of the populace, set off for the Tuileries, where he arrived at the same moment that a similar message was brought to the Marshal by a detachment of Cuirassiers from the Place de Grève; but the Marshal had no disposable force but a battalion of Swiss. It was ordered to the Marché des Innocens to relieve the column so critically situated there. The Swiss officer who commanded this battalion missed his way, lost time, and increased all the difficulties. He entered the Marché des Innocens by the Point St. Eustache, after having wandered through the streets Montorgueil and St. Sauveur, which were in a quite opposite direction from that which he ought naturally to have taken. It seems that this gentleman *did not know his way* to the Marché—it was one of the Captains of the regiment who at last set him right.

These two battalions, being however at last united, marched by the

the lower part of the Rue St. Denis to the Place du Châtelet, and from thence along the Quays, to the Louvre, where they took a position. They met several barricades, which at first sight seemed to oppose great difficulties to the passage of the guns, but they easily surmounted them.

Hitherto, in the progress of these three columns, we have seen nothing more than marches delayed by obstacles and harassed by skirmishes. The proceedings of the fourth column afford a more regular system of attack and resistance; and as they include the most remarkable events of the whole contest, and exhibited the greatest efforts both of the troops and the people, we shall give them at length in the words of M. de Bermond.

'We must now follow the fourth column of the Guards, which marched upon the Hôtel de Ville. Proceeding along the Quays, it found at the Pont Neuf, Colonel Perregaux, and two battalions of the 15th Light Infantry. The General handed to the Colonel, Marshal Marmont's orders to support with his regiment the movements of the Guards, and to attach one of his battalions directly to them. The Guards, then, and one battalion of the 15th, crossed the Pont Neuf, and proceeded to the broad quay called Le Marché aux Fleurs, which lies between the two bridges Pont au Change and Pont Notre Dame. The General soon decided to approach the Place de Grève by the Pont Notre Dame, which crosses the river a few hundred yards to the westward, on the Place de Grève, but to make also a demonstration by the new Suspension-bridge which crosses directly to the Grève. Two platoons of the 15th were to remain on the Marché aux Fleurs, to observe that neighbourhood, while the rest of the battalion was to support the Guards.

'While these arrangements were making, the mobs, which had since the morning been collecting in the Place de Grève and all the neighbourhood, advanced, in something like order, to occupy the Pont Notre Dame. They came on with drums in front, and headed by a few individuals who appeared to be their leaders. The two guns of the column of Guards, which had been halted at the end of the bridge next the Marché aux Fleurs, were now advanced to the centre of the bridge. At this moment a Staff-officer of the Guards advanced across the bridge to meet the insurgents; he pointed out to the leaders the position of the guns, and explained that they were marching to certain destruction, and he conjured them, in the name of humanity, to retire. The drums ceased to beat, and the crowd withdrew to the left and right, but they fired some shots, one of which killed an adjutant who had accompanied the Staff-officer. It was then that the guns fired one shot each, and the Quays de Gesvres and Pelletier, at the north end of the bridge, were occupied by the Guards; the people skirmishing a little from the windows of the adjoining streets.

'The detachment which crossed by the Suspension-bridge ought

not to have come beyond the arch which supports that bridge, till the other party, crossing the Pont Notre Dame, had reached the *Place* by the Quay Pelletier; but the impetuosity of the commanding officer hastened this movement, and for a short time exposed his detachment to the whole fire of the *Place*, and the windows of the surrounding houses. At length, however, the *Place* was taken, and the people in the houses remained quiet. A firing was still kept up from the angles of the Rue du Mouton, which enters the *Place* from the northward, and in which there was a barricade, which, however, the troops carried. The guns were placed in battery on the *Place*, and pointed towards the Pont de la Cité, which leads over into the Rue St. Louis de l'Isle. It was indeed all that could be done with them, for the height of the parapet wall of the Quay prevented their being directed to any other point. I must here observe, once for all, that the eight guns which were distributed, two and two, to the several columns, were nowhere of much use, and were everywhere a considerable embarrassment. We have heard a great deal of the grape and canister shot (*mitraille*) supposed to have mowed down so many thousand insurgents; but I repeat, with a full certainty of the truth of my assertion, that there were but four rounds of that kind of shot.

'The position of the Guards on the *Place* was supported only by the 15th Light Infantry, which had been ordered to occupy the opposite quays and streets. The commanding officer of the Guards had reckoned upon this. When, however, several men were wounded by musketry from the south quays, and that a message had been sent to call the attention of the officer commanding the battalion to the fact, he answered that he would prevent it for the future; but he did no such thing. A second message produced nothing but a formal refusal of that officer to interfere. Very soon the Quay de la Cité was filled with insurgent sharpshooters, who, under the protection of the 15th, kept up a well-sustained fire on the Guards in the *Place*.

'It was at this moment that the 50th regiment of the Line, which had thought proper to quit its position on the Boulevard, to return to its barrack, but finding it occupied by the insurgents, arrived by the Quay de la Grève, preceded by forty cuirassiers.*

'It was then certain, that the column which was expected from the

* This detachment (which had been ordered by M. de St. Chamans to proceed to the Place de Grève, to announce that he was unable to come thither and was proceeding by the Pont d'Austerlitz) had turned out of the Rue St. Antoine by the Church of St. Gervais, to avoid the narrow streets between that point and the Place de Grève. The Captain of the Cuirassiers detached his trumpeter to apprize the troops in the *Place* of his movements, and to desire that a diversion might be made to facilitate his junction with them. This brave young man devoted himself to almost certain death for the safety of his comrades, but he fortunately succeeded in reaching the Hôtel de Ville by the back streets, over numerous barricades, and through every kind of danger. A charge was immediately ordered of twelve Lancers, and some light infantry, through the arcade St. Jean under the left wing of the Hotel de Ville, and through the Rue St. Gervais, which called off the attention of the insurgents to these streets, while the detachment of Cuirassiers made its way down to the Quays, and so to the Place de Grève, the 50th regiment following, but *taking no part in the fight.*

Boulevards

Boulevards and Porte St. Antoine would not arrive. The cartridges were almost expended. The General resolved to occupy the Hôtel de Ville itself; the cavalry and artillery were marched into the stable-yard of the Hotel to protect them from the plunging fire which the insurgents kept up in perfect safety from the opposite side of the river. The 50th regiment was, at the earnest desire of its Colonel, M. de Maussion, placed in the interior court of the building. It was only under a promise of neutrality towards the Parisians that this officer had induced his men to follow him.

'At length the detachment of two hundred Swiss, which was sent from the Tuileries in consequence of a message before mentioned, relieved a part of the battalion of the Guards, which had now been five hours engaged with the insurgents, and which had about forty men *hors de combat;* at this moment, the people mistaking this movement, which was ill-executed, endeavoured to make a simultaneous and decisive attack from all points; but they were repulsed, and their barricades taken. The Swiss lost some men: they had been supported by the grenadiers and light infantry of the Guards. This light infantry now went to guard the Suspension-bridge (left open by the neutrality of the 15th, who should have guarded the other end), and there maintained themselves, though they had not a cartridge left, for three quarters of an hour, with most remarkable steadiness and courage.

'Having determined to occupy the Hôtel de Ville, it became necessary to abandon the *Place* and its outposts, and limit the defence to the Hotel itself. The General caused all the apartments to be opened which had windows on the *Place* and surrounding streets, and they were occupied by sharpshooters of the Guards. They obtained cartridges from the regiment of the Line, and, when all was ready, the Swiss and grenadiers of the Guards were withdrawn from the *Place*. The barricade at the Rue du Mouton was confided to the light infantry of the Guards. This movement was, like the former, mistaken by the insurgents for a retreat, and they followed it up with another general attack; but the fire from the windows of the building (now for the first time used for this purpose) defeated this attempt; and even the purlieus in the back streets, in which the insurgents had been safe all day, became now, by the fire from the apartments, wholly untenable; and the Parisians suffered considerably. Towards night, a non-commissioned officer, in disguise, arrived to announce that the second column from the Porte St. Antoine would not come to the Place de Grève (this was already known by means of the detachment of Cuirassiers), and that the troops in the Hôtel de Ville were to make their retreat to the Tuileries *how they could.*

'There was now nothing to be done but to execute this retreat in good order, which, however, was only rendered difficult by the number of wounded, to the amount of between fifty and sixty, whom they would not abandon, and by the guns, which they would have to get over the barricades; this last difficulty, however, was found to be comparatively

comparatively light. The wounded were the real embarrassment; but their comrades undertook to carry them. There was now only to fix the *hour* and the *line* of the retreat. The best line seemed to be that by which they had come. The Quay aux Fleurs is very wide. The Quay de l'Horloge is sheltered, during the greater part of its length, by the buildings of the Palais de Justice and the Conciergerie; and the houses are but thinly inhabited.

'It is known that the Parisians never disarrange themselves as to *hours*. They had fought well all day; at eleven o'clock the moon would be down; the lamps were broken. People do not willingly remain idling in the dark when they have deeds of prowess to tell to admiring hearers at home; it was therefore concluded that the way would be clear at midnight, and that hour was finally fixed on.

'Ever since dusk the troops had no cartridges, but a few had been reserved, and were now appropriated to the advanced guard of the retreat. When night came, the persons who had occupied the houses all round for the purpose of firing on the troops, and who were not inhabitants, began to steal away. They were seen very plainly by the guards, but there was no desire to interrupt them, nor to disturb the inhabitants, who then began returning to their own homes.

'The wine-sellers, who had any wine left, and particularly one at the corner of the *Place* and the Rue du Mouton, sold some to the soldiers; and drove a profitable trade. A few bottles, very much diluted with water, were of great use to the men and the wounded. It was *the only food or refreshment they had tasted the whole day.*

'At midnight, as had been agreed upon, the troops quitted the Hôtel de Ville. The detachment of light infantry, which preceded it by a few paces, ran forward to secure a barricade which blocked the Quay Pelletier; and some paving-stones were rolled down to enable the artillery to pass. The noise of this operation attracted a few chance shots from the opposite side of the river, but they hurt no one. They found the 15th Light Infantry at the Palais de Justice and on the Pont Neuf.

'It must be owned that the Guards, who had been fighting for twelve hours at the Hôtel de Ville, were astonished to find this regiment *still* in this position! It is easy enough, in a civil war, to understand how people come to take an opposite side from one's own; but it was difficult to comprehend the patient neutrality which remained indifferent to both parties, or the wary prudence which waited to see which it might be most advantageous to join.' — p. 32—42.

This is a long extract, but we are anxious that our readers should see a full and authentic account of that portion of the contest which was, no doubt, the sharpest, and which, therefore, has been the subject of the grossest exaggeration. And we may depend the more on the strict accuracy of this account, for the writer was attached to this column, and was himself, we are informed,

formed, the *Staff-officer* who advanced on the bridge to parley with the people. Hear what Mr. Turnbull says :—

'In the course of Wednesday, the Hôtel de Ville, as a position of considerable importance, was the object of many bloody engagements: it was *taken* and *retaken*, perhaps *ten* or *twelve* different times, by the National Guard and the citizens on the one hand, and the regular troops on the other; and as the resistance was as obstinate as the attack was courageous, the struggle was necessarily attended with a dreadful slaughter. Such heroism was at last crowned with complete success. Tired out and disheartened by the constant renewal of the masses opposed to them, the royalist forces were finally forced to evacuate this dangerous post, and there also floated the victorious colours of the nation.'—p. 130.

Now, it is indisputable that this edifice was not taken and retaken, in the sense in which the words are here used, *even once* during the whole day. In the forenoon and before the arrival of the troops, the people forced their way into the Hotel for the purpose of hoisting the tricoloured flag there, and ringing the *tocsin;* but they never occupied it as a military post. When the troops arrived on the Place de Grève, the edifice appears to have been deserted; and when they resolved to occupy it, they found no opposition—it was empty. They remained in it till the contest was entirely over; the assailants had all retired. About midnight the troops also retired, and left the Hôtel de Ville again empty, and so it remained till the next morning, when it was taken *quiet possession* of by the people. These facts are proved, not merely by M. de Bermond, but by the evidence of M. de Chabrol, (who himself resided in the Hotel, as Prefet de la Seine,) and other indisputable witnesses in the *Procès.* But Mr. Turnbull's authorities are modest and authentic compared to those quoted by Mr. Hone :—

'M. Collard, one of the combatants on this day, residing on the Rue Mortellerie at the corner of the Place de Grève, relates that —" about one o'clock in the afternoon a party of the Royal Guards and of Swiss, to the number of nearly eight hundred men, debouching by the Quay, appeared on the Place de Grève. A brisk fire commenced, but the National Guards, not being in sufficient strength, were obliged to give ground, and to suffer the Royal Guards to take possession of their post. The Royal Guards had scarcely made themselves *masters of the Hôtel de Ville*, when they were assailed on all sides with a shower of bullets from the windows of the houses on the Place de Grève, and in the street abutting on the quay. The Royal Guards resisted vigorously, and killed many more in number than were killed of themselves. But still they were *dislodged*, and directed a murderous retreat along the quay, their firing by files and by platoons succeeding each other with astonishing rapidity. They were soon joined

joined by fresh troops of the Royal Guard and of Swiss, including one hundred cuirassiers of the Guard, and *four* pieces of artillery, each of them escorted by a dozen artillerymen on horseback. With this terrible reinforcement they again advanced on the Hôtel de Ville, and a frightful firing began on all sides. The artillery debouching from the Quay, and charged with canister shot, swept the Place de Grève in a terrific manner. Mountains of dead bodies covered that immense place. They succeeded in driving the citizens into the Rues de Matroit and du Mouton, and entered for the *second time* that day into their position at the Hôtel de Ville. But their possession of it did not continue long; for they were soon again attacked with a perseverance and courage truly sublime and almost irresistible. Their artillery, ranged before the Prefecture of the Seine and the Hotel de Ville, threatened death to thousands. The repeated charges of the cuirassiers were violent, but the citizens did not give way. Immoveable in their position, they expected and received death, with cries of '*Vive la Liberté!—Vive la Charte!*' Their heroic and generous efforts proved fatal to many. The heaps of dead bodies showed the diminution in the numbers of the people. They would, perhaps, have been defeated, had it not been for one of those little accidents which sometimes occur in such circumstances, and which decided the victory in their favour. A young man, bearing in his hand a tricoloured flag, advanced under a shower of bullets upon the *Suspension bridge*, which joins the Grève to the quay of the city, and, mounting to the façade of the pillar on the side of the Grève, he there planted the national colours. The sight of the flag of liberty reanimated the courage of the brave French. They returned to the charge with new ardour; but unfortunately, at the first fire of the Guards, the brave young man was struck by one of their bullets. He rolled down to the foot of the ladder which he had so bravely mounted, and his lifeless body fell into the Seine. It was then that in their rage and courage, forgetting everything but the disaster of their brave brother, the besiegers rushed on the assassins, got possession of their artillery, and discharged it against them. From that time the victory was not doubtful. The cause of liberty had triumphed, but it cost the country much noble blood—twelve hundred having been either killed or wounded, of those who had generously taken arms for the defence of their liberties and of their country. 'Grand and noble victory!' thy country hath paid dearly for thee. Let us hope that the liberty which thou hast acquired for us will not again be taken from us. Let us hope that no sacrilegious tyrant will again lay his impious hands upon our institutions. The soldiers of the *ci-devant* king *lost* on that murderous day about *six hundred men, four pieces of artillery, and forty horses.*"'—*Hone*, p. 29.

We need not point out to our readers the extravagant falsehoods of all this bravado, but it will be amusing to follow a little further the glorious incident of the 'brave young man' on the *Suspension Bridge*. Mr. Turnbull, like many of his Parisian authorities, gives the following account of it:—

'The

'The contest for the passage of this bridge produced another trait of courage not less worthy of notice and admiration. It had already cost so many lives, that the proposal for a fresh attempt upon it met with some symptoms of hesitation. "Follow me!" said a young man, addressing his companions, while he advanced on the bridge, "and if I fall, remember that my name is Arcole!" With this the youthful hero marched straight upon the enemy, and fell at their first volley. But the example was given, the blood of a martyr in the cause of liberty was not unfruitful, and the victorious column advanced on the Place de Grève, amidst tremendous shouts of "*Vive la Charte!*" and "*Gloire à d'Arcole!*" His dying wish was executed on the instant, the bridge received the name of him to whose self-devotion its conquest was due, and a few minutes afterwards the national flag was flying over the belfry of the town-hall.'—pp. 132, 133.

And by the name of *Le Pont d'Arcole* the bridge is now distinguished by every voice and on every map! Very well; but, after all, what must be the reader's surprise to learn that *there never was such a person as* D'ARCOLE, the hero of the piece. In most accounts of Buonaparte's first Italian campaign, it is said that, in order to overcome an obstinate resistance made by the Austrians to the passage of a bridge over the Adige, near the *town of Arcola*, he himself seized a standard, and rushed upon the bridge. Now, a day or two *after* the late revolution, when the *imperial* names were restored in Paris, and the Ponts de Jena and d'Austerlitz had reverted to their original denominations, it occurred to some one to denominate the new *Suspension bridge*, which had not yet had a name, by that of the *Pont d'Arcole;* and so blind, as well as so ignorant, is popular vanity, that the name of a *place* was confounded with the name of a *man*. Buonaparte's achievement was wholly forgotten, and the glory transferred to a phantom—one *Monsieur d'Arcole!*

The retreat of this column back to the Tuileries ended the second of the glorious days, and left the parties in precisely the same *local* position they had occupied in the morning. All the military advantages had been with the troops, but all the moral impressions were in favour of the people. Four columns had marched out in the morning, and when, after twelve hours of hard fighting, exhausted by labour and absolute starvation, they were seen coming back, under the shelter of the night, to the place whence they had departed, no one could believe that they had been acting by a preconcerted plan, or could look on them in any other light than as the disheartened and scattered remains of a routed army; yet at this time, the killed, wounded, and missing, of all ranks, of all the troops, did not exceed *three hundred.*

And here it is to be observed that, up to the evening of the 28th, the upper classes seemed to take little part in the affair. About that

that time some students of the schools of law and medicine began to show themselves on the quays, and fired a few of the last shots which were directed across the river on the Place de Grève; but although we read in the popular accounts, of cannon bravely taken, and afterwards skilfully directed, by some of the Polytechnic school, as early as the middle of the 28th, such stories are all false. Not a gun was taken during the whole operations in Paris, and none of the Polytechnic students were able, however willing they doubtless were, to escape from the school before the morning of the 29th.

The troops, or at least many of them, bivouacked that night on the ground they occupied. There had been no issue of any kind of provisions since the morning of the 27th, and they were still equally destitute. Masters of all the avenues to Paris, the government and the marshal permitted the *town* to be supplied with its usual abundance, while, by a neglect and imbecility which exceed even all the rest of their errors, they would not, or could not, supply a morsel of bread for the starving *troops*.

In the course of the evening and night arrived from Versailles, Ruel, and other quarters, about 1700 guards, French and Swiss. Why these battalions (they were none of them more than a dozen miles distant) had not been marched in on the 26th, or even the 27th is as extraordinary as all the rest. This tardy reinforcement, however, did little more than carry the force of the garrison to what it had been in the morning, and supply the killed, wounded, and missing, who were calculated at 300, and the guards of the different posts which had been so inconsiderately scattered throughout the town, before the troops had left their barracks, and which had been all seized, disarmed, and dispersed.

On the morning of the 29th, the guards exhibited a force of

Eleven battalions of infantry	3000 men.
Thirteen squadrons of cavalry	1300
	4300

The four regiments of the line still kept together in a species of armed neutrality, which had no other effect than to deceive and distract the Guards, and to encourage and protect the people. Marmont, however, assigned them places in the general disposition of his forces. That disposition was changed frequently in the morning of the 29th, and great vacillation and confusion appear to have prevailed even under Marmont's own eyes, but the following seems to have been his definitive arrangement:

The Ecole Militaire, on the south bank of the river, was occupied by a battalion of the guards;

The

The Palais Bourbon, the Pont Louis XVI., and the Place Louis XV. by the 15th light infantry of the Line.

Two battalions of guards were also stationed in the Place Louis XV., and drawn up fronting the Champs Elysées, with their backs to Paris.

The 5th and 53d of the Line were in the Place Vendôme.

The Rue Royale, and the adjoining part of the Rue St. Honoré, and the neighbourhood of the Church de la Madeleine, were occupied by two battalions of guards.

One battalion of guards was in the Tuileries gardens, on the side next the Rue de Rivoli.

One battalion of Swiss Guards was posted in front of the Tuileries, near the arch du Carousel.

Another of Swiss was in the internal court of the Louvre, acting as a reserve.

A third in the interior of the Louvre, lined the colonnade and the windows of that building.

Two battalions of guards occupied the Bank and Palais Royal which adjoin, and some houses in the Rue St. Honoré, particularly that which forms the corner of the Rue de Rohan.

The cavalry was chiefly in the Champs Elysées, but by one of those blunders which seem, like a fatality, to have attended all that Marmont did, two squadrons of lancers were placed within the iron railings of the immediate court of the Tuileries, where it never could act, for this court has but one entrance, (the arch du Carousel,) and only one issue behind,—namely, the great vestibule of the palace itself, which is commonly used only as a foot passage into the garden.

Notwithstanding this, and some other blunders, the positions of the Tuileries and the Louvre were impregnable; 'such was,' says M. de Bermond, 'the opinion of *General Excelmans*, who came at eleven o'clock to offer Marshal Marmont his services on the Royalist side. Such also was that of a foreign Prince,' (it is said Prince Paul of Wirtemberg is meant,) 'who had seen a great deal of service, and who took the same step.' M. de Bermond, when he quotes the opinions of these gentlemen (whose politics were decidedly popular) as a proof of the tenability of the position, might also have adduced it as a proof that the Royalist cause was still by no means lost in public opinion.

At half-past eleven, some negociation took place between the leaders of the people and the officer of the Line who commanded in the Palais Bourbon; in consequence of which he promised to stand neuter, and, accordingly, withdrew his men into the garden of the Prince de Condé. Barricades were immediately raised by the people in all that neighbourhood. Insurgent sharpshooters placed themselves in the portico of the Chamber of Deputies,

Deputies, and behind the balustrades of the roof of the Prince de Condé's residence, and opened a sharp fire on the troops in the Place Louis XV. The 15th light infantry soon retreated out of the fire into the alleys of the Champs Elysées. This fire was not serious, but it was nevertheless thought proper to clear the Palais Bourbon of these assailants, and a platoon of light infantry of the Guards was sent to do so. It crossed the bridge, entered the Rue de Bourgogne, cleared all the barricades, and took possession of the Palace, the people who had occupied it escaping through various issues; the detachment, having had but two men wounded, established itself in the interior court of the palace—and there it was that the captain who commanded it learned that there was a *regiment of the line* in the garden.

This incident is of little importance in itself, but is very remarkable as showing the spirit which really animated the *Guards*, the *Line*, and the *people* respectively, when a small detachment of about thirty men thus attacked and dislodged from a strong position what may be called the whole left wing of the Parisian army.

About this time, the 5th and 53d of the Line, stationed in the Place Vendôme, took off their bayonets, and shouldering their muskets with the butts in the air, finally sided with the people. M. de Wall, the General who commanded them, disappeared during this operation; but the Marshal was apprized in good time of the event. He directed that a battalion should proceed to block up the Rue Castiglione, left open by the defection of these two regiments; but by an inconceivable aberration of mind, instead of bringing up one of the two battalions of Guards which were standing in the Rue Royale, doing nothing, he sent all the way to the Louvre for one of the battalions of Swiss stationed there. We beg our readers to note this.

The Marshal, thus at last convinced that no dependence was to be placed on the *Line*, thought proper to propose a suspension of arms. This proposition was made to the people from all points, by officers of the staff, and by commissioners of police, and the firing ceased in the neighbourhood of the Tuileries and the Palais Royal. No doubt this armistice would have soon extended itself to the right and left—for all parties were heartily sick of the contest and dubious of its results—when an accident occurred, which though trivial in its own nature, altered in a moment the whole face of affairs, the fate of the French monarchy, and perhaps the destinies of the world. We shall state it in M. de Bermond's own words:—

'But let us return to the Louvre, where the final and fatal scene of this drama is most unexpectedly about to be performed.

'The

'The Marshal, as we have just stated, had sent for *one* of the two battalions of Swiss which happened to be under the orders of the *same officer* who had so *strangely lost his way* in proceeding to the Marché des Innocens, the day before. That officer, on this requisition, determined to send to the Marshal precisely THAT ONE of his two battalions which defended the whole position, by occupying the colonnade and galleries of the Louvre. *With the other battalion he remained quietly in the interior court below.*

'When the Parisians observed that the firing from the colonnade and windows of the Louvre had ceased, whether it was that the proposition for the suspension of arms had not yet reached them, (which I believe, though I cannot assert it,) or whether they thought the opportunity of breaking the truce too advantageous to be lost, they approached the edifice, and, finding no opposition, got into the garden, which is in front of the Louvre; finding still no opposition, they got in at the lower windows and doors, and took possession of the whole interior of the edifice. They first occupied the windows which looked into the inner court, and fired on the battalion below. Others ran along the great picture gallery, filling every window, and firing on the troops in the Place du Carousel.

'The recent news of the desertion of the Line, and this *sudden appearance of the insurgents over their heads along the whole of that vast line, and perhaps, also, some recollections of the famous 10th August*, disordered the imaginations of the Swiss. Having attempted in vain to recall the Parisians to the armistice, they left the Louvre, and left it with precipitation and in disorder. When they arrived at the Carousel, they found there their third battalion, in presence of the Parisians who were posted all round, but still observing, on both sides, the suspension of arms. The retreating battalion was hotly pursued by the fire of the Parisians; and those who occupied the windows of the picture gallery opened their fire on the Swiss, and the two squadrons of Lancers, which were, as I have before described, cooped up in the railed inclosure of the Tuileries. This example instigated the Parisians, on the other side, to break the armistice, and they also recommenced firing on the whole body of troops in the Carousel.

'There are often in war moments like this, in which a danger, comparatively small, may produce the total rout of an army: an able or determined man, on such occasions, stops the disorder by a seasonable command, or remedies it by a sudden manœuvre. We had no such man at that moment: the Swiss rushed at the Arch—they squeezed through irregularly, and precipitated themselves on the Lancers, who were drawn up in front of the only issue from this railed space, namely, the entrance-vestibule between the *court* and the *garden* of the Tuileries. The Lancers blocking up this passage, the Swiss were of necessity obliged to rally a little; but at last they got through both these defiles (the arch and the vestibule), in the greatest disorder. A couple of platoons, properly commanded, would

would have sufficed to stop this singular movement, and would also have checked the Parisians, who were, on this point, neither in force nor order. The loss of the Swiss in this *row* (I know not how better to denominate such a scene), was only three or four killed and wounded.

'The reader will recollect that the head-quarters were at this arch; and, of course, the Marshal, who really could not have expected any such event, was *surprised* and obliged to retire precipitately, leaving, it is said, 120,000 francs (about 5000*l.*) in bags behind him. He retreated by the Rue de Rivoli, and made his way round into the garden of the Tuileries. Two cannon-shot, fired from the terrace next the river, checked the Parisians who were following the Swiss; and these battalions formed again in the garden; which, however, the Marshal now ordered all the troops to evacuate, and to retire upon St. Cloud.'—pp. 60—63.

This was the death-blow to the cause of the existing government. Had it not been for this extraordinary accident it seems highly probable that Charles X., or at least the Dauphin, would have continued on the throne,—the obnoxious *Ordonnances* had been already revoked,—a new ministry had been nominated,—all parties were willing to put an end to the civil war, and to transfer the discussion to the parliamentary arena. The temper of the Chambers was originally so bad, and must have been so much inflamed by these lamentable contests, that perhaps the final and essential result of the discussions there might have been little different from what has taken place; but the change of dynasty would probably have been avoided, and the terrible example of a popular tumult producing such important, such permanent, and such extended changes in the state of European society, would have been avoided.

Marmont, in a letter which he has published, and verbally during his short stay in England, attributed this misfortune to a *panic among the Swiss*. No doubt there was a panic *at last*, when the troops in the Carousel saw the windows of the galleries above filled with their enemies, and when they found that there was but one issue,—the vestibule of the palace,—through which alone horse, foot, and artillery were to escape: but at first there was no panic whatsoever; the first battalion of Swiss left the Louvre in obedience to command, and the others were on the Carousel in perfect order and security, when the *sudden apparition* of the Parisians above, and the revival of the firing all around them, surprised them, as it did all the other troops—aye, and Marshal Marmont himself—into what soon became a panic.

M. de Bermond, whose moderation and impartiality are everywhere remarkable, charges Marmont with only a share of this *bêtise*,—that of sending for *a* battalion of Swiss from the Louvre, which, as the key of his whole position, ought not to have been weakened;

weakened; but the withdrawing of *the* battalion, which was actually engaged with the people from the colonnade and windows, instead of either of the other two who were in reserve below, he seems to attribute to the blunder of the Swiss officer in command at the Louvre. Others, however, charge the *whole* error upon Marmont.

Colonel the Count de Salis, who commanded the three battalions of Swiss, has published, in reply to Marmont's accusation of a panic, a letter, in which he says,

'About nine o'clock the Duke of Ragusa sent me an order, by his aide-de-camp, to evacuate the apartments of the Louvre, which I did as soon as possible. To my representation, that the building would then be defenceless, and that even the battalion in the court might be attacked, the Duke sent me word that there was a truce, and that I was to cease firing. I then proceeded to obey my orders,' &c.—*Dix Jours*, p. 49.

He adds, 'that the post was *impregnable* as long as he chose to maintain it;' and he reminds the marshal, 'that he (Count de Salis) himself marching on foot, the *last man* of the regiment, made this report to the marshal; and that it was not till after this (when the fire from the windows of the picture gallery obliged the cavalry to attempt to retreat through the vestibule into the garden) that any confusion whatsoever occurred'—*Dix Jours*, p. 50; but we must, in justice to Marmont, observe, that the Count admits that he began to effect the evacuation before he made his representation, and that Marmont's answer was—not to *evacuate*, but —to cease firing; and on the whole, we think it probable, that in this instance, as in every other which we have examined, M. de Bermond is right, and that it was by a *mistake* of the marshal's orders that the Louvre was abandoned.

We have not space to amuse our readers with the rhodomontades with which the popular writers have described,—the *storming of the Louvre*, the *surrender at discretion* of the Swiss garrison, and, after a considerable interval, the *storming of the Tuileries* by three separate columns, who effected *breaches* almost at the same moment, (Turnbull, pp. 174 and 185,) and the double *capture* and *recapture* of the latter edifice after the most *obstinate fighting* (Hone, p. 39). We have seen that there was no *storm*, no *surrender*, no *breach*, no *obstinate fighting*, no *recapture*, and that the few shots fired in the whole of this affair were *by* the people and not *at* them. Indeed, both the officers of the Guard state, that the pursuit on the part of the people was unexpectedly slack. Some of the accounts talk of a *capitulation* by which the Tuileries were surrendered: this is as false as all the rest; the Tuileries were taken possession of by the people without resistance or demur.

All

All hope was now gone. Paris was evacuated, and the royal troops, over whom no military advantage had been obtained during the whole three days, and who, within five minutes of the catastrophe, were in what Buonaparte had pronounced, and proved to be, an 'impregnable position'—were hurried, by the orders of their general, 'towards St. Cloud, with all the characteristics of an utter defeat.

This final retreat was so rapid, that the battalion in the Palais Royal, and the parties who occupied the houses in the Rue St. Honoré, were forgotten, as were also a depôt of Swiss in the barracks of the Rue de Babylone. The battalion from the Palais Royal made good its retreat with little or no loss, but the parties in the houses were surrounded, taken, and *massacred*. Most of the popular accounts omit all notice of the *massacre*, and those who mention it think to attenuate the horror by calling the victims *Swiss*. Such an apology is as diabolical as the original crime, and is, moreover, false.

The affair of the Barrack of Babylon, as it is called, deserves a little more detail, as in all the popular accounts it is represented as the most heroic achievement of the *three glorious days;* naturally enough—for it was the *only* contested point of which the people succeeded in possessing themselves by force; and the attack was mainly organized and led by the celebrated students of law and medicine, most of whom inhabit that remote part of the town adjoining the Rue de Babylone. In the evening of the 28th, it seems to have occurred to some of these young men that it was a reproach to the inhabitants of the neighbourhood that this barrack should be almost the only one in the whole city not in possession of the people; and they passed the night in providing arms and ammunition, and in making other preparations for an attack next morning. On the 29th, the people assembled in the Place d'Odéon, and other open spaces, to the amount of many thousands ('plusieurs milliers,'—*Evènemens de Paris*, p. 108); and thence marched, by different routes, in organized columns, and under choice leaders, to the attack of this post. The resistance was obstinate. 'The Swiss, driven to desperation, and expecting no quarter, *hung out a black flag*' (*Turnbull*, p. 120); but what could withstand the ardour that animated the pursuers? 'the barrack was *taken and retaken three* several times; and the garrison, consisting of *three hundred men*, were all either killed, wounded, or *made prisoners*, except a few who escaped over the wall; *two pieces of cannon* were also taken,' (*Postscript to Military Events*, p. 119.) Nor were there wanting individual instances to give a romantic interest to the general success.

'The

'The barrack of Babylone was taken and retaken *several* times by the inhabitants of the quarter St. Germain. In the front rank of the assailants, a young man distinguished himself by his heroic intrepidity. After the victory, exhausted by his efforts, he falls on the ground—his comrades run to assist him—it was a woman!'—*Evènemens de Paris*, p. 83.

The latter part of this anecdote is not very credible, but all the rest—black flag—300 men—prisoners—cannon—is notoriously false. The facts were simply as follow:—When the Swiss regiment left its barrack on the morning of Tuesday, about sixty recruits (too young and undisciplined for such service as was expected) were left to guard the barrack under the command of a brave old major, Dufay. A few other men who had been detached as sentinels had returned to the barracks, but the whole number of the garrison was under 100. On the 29th, the people attacked the barracks in great numbers, with great perseverance, and with a good deal of order, but without the slightest success; they then offered terms to the Swiss, but in vain; and at last they resolved to set fire to the building, as the only means of expelling the garrison. The combustibles piled up against the gate were already in a blaze, when the brave Dufay sallied forth at the head of his little party; and, though he himself, and many of his men, perished, the majority of the detachment fought their way, in good order, through the 'many thousands' who filled all the neighbourhood, and finally joined their regiment at St. Cloud. This version of the story is not only given by M. de Bermond, but is confirmed by the report of M. Caron, a young artist, who was one of the leaders of the assailants; and who, though he is sufficiently diffuse in praise of the bravery of his party, does not venture to rate the garrison at '300 men,' nor to pretend to have '*taken* the place by *assault*,' nor to have 'made *prisoners* of all that *did not escape over the wall!*' On the contrary, he says, that the Swiss made their retreat in 'tolerable' order—and with a degree of success, which they would not have had if his advice had been allowed. Here are his own words:—

'At length the idea was started of setting the barrack on fire, and it was scarcely conceived before it was put into execution. The straw intended for the wounded was saturated with turpentine, and placed in front of the principal entrance. To this a match was applied, under a shower of bullets, by a lad of eighteen.

'The plan was completely successful. The dread of being burnt alive induced the Swiss to take to flight, which they did in tolerable order, although running at their utmost speed, and occasionally turning to fire upon their pursuers; but such was the order with which they were followed, that many of them fell under the fire of our brave companions in arms. If the advice had been taken which I offered before engaging with the enemy, we should not have missed

one of them. A few hundred men placed in ambush at the corner of the boulevard would have taken them in flank, and by means of these fresh troops the victory would have been complete.'—*Turnbull*, pp. 126, 127.

We shall here take leave of the troops: the marches and halts to and at St. Cloud, Versailles, and Rambouillet, were all embarrassed by the same confusion, negligence, and want of civil or military foresight which had stained the preceding conduct of those in command; but they could have no effect on the great question, which had been already decided within the walls of Paris by the events of the 29th.

Was Marmont a traitor? Such appears to have been the first suspicion in every mind; but we have no difficulty in agreeing with M. de Bermond and his brother officer, Lieutenant A. S——, that error of judgment,—confusion of ideas,—the dread of responsibility,—a complete ignorance of the state of the case which he was to manage, and perhaps a little (not discreditable) lukewarmness in what he thought the cause of the ministers, were the motives of his conduct—but *not treachery!* The neglect of providing for the subsistence of the troops, and the apathy in which Tuesday night was spent, seem to us the most suspicious parts of his conduct, yet they probably arose from his not seeing early enough the true character of the insurrection. The promenades of the 28th, however injudicious and perilous they now seem, might have been successful if the troops of the Line had acted as well as the Guards: it is not quite safe to blame Marmont for the failure of such a movement, when we see that half the force, upon which he had calculated, failed him. Unquestionably, even with all these errors and accidents, the main cause of the ultimate success of the people, was the *leniency* with which they were treated. Such leniency was most laudable; but when we hear and read so much of the 'ferocious cruelty' of Charles X., his ministers, his generals, and his troops, it is only fair to express our opinion that had there been,—not 'ferocious cruelty,' but—even a steady and early resolution to put down the insurrection by the exercise of the force which was at hand, the result would have been widely different.

The view which we have thus presented of the actual conflict will doubtless surprise those persons who have read the '*bulletins of the people*,' without recollecting that they are, as M. de Bermond shrewdly intimates, made up pretty much in the same spirit as the '*bulletins of the Emperor*,' of mendacious memory. The details of that officer's statements, on which we have laid so much stress, have been confirmed, in a very remarkable manner, by the evidence before the Chamber of Peers, and it is now incontestable that the conflict, though illustrated by much individual courage, and attended by a lamentable waste of human life, was,

by

by no means, either so hot or so bloody as the conquerors, in all the warmth of individual and national vanity, have represented it. All the popular accounts teem with 'murderous carnage,' 'pitched battles,' 'mountains of dead,' and such like phrases, which would have been almost too strong for the battle of Borodino: but let us measure the conflicts by their results. The whole of the royal forces collected in Paris, first and last, were about 12,000 men; of these, about 6000 never engaged at all, and if they lost a man it was but by accident. The 6000 French and Swiss guards and gendarmerie, who were engaged for three successive days, and in a kind of warfare of all others affording their assailants the most favourable opportunities, lost, in killed and wounded, under 400 men, of whom about one-fifth, or 80, were killed or died of their wounds. On the part of the people, the loss—deplorably great—was infinitely less than has been supposed. The first vague statements carried the numbers of the killed and wounded to an immense amount; but the returns from the different hospitals soon checked these exaggerations as to the *wounded*, and the postscript to the 'Military Events' calculates the number from such data as were then before the public at about 1400. Since that publication, the subject has been more accurately examined by a M. Ménière, in 'A History of the Hotel-Dieu during the late Revolution;' and he corroborates very remarkably the former calculation, by giving the number of wounded at 1357 serious cases, adding about 400 slight ones, such as did not confine the parties, or prevent their immediate return to the fight. He calculates also, that about 200 may have been attended in private houses, of which no precise account has been taken. In all, the extreme number of wounded cannot be carried higher than 2000. As to the *deaths*, we read in the first popular accounts of several 'wide and deep graves, made in various parts of the town'—'of sable barks with black flags, which conveyed *hundreds* of dead down the Seine,' &c.; and when the comparatively small numbers of *wounded* began to be known, some of the popular writers—(wishing to keep up the exaggerated numbers of the killed, with a view of increasing the exasperation against the late government, and of enhancing the glory of the victory)—ventured to assert that in these affairs the numbers of *killed* doubled or trebled that of the *wounded*—such, said they, was 'the heroism of the people—such the ferocity of the troops!' This absurdity, however, was soon abandoned, and common sense proves, and humanity rejoices to be convinced, that something like the usual proportion between the killed and wounded in other conflicts may be calculated on in this. M. Ménière's *accounts* give the number of killed as about 450, but his *guesses* would carry it higher;

'125 bodies,' he says, 'were exposed at the Morgue, and 304 of the wounded died at the hospitals;' and some bodies were certainly buried in temporary graves; these M. Ménière reckons at 265, which would make the whole 700 killed; but there seems reason to believe, that no such number as 265 were buried in that unceremonious way. The largest and most remarkable of these graves was that in front of the Louvre, where, in the first and most exaggerated accounts, it was asserted, that near 80 bodies were deposited. Our own information leads us to believe, that the whole of these irregular burials throughout the whole town did not exceed 100, which would give for the total killed 529—a proportion to the 2000 wounded which is certainly, on general principles, too large; and we, with M. de Bermond, very much suspect, that whenever the Commission of national recompenses to the sufferers on these days makes its report, even these corrected numbers will be still considerably diminished; and the more deeply we feel and deplore even that extent of bloodshed, the more consolatory it is to compare it with the extravagant number of '*ten thousand*,' at which a very late writer* states the 'victims of the royal massacre.'

Though we have abstained from entering the wide field of politics which this subject opens, we do not conceal our dissent from, and our alarm at, the principle of popular sovereignty and the supremacy of physical force which these events are supposed to have consecrated;—the danger of such a principle is not to *governments* only, (as the short-sighted actors in such scenes may suppose,) but to the *people*, for the protection of whose properties, lives, and liberties, governments are instituted and maintained. Would a country be worth living in, whose destinies were to be at the mercy of the populace of the capital? If any one could have entertained a doubt on this point, the example of France herself, in these late occurrences, would remove it: for so incompatible is the practical operation of such a principle with any semblance of social order, that although the new king and his successive ministers *talk* so loudly in praise of the revolution, *every act* of their government has been,—we speak on the evidence of friends and foes,—to check its progress and to repress its spirit. Those who *made* the revolution go further, and assert that the first and dearest object of the new government is to *unmake* it. Look at the facts: three days of tumult created Louis-Philippe's first ministry—renewed tumults destroyed them—a more anarchical ministry succeeds—*their* first act is to quarrel with Lafayette, 'the child and champion' of revolutions, who has been driven, in disgust, from the command which he held by exactly the same right by which the king holds his crown. The people—the sovereign people—who were expelled from the

* Lettre d'un Faubourien à la Garde Nationale de Paris. 28th Dec. 1830.

Palais

Palais Royal on the 27th of July, by the orders of Charles X., were, within six weeks, similarly expelled from the same place by the order of Louis-Philippe. Revolutionary journals were suppressed by the ex-government, and obliged to circulate hand-bills of apology to their subscribers—we have received similar hand-bills from journals, not more revolutionary, suppressed by the existing government; and in both cases the journals protest against the suspension as wholly illegal. The re-establishment of the National Guard was the first, and perhaps the most generally extolled, fruit of the revolution, and the *Charter was solemnly placed under its guardianship*—the artillery of the National Guard, a most intelligent and influential portion of it, has been dissolved by an *ordonnance* of the king, countersigned by the third minister of that department which France has had within three months, and the '*eternal guardians of the Charter*' find that they cannot guard *themselves* from annihilation by a ministerial ordonnance. The *Students*, who were so prominent in effecting the Revolution, have been within these few days *denounced* and menaced by a proclamation signed by M. Barthe, who had just been called to office for his supposed devotion to the progress of the Revolution, and who, by this document, appears sadly perplexed in his endeavours to reconcile the *merit* of insubordination in *July* with the *crime* of insubordination in *October*;—in short, so hostile are the principles on which the 'citizen-king's' government was built to the principles on which any government can stand, that the '*Heroes of the three glorious days*' are at this moment undergoing what they call '*persecution*' from their own *creatures*; and there are undoubtedly no body of men in Europe more dissatisfied with the present consequences of the Revolution, than the very men who achieved it. If any reader should suspect *us* of undervaluing the merits of that work, we beg leave to assure them that not only do all moderate men in France begin to doubt whether it deserves all the applause which has been lavished on it, but even the chief actors in the scene do not hesitate to represent it as a bloody delusion, which it will require yet more blood to dispel.

Art. VII.—*The Result of the General Election; or, What has the Duke of Wellington gained by the Dissolution?* London. 1830.

2. *The Country without a Government; or, Plain Questions upon the unhappy State of the Present Administration.* London.

3. *Observations on Two Pamphlets (lately published) attributed to Mr. Brougham.* London.

4. *The Country Well Governed; or, Plain Questions on the perplexed State of Parties in Opposition.* London.

5. *Reply*

5. *Reply to a Pamphlet, entitled 'What has the Duke of Wellington gained by the Dissolution?'* By a Graduate of the University of Oxford. London.
6. *The Result of the Pamphlets; or, What the Duke of Wellington has to look to.* London.
7. *Parties and Factions in England at the Accession of William IV.* London.
8. *Reform without Revolution; or, Thoughts on the Present State of the Country, in a Letter to His Grace the Duke of Wellington.* By Camillus. Liverpool.
9. *Thoughts on Moderate Reform in the House of Commons.*
10. *Thoughts on Parliamentary Reform, with a Plan for the Restoration of the Constitution.*
11. *A Letter to Henry Brougham, Esq., M. P. for the County of York, on the Present State of the English Representation.*
12. *Three Lectures on the Rate of Wages; delivered before the University of Oxford, in Easter Term,* 1830. *With a Preface on the Causes and Remedies of the present Disturbances.* By Nassau William Senior, of Magdalen College, A. M., late Professor of Political Economy.
13. *Correspondence between the Right Honourable Robert Wilmot Horton, and a Select Class of the Members of the London Mechanics' Institution, formed for investigating the most efficient Remedies for the present Distress among the labouring Classes in the United Kingdom, together with the Resolutions unanimously adopted by the Class: also, a Letter from the Right Honourable Robert Wilmot Horton to Dr. Birkbeck, President of the Institution, and his Answer.*
14. *The People's Book.*
15. *Cobbett's History of the Regency and Reign of George IV., in Monthly Numbers.*
16. *Cobbett's Letter to the King.*
17. *The King's Answer to Cobbett's Letter.*
18. *Carpenter's Fourpenny Papers.*
19. *Hetherington's Penny Papers.*

Cum multis aliis quæ nunc perscribere longum est.

THE age of the Antonines was the happiest of which any remembrance has been preserved in ancient history; that of the Georges has been the happiest in later times; altogether so in our own country, and, during the greater part of its continuance, throughout the whole of the European states. We have seen the termination of that age—not of the dynasty with which it began, nor (let us trust in God's mercy!) of those blessings which, through the accession of that dynasty, were preserved for our forefathers, and for us—and for our children, unless, by any *laches* on our part, we suffer their inheritance to be cut off. The demise of a sovereign

a sovereign and the devolution of a crown in regular course can never, in ordinary cases, excite an interest which is either deep or lasting. On this occasion there is a change of name;—an alteration unimportant in itself, but affording one of those resting-places for recollection which are found convenient in after-times,—one of those accidental divisions by which the acquirement of historical knowledge is facilitated. In this sense, therefore, (if in no other,) a new age has commenced with the new reign; and he must be a careless spectator of passing events who does not perceive, that the circumstances amid which it commences are regarded with grave, if not mournful, forethought, by those who love and venerate the institutions of their country, but with eager and exulting anticipations by all who are desirous of bringing about revolutionary changes.

It is an observation of Bayle's, that *le monde est trop indisciplinable pour profiter des maladies des siècles passés. Chaque siècle se comporte comme s'il était le premier venu.* Bayle noted this as an instance of the folly of mankind—a folly drawing after it its just and necessary punishment; but Bolingbroke recommends as wisdom this inattention to the experience of former times. He (it is said in 'Spence's Anecdotes,' better authority than which need not be desired) 'was of opinion, that the only part of our history necessary to be thoroughly studied does not go far back, because we have had a new set of motives and principles all over Europe since the Pyrenean treaty.' This 'cankered Bolingbroke' (as Sir Robert Walpole used in acrimonious truth to call him) was as vain a sciolist in political philosophy as in ethics. Easy indeed would be the business of statesmen, or, as they are more commonly and appropriately denominated in these days, *public men*, if a new era, beyond which it would be needless for them to look back, were to commence with every, so called, settlement of Europe; and a definitive treaty of peace to serve, not only as an adjustment of all existent claims and differences, but as an act of oblivion for the whole preceding history of Christendom,—an amnesty in the literal meaning of the word. But let that Pyrenean treaty (it may serve for this!) bear witness to the profundity of Lord Bolingbroke's observation; bear witness the treaties of Utrecht, and Aix la Chapelle, and Amiens, and Paris, and Vienna! The motives and principles whereby men are actuated lie deeper than on papers and parchments. Plenipotentiaries cannot, in all the fulness of their power, set a quietus upon disturbing causes, some of which have their roots in the institutions of society, and others in the constitution of human nature itself. The popular historian of Switzerland * sufficiently accounted for the errors of men who brought ruin upon themselves and their

* Zschokke.

country,

country, when he said that they had forgotten the past, and were therefore without any foresight of the future: *sie hatten das vergangene vergessen, darum sahen sie das zukünftige nicht.* But Bolingbroke's is the prevalent opinion of these times; and a like opinion has ever been encouraged among those who, for their own purposes, would have the wisdom of former ages forgotten and the lessons of experience disregarded; or who, in the ignorance, and inexperience, and temerity of youth, never entertain a doubt of their own competence to decide upon the most awful questions of speculative philosophy and the most important practical points of state policy, looking upon constitutions and creeds as fit subjects for general discussion, and for free experiment as well! 'I cannot but admire the confidence of men therein,' says Fuller, (speaking of a different class of pretenders in his Pisgah Sight,) 'especially seeing some which pretend such familiarity to future events, are not the best acquainted with passages in former ages; and those which seem to know all which is to come, know but little of what is past, as if they were the better prophets for being the worse historians.' When Lord Plunkett called history an old almanac, he forgot that it is a perpetual one. '*Les nations,*' says the Marquis de Custine, '*vivent par le passè comme les arbres par leurs racines.*'

There are some considerable points of resemblance between the age of the Antonines and the present times. The Roman world had never enjoyed so long a tranquillity as during that fortunate age; luxury was carried, in the provinces as well as in the capital, to the highest pitch; and that corruption both in taste and language had begun to show itself, which also has hitherto been ever among the sure symptoms of a declining state. An old religious establishment was beginning to feel its internal decay, and to fear the incessant attacks of its assailants. The power of the barbarous nations was then too for the first time (though insufficiently) apprehended; those nations who had already made the frontiers of the empire debateable ground, and who, when they had acquired from experience a knowledge of their own strength, burst in upon the empire and overthrew it, and divided it among themselves. There is this difference in our situation, that we have nothing to fear from external enemies, and that ours is a church against which the gates of hell shall not prevail. But though that church cannot be destroyed, it may be overthrown for a time, (as heretofore it has been,) and debased, and outraged, and despoiled, and persecuted; and if there are no barbarians to break in upon us, like the Picts and Scots of old, we have let the great body of the people grow up like barbarians in the midst of our civilization. Neglecting almost all means of instilling into them betimes a dutiful veneration for the

the institutions of their forefathers, and of bettering their moral and physical condition, (so far as it depends upon legislative measures,) we have allowed the flagitious part of the press to act perseveringly upon the great mass of such a population with as little restraint from law as from decency and truth, and given free scope to sedition, and blasphemy, and treason.

Every one has heard the proverbial saying, 'God protect me from my friends, I will take care of myself against my enemies;' the irreverence with which it is expressed, testifies to the truth of its bitter worldly wisdom. They who in this country have resisted what (to borrow an appellation from our French neighbours) may not unfitly be called the *movement faction*, feel at this time the mortifying truth in which that saying was conceived. Had they not been disappointed by those in whom they trusted, their enemies could never have obtained even a temporary triumph; *disappointed*, we say, preferring to use an inadequate rather than an offensive word, because we write in sorrow, not in resentment. They who look farther back than to the Three Days of the last French revolution, cannot but know with what a triumphant ascendancy old English feeling manifested itself, when the character of the first was fairly developed. That same feeling—that same conservative principle—came into action with equal force against Mr. Pitt, when he would have granted to the Roman Catholics a qualified emancipation. The first diminution of this feeling among the thitherto sound part of the nation was, when a minister, retreating from the rock of principle on which till then he had stood, took up a position upon the shifting sands of expediency, and objected to the proposed measure, because, he said, it could not be granted at that time;—as if the broad and ineffaceable distinctions between the Romish and the Protestant churches could be affected by any lapse of time;—as if the foundations of an edifice might as lightly be shifted as the weathercock upon its summit! This shook that confidence in inherited opinions, that strong and stable belief, in which forms of government have their stability, and churches their human strength. From that time there was a leprosy in the walls of the constitution, and the dry rot began to show itself in the main beams and timbers.

'There are many principles, rules, and doctrines,' says Sir Egerton Brydges (in his Gnomica), 'which ought not to be admitted to be brought into debate. To suffer the question to be entertained is encouraging those who are adventurous enough to try anything which their interest prompts, to persevere in those efforts which ought to be crushed in the bud. That is prejudice which merely rests upon authority, and for which there is no apparent reason. But a large portion of the opinions received and handed down to us by men of eminent genius and talent, have a foundation as rational as it is ancient.

Mankind were much happier when they thus had a resting-place for their thoughts, instead of throwing everything into doubt and disorder.'

It is well observed by our moral historian, Turner, that an old prejudice is frequently attacked by a young absurdity. Alas! young Absurdity attacks old Truth as frequently, and with more fierceness; and in such contests the seeming advantage is often for a time on the side of audacity and youth. We are not yet within even a Pisgah sight of the age in which the world shall be far enough improved for Queen Elizabeth's complaint to be obsolete; and never has there been more cause than at this present for complaining with her, that

'Falsehood now doth flow,
And subject Truth doth ebb;
Which would not be if Reason ruled,
Or Wisdom weaved the web:'

for in this age of reason, anything rather than reason has ruled; and it is not by wisdom—unless, indeed, by that which is 'earthly, sensual, devilish,'—that the warp and woof of that web which is at this time spread before us have been woven, and in which 'ample room and verge enough' have been left for 'the characters of hell,' now traced there in black and fiery lines, that all who run may read.

Were this the proper occasion, it would not be difficult to show by what measures of justice and sound policy (which are always in accord) the Roman Catholics might have been rendered contented with their political state, and the foundations of the constitution have been saved from that disturbance which has shaken the whole superstructure, and dislocated some of its main supports. Nor would it be more difficult to show how the danger might have been met and quelled, even when it had gathered head, if we had had a sound cabinet and a vigorous minister; not one whose practice it was to stave off present difficulties at any cost—as if disregarding the certainty of the coming danger, so it could be for a little while deferred. From the time of Lord Londonderry's death, anything like a firm and principled resistance to the agitators, or *movement faction*, was abandoned. Lord Londonderry himself is not among those statesmen who have been found equal to the circumstances in which they were placed, and the charge imposed upon them; but there was no meanness or suppleness in his nature,—nothing pusillanimous about him,—nothing that belied his manly and dignified appearance: he was a generous enemy, a sure friend, a courageous minister; and his loss, when he broke down under the incessant fatigues and anxieties of an official life, was a national calamity. It is a mournful and humiliating consideration that it should have been so. In other times, 'we could have better spared a better man!'

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He left, among his colleagues and successors, persons who were greatly his superiors in attainment, and in various powers of mind, but none who possessed the same straightforward intrepidity;—a virtue, without which, certainly in public life, and perhaps in private also, there is little strength even in integrity itself.

Lord Londonderry always resolutely opposed every attempt at diminishing that influence of the government, without which, as he well knew, a government like ours cannot long subsist. 'It seems,' says Hume, 'a necessary, though perhaps a melancholy truth, that in every government the magistrate must either possess a large revenue and a military force, or enjoy some discretionary power, in order to execute the laws and support his own authority.' Men must be ruled either by influence or by force, so long as they are what they are,—that is, until the will of our heavenly Father shall be done on earth, as it is in heaven. By one of these, a government must rule, or it must itself be ruled by public opinion; but any ministry which takes public opinion for its guide, steers by the weathercock instead of the compass, and then the course must ever be, as in such cases it ever has been, through anarchy to military despotism,—through storms and tempests to the calm of a Dead sea, in whose noisome and pestilential exhalations other storms are generated. This nation, by the blessing of Providence on the piety of our forefathers,—their virtue, their wisdom, their exertions, and their sufferings,—had attained a degree of general prosperity, and a free and well-balanced form of government, which were both the admiration of all Europe. The Frenchman, and the Italian, and the German, in their aspirations after political freedom, looked to the English constitution as the finest model which had ever been presented to the world. Such a constitution, Cicero, the wisest and most philosophical, as well as the most eloquent of the Romans, conceived to be the best ideal of a government. The same ideal also presented itself to Tacitus; but that thoughtful historian saw with how great difficulty so well-conceived a constitution could be formed, and, when formed, how little likelihood there was that it should be lasting. He says,* *cunctas nationes et urbes, populus, aut primates, aut singuli regunt: delecta ex his et consociata reipublicæ forma, laudari facilius quam evenire, vel si evenit, haud diuturna esse potest.*

This is not because there is any inherent principle of change and decay and dissolution in political institutions and empires, as there is in the microcosm of man; for such an opinion, common as it is, may be classed among vulgar errors. A true analogy between establishments and the human body is to be found in a remarkable notion, which is widely prevalent among savage nations, that death is not the natural and inevitable lot of man,

* Annal. iv. § 33.

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but is occasioned in every instance either by violence, or witchcraft, or malignant spirits, from which evils, if men were exempted, they would live for ever upon earth. In this notion we may plainly perceive the scriptural truth preserved, (disfigured as it is,) that death entered the world by sin, man having been created for immortality; but that perpetuity, which is physically impos sible for us in our fallen state, is surely possible for social bodies. These may be overthrown by external violence for want of strength,—and in that case their memories will remain for commiseration and for honour; but if they perish by decay or corruption, or any other causes from within, want of wisdom and of virtue is the primary cause, and the destruction which comes upon them is at once the natural consequence and the rightful punishment.

The government in these kingdoms, from the restoration till almost the present age, was much more corrupt than the people. Every new publication of documents relating to the intermediate time, brings to light fresh proofs of the general want of principle among public men, and of their undissembled selfishness. There were the most barefaced jobs, and the most shameless abuses in every department. Things which could not now be carried on in darkness were in those times done in open daylight. Men of high rank had then no more conscience concerning peculation and direct corruption, than men of most ranks have now about smuggling, or in other ways defrauding the revenue. It was the same with all parties, Trojan or Tyrian. William III. was treated with the same greedy ingratitude, the same sordid injustice by Whigs as by Tories, and by Tories as by Whigs; and when, in another generation, Shippen said of himself and his old antagonist Sir Robert Walpole, that he was for one King, and Robin for another, and that all the rest were only for themselves, there is little to be detracted from the severe truth of his remark. Rarely was there then a statesman to be found who did not in his own mind, like Wolsey, associate *Ego* with *Rex meus*, the *Ego*, as with Wolsey, holding the first place. But here a distinction is to be observed between the king and the king's government; for no game of ambition was played by the sovereign, while his ministers shuffled and dealt the cards on their own account. From the time of the revolution there is no proof—no indication—no suspicion even of any attempt, or design, or desire, on the part of the crown, for acquiring to itself more power than was left it by the constitution as then determined. The single exertion of sovereign authority which deserves unqualified condemnation was the noted creation of twelve peers in the latter part of Queen Anne's reign, for the undisguised purpose of carrying a particular measure. This abuse of the royal power was the act of ministers, who

who were at that time engaged in betraying the interests of their allies, and sacrificing the honour as well as the interest of their country. There was no example for it; and the proper severity with which all writers have concurred in condemning it was sufficient to prevent any repetition, in a country where public opinion exercised a salutary influence in affairs of state.

Far, indeed, from entrenching upon the privileges of parliament, or the rights of the people, the British government, from the accession of William III. to that of the present king, may reasonably be censured for not maintaining its own interests, not as distinct from those of the nation, but as essentially the same, when clearly understood. If the well-known resolution, that the influence of the crown has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished, had been carried in an Irish House of Commons, instead of an English one, it would have excited ridicule in this country for its self-evident absurdity. We should have flattered ourselves that it could only have been conceived and uttered by a race who were born under the sign of Taurus, so palpably does it carry with it its own refutation;—for where was this overgrown influence of the crown, when such a resolution was carried against it, and in spite of it? So far from having increased, the influence of the crown (using that word here in the sense of government) had even then been greatly curtailed, by means, too, as unjust as the object was impolitic. Whole classes of men employed in the public service had been disqualified by various Acts of Parliament, some from sitting as members in the House of Commons, others from voting at elections; as if the very act of serving the public, in certain not otherwise disreputable employments, rendered an Englishman unworthy of exercising an English freeman's rights! Upon this assumption, all persons employed in the Customs, or in the collection and management of his Majesty's revenue (the land-tax alone excepted) —all deputies and clerks in the public offices, and commissaries and clerks in the various subordinate departments, have been disfranchised from voting, 'for the better securing the freedom of election;' and from sitting in Parliament, because it was presumed that, being in the service of the state, and looking for promotion in that service, their votes in the House of Commons would be regulated by their own interest, not by any principle of honour or conscience, nor by the sense of public duty.

This jealousy of government manifested itself as early as the year 1700; and the last sweeping statute, which embodied and ratified the former acts, was passed in 1782. The extreme illiberality of such a proscription, and its manifest injustice, might have been perceived, but they called forth no resistance on the part of successive administrations; nor did any member of the government

government venture to remark upon the impolicy of excluding from Parliament, and from voting at elections, these persons, on the ground of their presumed adherence in all cases to the ministry, —while others were admitted, both to vote and to sit, whose political opinions were in declared opposition to the whole system of the government, or whose sectarian tenets made them, upon a principle of erroneous conscience, hostile to the church,—that is, to one of the three estates of the realm,—and thereby dissidents, not from the church alone, but from the English constitution. The aggrieved persons, meantime, however as individuals they might feel themselves wronged, made no remonstrance;—never acting as a body, and most of them probably considering that the office which they held compensated for the franchise of which they were deprived. Thus it has happened, that neither when the successive acts were passed, nor at any subsequent time, has any voice been raised against this large disfranchisement; nor has any liberal member yet moved for the emancipation of this class of his fellow-subjects.

In all these cases the government quietly gave up its servants, and sacrificed its own interests;—the ministers for the time being considering, as usual, that sufficient for the day were the difficulties thereof, and caring little what embarrassment they might throw upon their successors. But a stand was made for the crown in the year 1822, upon occasion of Lord Normanby's motion respecting the office of joint post-master-general. Lord Goderich (then Mr. Robinson) resisted this motion, saying that—

'no sufficient ground had been stated for inducing the House thus to diminish the influence of the crown. He knew,' he said, 'that this doctrine was unpopular; but the experience of all mankind, the instruction of all history, tended to prove that certain influence was necessary to be attached to government, for enabling it, with any efficiency, to discharge its functions. True it was that the offices under the crown had numerically increased as compared with former times; but, on the other hand, there had grown up a counteracting influence, which opposed, and he hoped always would oppose, an insuperable barrier to undue influence in the crown. Could any one deny the existence of that counteracting power, which rendered comparatively inefficient in this country the influence, direct or indirect, of the crown? When the extension of universal information throughout the country was considered—a degree of information which gave a respectability to public opinion that it has never before possessed—was not the balance to government-interest apparent to every man? Were the acts of public men, half a century ago, scrutinized with the just severity applied to them at present? Could any individual in eminent station do a single act which was not canvassed by the public at large? And did not every public officer at present feel that he acted under a responsibility unknown to ministers of former times? True,

True, ministers were not made accountable, as far as regarded their lives or their fortunes; but they could not walkthrough the public streets without meeting men who knew all that they had said and all that they had done. He was glad of this; he rejoiced at it; he thought it a great blessing, because it was a check, and a check far more effective, upon the influence of the crown, than any which had existed when that influence, as regarded Parliament at least, had been much greater than at present.'

Lord Goderich flattered public opinion while he thus opposed a popular motion: other members resisted it without thus qualifying their argument. Mr. Sumner said, 'the House must be prepared to expect that, if the proposed reduction was effected with a view to the diminution of the influence of the crown, the same principle would be applied to every other office to which that influence was supposed to extend.' 'No man,' said Mr. Freemantle, 'could say that, if the motion were acceded to, the abolition of the office would contribute one iota to the removal of the distress complained of; and yet, if conceded, it would have the effect of breaking down and destroying the system of government piecemeal. It would soon,' he said, 'cut down the salaries of all the offices of government, and let them no longer be filled by noblemen or gentlemen of influence or rank, but by clerks, who would be accountable to that House.' 'A week,' said Mr. Stuart Wortley (now Lord Wharncliffe), 'had scarcely elapsed since two offices, conferring patronage and contributing materially to the influence of the crown, had been abolished. That night they were called upon to abolish another office; and to-morrow a whole board (the Board of Control) was to come under consideration. He could not allow the establishments of the country to be thus beaten down; for unless a reform in Parliament was carried into effect, and the government brought much nearer to a republic than it actually was, it could not go on without a considerable influence in the hands of the crown. Unless, therefore, they were prepared to say that the government of this country was not near enough to a republic, it was necessary that the influence of the crown should be preserved.' On the same occasion Lord Londonderry warned the House, that if they truckled to the spirit and the clamour which were then abroad, they would betray their own situation, and, what was worse, they would betray the people themselves. Afterwards, during the same session, when the same measure was brought forward by a manœuvre which nullified one of the standing rules of Parliament, and certain other members then changed their opinion on the question, Lord Londonderry maintained his with characteristic manliness. He saw no reason for supposing that the persons who required the suppression of this office would not go on attacking office

office after office. 'Let the House,' said he, 'weigh well the difference between the situation of the country, taken in all its bearings, in 1780, compared with the present time. Let gentlemen consider what the increase of population was; let them remember the increase of wealth; the increase of knowledge which had been infused into the public mind since that period; let them remember the tenets which the French Revolution and other circumstances had diffused over the community; the vast increase in the power and influence of the public press;—let all these be considered for a moment, and then let any member stand up and state that the influence of the crown had been increased beyond or even equal to its due proportion.'

The abolition of the office in question was carried against the government, notwithstanding the direct avowal of a popular member, that after it should be carried 'a great deal more remained to be done;' and his assertion, that 'if the House understood the state of the country, they would pass such motions by acclamation!' Woe to the legislature in which such measures are passed on such a feeling, or for such considerations!

'You have anger there,
And noise—the enemy of useful thought:'

and when 'temperate truth moves patiently behind,' and comes up late at last, it is then, alas! impossible to—

'revoke
Repentant footsteps.'

Lord Londonderry saw the weakness to which the government of this country was reduced; and there is some reason for thinking that the anxiety with which he regarded the rapid progress of public opinion,—the derangement thereby of what had been our well-balanced constitution,—the possibility that the democracy might, by its growing strength, once more destroy for a time that constitution, and the general misery which would be the certain consequence of such an overthrow,—there is some reason for thinking that this anxiety contributed, more than the ordinary cares and fatigues of his office and station, (exhausting as those were,) to bring on that mental malady, under the influence of which he committed suicide. Few persons apprehended, at the time of his death, in how great a degree that event would affect the affairs of this nation. That Mr. Canning, instead of proceeding to take upon himself the government of India, would remain in England, was immediately supposed; and his personal friends, instead of rejoicing at this on his account, regretted it, because they feared that his enfeebled health and irritable temperament could not long endure the harassing warfare of the House of Commons, and the incessant excitements of political life; one year of such wear and tear they thought would prove fatal to him: and the event proved how

how justly their apprehensions were founded; though it happened that, immediately after he accepted office, the fever of the public mind intermitted, and a season of fallacious prosperity ensued.

'Fair smiled the morn, and soft the zephyr blew;'

but we must leave the poet's metaphor, and instead of his gilded vessel, with—

'Youth at the prow, and pleasure at the helm,'

speak of the state Omnibus, with Lord Liverpool for coachman, Mr. Canning for guard, and Mr. Robinson for book-keeper. It rolled on smoothly, and few persons perceived that it was moving by its own weight down an inclined plane, and towards a precipice. We had not for a long time had so popular an administration, and never one which was so ably supported by its members in the House of Commons, where indeed no orator had ever before appeared so accomplished in all the gifts and arts of oratory, so armed at all points, as Mr. Canning. There have been some who equalled him in acquirements—many who have possessed sounder judgment and sounder principles; but never was there, in any legislative assembly, a person whose talents were more peculiarly and perfectly adapted to the effect which he intended to produce. With all the advantages of voice and person, with all the graces of delivery, with all the charms which affability and good-nature impart to genius, he had wit at will, as well as eloquence at command. Being frank and sincere in all his political opinions, he had all that strength in his oratory which arises from sincerity, although in his political conduct the love of intrigue was one of his besetting sins. By an unhappy perversion of mind it seemed as if he would always rather have obtained his end by a crooked path than by a straight one: but his speeches had nothing of this tortuosity; there was nothing covert in them, nothing insidious, no double-dealing, no disguise. His argument went always directly to the point, and with so well-judged an aim that he was never (like Burke) above his mark,—rarely, if ever, below it, or beside it. When, in the exultant consciousness of personal superiority, as well as the strength of his cause, he trampled upon his opponents, there was nothing coarse, nothing virulent, nothing contumelious, nothing ungenerous in his triumph. Whether he addressed the Liverpool electors, or the House of Commons, it was with the same ease, the same adaptation to his auditory, the same unrivalled dexterity, the same command of his subject and his hearers, and the same success. His only faults, as a speaker, were committed when, under the inebriating influence of popular applause, he was led away by the heat and passion of the moment. A warm friend, a placable adversary, a scholar, a man of letters, kind in his nature, affable in his manners, easy of access, playful

in conversation, delightful in society,—rarely have the brilliant promises of boyhood been so richly fulfilled as in Mr. Canning.

It was soon understood that he had obtained an ascendancy over Lord Liverpool, which the old constitutional party could not but regard as dangerous. Lord Liverpool was, perhaps, the least unpopular minister of our days. The Cato-street conspirators, who hated, with the deadliest malignity, Mr. Canning, Lord Londonderry, and the Duke of Wellington, would have murdered him, not for his own sake, but only as one of the company. He had been educated for a statesman; and for clearness of judgment, and consistency in his views, and competent knowledge of the subjects on which he was called upon to form an opinion, none of his contemporaries were so well entitled to that name. He was mild, diligent, considerate, conciliatory; right-minded and conscientious in his station; no premier ever disposed of his church patronage so well: in the few instances wherein he gave way to a scandalous promotion, it was his weakness and not his will that consented. There could not have been a better minister in better times. But the times required vigour of mind and decision of character;

ὁ μέγας δὲ κίνδυ-
νος ἄναλκιν οὐ φῶ-
τα λαμβάνει—(Pindar, Ol. 1, 129)

and, in these qualities, Lord Liverpool was constitutionally deficient. He perfectly understood the danger arising from a profligate press, which, with more or less audacity, was incessantly at work, undermining the institutions of the country, corrupting the loyalty, the morals, and the religion of the people, and poisoning them with impiety as well as with revolutionary opinions. He saw the evils which the abuse of the poor laws, and the growth of pauperism, were bringing, with tremendous rapidity, upon the agricultural part of the nation; and he saw also that as improvements in machinery were made, and our manufactures were extended, the national wealth did not increase in so great a proportion as the population which those manufactures collected, and which, by the effect of the manufacturing system, (regulated, or rather irregulated as it is,) was rendered improvident, reckless, and dissolute when in full employ, miserable and helpless when, by any vicissitude or reverse of trade, thrown out of work,—discontented and dangerous at all times. He was not ignorant of the combinations which exist among this numerous class of men, how well they were aware of their own numbers, and how much they overrated the strength which numbers gave them; how skilful practice had made them in the details of organization among themselves, and in raising funds for their own purposes. He knew

knew with what unremitting and pestilent activity a set of libellers, at once the most loathsome and mischievous that ever outraged the laws of a civilized society, and disgraced a Christian country, were addressing themselves to the evil passions of this great and growing part of the community, engrafting disaffection upon distress, and preparing them for rebellion. These things Lord Liverpool knew: he knew that the field had been ploughed and the dragon's teeth sown, and that heads and armed hands were rising out of the ground. He knew also that while a jacobinical revolution was undisguisedly, and with the insolent anticipation of ferocious triumph, aimed at by a set of desperadoes whom long impunity had emboldened, the designs of these wretches were furthered by the manner in which reformers of every shade and grade combined for the insane object of diminishing the influence of a government already too weak. What evils had arisen from agitating the Roman Catholic question, disturbing thereby the till then settled and deeply-laid foundations of our Protestant constitution, Lord Liverpool clearly saw, and what further evils were likely to arise from the same root of mischief. And he was not blind to the perilous tendency of those experiments which our meta-politicians of the Laputan school recommended to be tried upon our currency, our agriculture, our shipping, and our trade in all its branches.

But Lord Liverpool was not a pilot for rough weather. No sailor on the wide Ægean ever longed more fervently for rest when the moon was hidden by black clouds, and not a guiding-star was to be seen. With excellent intentions and clear judgment, he was, while irreproachable in other respects, a timid, temporizing minister; temporizing not for any interested or selfish views, but from the irresolution of his nature. Owing to this cause, he contented himself with providing shifts for the day, and left the morrow to provide for itself. Upon the Catholic question, and upon that alone, he was firm; yet even upon that he was remiss, leaving undone what he ought to have done, and never endeavouring to strengthen the constitutional and Protestant party, while their opponents opened houses for recruits, and beat up for them with indefatigable activity. It was a part of Queen Elizabeth's policy that her ministers should always be informed of what hopeful subjects were rising in the universities, in order that she might be supplied from thence with persons well qualified for the business of the state in its various departments. Mr. Pitt (who had as little inclination as leisure for giving any attention to literature) was not without foresight of this kind, and he raised up successors to himself when he brought Lord Liverpool and Mr. Canning forward in public life; but Lord Liverpool neglected

this policy, needful and obvious as it is. Although trained to the business of the state, and wholly devoted to it, his natural inclination was for private and domestic life; and when he was not engaged in the routine of government, he seemed happy if he could lay aside all its concerns. Ease, then, was what he most desired, and for the sake of ease he yielded every thing to the importunity of his opponents, or regarded with cold indifference the best intended efforts of his friends. The strength of his administration departed with Lord Londonderry. Sherlock speaks of 'tame and gentle virtues which encourage the injuries of bad men.' Lord Liverpool's ministerial character was of this kind. Just as our Anglo-Saxon kings, in the age of their degeneracy, invited the Danes hither by paying Dane-gelt to every Vikingr who called for it, so did he encourage the reformers in Parliament to assail the government with fresh demands, by conceding to them whatever they demanded; and it suited the policy of Mr. Canning that this should be done—for he, who had so long regarded popular obloquy with a brave disdain, was now beginning to intrigue with the Whigs. The injustice or the absurdity of a proposed measure were considerations which this ministry were willing to waive, so they could escape from a fatiguing debate, or manifest their readiness to conciliate the party in opposition, or even gratify the representatives of Laputa. If any part of the remaining influence of the Crown was to be attacked, scarcely the feint of a defence was attempted. If some short-sighted, narrow-minded, and hard-hearted economist proposed to cut down the salaries of the clerks in the public offices, the government, instead of protecting, as in justice and honour, and policy, it was bound to do, those who had engaged in its service upon the public faith, was ready to 'afford every facility,' and to assist in preparing a scale of reductions. One member was indulged with a new marriage act, which (God forgive him!) was long as a long sermon, and which placed so many preposterous forms and difficulties in the way of lawful marriage, that it might properly have been entitled, 'An Act for provoking his Majesty's Subjects to dispense henceforth with the forms of Matrimony.' A more tragi-comic history could not be imagined, than might be found in the consequences of that notable act. It produced during its continuance a wider discontent than had ever before been felt throughout the kingdom; and it led the people to suppose that their rulers were demented, and that none of their institutions were to be held sacred.

Among the pleasant devices of the Laputan members was one which disturbed the whole system of weights and measures throughout the land, for no other alleged or conceivable reason, than that the said weights and measures should all be reduced to the

the standard of Laputa. Whether this has occasioned more roguery or inconvenience is a question which might exercise the skill of these philosophers to resolve. But this was the age of innovation and experiment. Even Jeremy Bentham's illustrious project of manufacturing rogues and harlots into honest men and women was taken up by the government upon a great scale; and on the fetid and unwholesome swamp, which the projector had purchased for his Utopian seminary, a Penitentiary was erected, at a cost which might have sufficed for founding and endowing a third university, or establishing a colony in Australia upon a nobler foundation than any modern colony that has ever proceeded from Europe. There it stands—a monument at once of Jeremy's philosophico-philofelon-philanthropy, of national folly, and of the futility of all such schemes of reformation. Well would it be if this were the only price which the nation has paid—or is likely to pay—for its lessons in Jeremy-Benthamism!

Political economists are the most daring of all legislators, just (it has been well said) as 'cockney equestrians are the most fearless of all riders.' But the confidence with which they propose their theories is less surprising than the facility with which their propositions have been entertained, and their extravagant pretensions admitted. We need not marvel at the success of quackery in medicine and theology, when we look at the career of the St. John Longs in political life. From the time in which the bullion question came out of Pandora's Scotch mull, parliament has been wearied with the interminable discussions which they have raised there. Youths who were fresh from college, and men with or without education, who were 'in the wane of their wits and infancy of their discretion,' imbibed the radiant darkness of Jeremy Bentham, and forthwith set themselves up as the lights of their generation. No professors, even in the subtlest ages of scholastic philosophy, were ever more successful in muddying what they found clear, and perplexing what is in itself intelligible. —What are wages? this, we are told, is the most difficult and the most important of all the branches of political economy, and this, we are also told, has been obscured by ambiguities and fallacies. What is rent? What is value? Upon these question, and such as these, which no man of sincere understanding ever proposed to himself or others, they discuss and dilate with as much ardour and to as little effect, as the old philosophers disputed upon the elements of the material creation; bringing to the discussion intellects of the same kind, though as far below them in degree as in the dignity of the subjects upon which their useless subtlety is expended. But it cannot be said of them, that they, when all is said,

With

> With much discretion and great want of wit,
> Leave all as wisely as it was at first;

for they mystify those readers who are not disgusted by such ineptitudes, perplex weak minds, and pervert vain ones. Of such discussions it may be said with the son of Sirach, that 'when a man hath done, then he beginneth; and when he leaveth off, then he shall be doubtful.'

One of the most eminent, and not the least mischievous, of the sect complains of the 'extraordinary inattention to facts which, most unfortunately for the science of political economy, the professors of it have lately indulged themselves in.'* A science they call it, though they cannot yet agree among themselves upon their definitions, and differ as widely in most of their conclusions. Yet it is a science forsooth! one for which professorships have been founded, and in conformity to which, government was called upon to regulate its fiscal and financial measures. It regulated them accordingly, with that obsequiousness which was now become the characteristic of Lord Liverpool's administration. Practical men raised their warning voices in vain, the ministers were flattered into an acquiescence with the schemes of these theorists, and they were then insulted, as they deserved, for having so acquiesced. None but a weak man will suppose, that national affairs can be conducted wisely without philosophy; but the philosophy must be of a very different kind from that which is taught by our political economists; it must look farther and wider, rise higher and go deeper, have a better foundation to rest on, and a nobler end in view.

'It is not with happiness,' says the late Oxford Professor of this pseudo-science, 'but with wealth, that I am concerned as a political economist; and I am not only justified in omitting, but perhaps am bound to omit, all considerations which have no influence on wealth.' 'Man,' says the prince of such professors, Mr. Macculloch, 'Man is as much the produce of labour as any of the machines constructed by his agency; and it appears to me that in all economical investigations *he ought to be considered in precisely the same point of view.*' This doctrine, before it was thus delivered *ex cathedrâ*, was acted upon by the farmers in those parts of the country where the practice prevailed of making up wages out of parish rates, and by the magistrates who permitted the continuance of this practice, knowing it to be injurious and unjust;—they ought to have known that it was illegal also. It was acted upon in the manufacturing system also, with as little compunction as in the slave trade, or as the Czarina Catherine, and old Frederic, and Buonaparte felt when they or-

* Malthus's 'Definitions.'

dered

dered their human machines to the field. The British government is not chargeable with such insensibility, except at times when, in compliance with a popular cry for retrenchment, it cuts down its establishments, turns off a portion of its servants, and curtails the not too ample salaries of others with whose services it cannot dispense. Of moral considerations, indeed, the government seems entirely to have lost sight during a whole century, as if satisfied that such considerations had as little to do with state wisdom as with statistics; and even in later times, how egregiously they confounded national wealth with national prosperity and general happiness, will not be forgotten so long as the speeches of Mr. Pitt and Lord Goderich remain upon record. But since the commencement of the present century, the moral condition of the people has been deemed worthy the attention of the state; and neither time, nor diligence, nor expense has been spared by parliament in collecting information which might enable it to understand the circumstances of the nation, and apply suitable remedies to such evils as might be found existing. The cost at which such information has been brought together might cause 'each particular hair to stand erect' upon the scalp of Joseph Hume, and his disciples of the save-all school; but the extent, and variety, and importance of these national documents will in future times be regarded as conferring honour upon this age and country—though they are presented in the most indigested and inconvenient form. Nor is it any heavy charge against the British government, that, comparatively speaking, little use has yet been made of the abundant information which has thus been brought together. Something has been done for Benefit Societies and Savings Banks; something for the national Church; something (would that it had been more!) towards the mitigation of white slavery in the cotton mills, by limiting the hours of the children's labour, and checking the inhuman practice of night work. And though in this, and in many other cases, the intentions of successive administrations, from that of Mr. Pitt to that of the Duke of Wellington, have too often gone toward paving that place whither it is hoped none of these ministers have followed, or may follow them,—the materials remain for use. The seed has not been sown and scattered as it ought to be; nevertheless it has not been provided in vain; it has been cast upon the waters, and will be found after many days.

In those urgent cases, where little or nothing has been done in the way of necessary reform, there is this excuse for successive administrations, that official business has multiplied upon them in all the departments of state to an overwhelming amount; and that when the ministers enter the arena of parliament, after a morning's work which the most industrious merchant would think sufficient for

for the day, they are engaged in that wearying, worrying warfare, by which the tactics of opposition impede the public business, and leave them neither time, nor strength, nor heart, nor spirits for anything beyond the routine to which they are bound. That Mr. Peel should have done so much in that branch to which he applied himself, is an extraordinary example of what may be effected by great parts, great diligence, and earnest intentions, where a less able minister, and one who had the public weal less at heart, would have thought the perfunctory discharge of his official duties

'As much as God or man could fairly ask.'—*Crabbe.*

No other statesman in our days has won for himself so general and so well-deserved a reputation as Sir Robert Peel has done by his unostentatious, well-considered legal reforms. And more, much more, and in more important things, might have been expected from a minister so clear in his judgment, so cautious in his proceedings, and so strong in public opinion, had opportunity been given him. If he did not carry the same acknowledged and imperative authority in parliament which Mr. Pitt had done, he enjoyed, in an equal degree, the confidence of that great majority of the nation who were faithful to the old English principles of their fathers; and perhaps no one, who held so conspicuous a station in the government, was ever so little the object of political hostility. A few anxious observers, indeed, began to entertain ominous doubts of the strength of his character and the stability of his judgment, when they saw him change his opinion upon the currency, and taking part with the meta-politicians in a question of such vast importance, and, where the danger lay wholly on the side of theory and change, bring forward measures in conformity with their views, against which the warning voice of experience and foresight was raised in vain. But even the persons whose confidence in Mr. Peel was thus abated, still looked to him as the man who, by his habits of business, his powers of oratory, his principles, and his public and private character (both without spot), was qualified, above all others in our day, to become prime minister of these kingdoms.

The first great error which he committed was in resigning office as soon as it was understood, upon the political death of Lord Liverpool, that Mr. Canning was to be placed at the head of the government. This step he took in concert with the majority of his colleagues, those who now, by a melancholy presageful distinction, were called the *protestant* members of the cabinet. It was a great error; for however much those members might have resented the intrigues of Mr. Canning, and however dangerous they might have deemed him as a prime minister, the public interest

interest ought not to have been sacrificed to such resentment, (justifiable as in itself it might have been,) and the danger was evidently increased by throwing him into the hands of the Whigs, with whom it had long been suspected that he had been playing an under game. The Whigs, it was certain, would heartily concur with him in the most rash of his views, as they did in the most objectionable of his opinions; and they were likely to hurry or inveigle him into difficulties, from which it would be hardly possible for him to extricate himself without some loss of character, and great detriment to the public, to whom any loss of character in such a person must be considered as greatly detrimental. The wide difference of opinion between Mr. Canning and his former colleagues was not greater at this time than it had been before; nor, while they remained in the cabinet, was he more able to carry the question of catholic emancipation, if he had been desirous of hastening that measure, which he was not, for he was accustomed to say, (and it is a proof of his sagacity,) that great mischief would arise if that question were carried too soon,—that is, before the public mind should have been prepared for it. And they were entirely agreed with him upon the questions of the test act and of parliamentary reform,—questions inferior in importance only to the more mischievous and more menacing one which at that time overshadowed them, and kept them out of sight. Listening, however, to resentment rather than to that patient and watchful wisdom, which, making the best of untoward circumstances, takes with the right hand what Fortune offers with the left, they resigned their office in an evil hour, and left the new premier to form an administration of his personal friends, and of the Whigs, who made no scruple of saying that they had him in their power bound hand and foot.

Thus they boasted; but, had they ever attempted to tighten the bands, he, as soon as he had felt the pressure, would have broken them as easily as Sampson snapt asunder the green withes with which the Philistines fastened his hands when he lay sleeping in Dalilah's lap. Canning was not shorn of his strength; if need had been, he might have appealed generously to those with whom he had acted in his better days, and with whom he was, to the last, far more in accord than with his new allies; and they would have received and welcomed him, and the country would have rejoiced in the reconciliation, and have stood by both. But there was no opportunity for this. No sooner was Mr. Canning's administration formed, than the Tory newspapers attacked him with a virulence and malignity which had hardly been exceeded even by the Whig press. They denounced him for a political adventurer;—as if they had then, for the first time, discovered that he was indebted for

for his elevation, not to birth and connections, not to rank and fortune, but to his great talents, his rich endowments, and his mounting spirit; and they insulted him with base and unmanly cruelty upon the circumstances of his family history, his aged mother, towards whom he ever manifested the most dutiful affection, being at that time living. Other opponents of higher station, who had some character to lose, abstained from using such poisoned weapons in this warfare; but they went beyond those courteous and reasonable bounds, which good sense (even if good feeling were wanting) would prescribe in such contests; and instead of preserving the decorous tone of calm discussion, such as the subject required, and as Mr. Canning was entitled to expect even from the most zealous of his opponents, they wrote in a spirit which had all the appearance of personal malevolence. The incense which he received from his new friends, and the adulation of the Whig and Radical newspapers, afforded him poor compensation for such injuries; those he despised, while of these he was diseasedly sensible. His better nature sickened at the filthy popularity which, in his ambition, he had submitted to court; but the indignity with which he regarded his unworthy assailants, was mingled with a sensation of self-reproach, more cutting than any which could be cast upon him by envy, hatred, malice, or uncharitableness; for he could not possibly disguise from himself the humiliating truth that he had formed a coalition with that party and those persons against whom he had been sincerely and victoriously engaged during his whole political life upon every question of importance, the single one excepted, upon which neither he nor they deemed it prudent to try their strength against the known opinions of the king, and the undoubted feeling of the country. He had over-rated (and the greatest men in political life are prone to do so) his own importance. Every thing seemed to yield before him, when such persons as Lord Eldon, the Duke of Wellington, and Mr. Peel gave way to his ascendancy; and when he was welcomed by his old opponents with more demonstrations of joy than ever general, who seemed to carry victory with him, received when he went over to an enemy's camp. 'I am come from Naples to support you,' said one of the old opposition one night to a member on the ministerial benches; 'From Naples!' was the ready rejoinder: 'much farther—you are come from the other side of the House.'

Nescia mens hominum! The premiership had long been the object of Mr. Canning's ambition, perhaps it had been his earliest dream of power. He had intrigued for it; had borne with disappointment in long and patient expectation; had once given up that expectation in despair; then, upon Lord Londonderry's death, resumed

resumed it, and now he had attained the summit of his desires. *Nescia mens hominum!* it was only to afford another example of the vanity of human wishes. In the pride of that intellectual superiority which he undoubtedly possessed, he thought himself able to rule alone. 'He comes to me with advice,' was his exclamation one day, when a person, who thought himself privileged to offer it, had just left the room;—'he comes to me with advice'—(and his imperious voice and vehement gesture accorded as he spake with the animation of his angry eyes)—'it is not advice that I want! I want tools! tools! tools!' But the excitement of success, an excitement amounting to inebriety, could not in its nature be lasting; the false strength was succeeded by a sense of real weakness; and what his friends had foreseen, as the probable consequence of his remaining in England and accepting office there, was fulfilled: he broke down under the anxieties and vexations of his station; and it is not doubted that the malignity with which he was assailed accelerated his death. 'A wounded spirit who can bear?'

It is not necessary here to speak of the pitiful administration which was afterwards put together by the motley party of his followers; an administration so feeble that it seemed to disparage government itself. There was scarcely a member of it who, if his eyes had been opened, might not have read *Tekel* upon the walls of his office. The Duke of Wellington was called for by the sovereign and by the public voice; and, in obedience to that call, he accepted, as in duty bound, a situation of which he was not desirous, and for which he had declared himself, in his own opinion, unqualified. Mr. Peel returned to that department in which he had been so long tried, and was so generally approved. The new ministry did not succeed to a bed of roses; but neither would it have been a bed of thorns—if they had remained true to the principles which they still professed, and upon which, up to that time, they had acted. Upon the Roman Catholic question they had a small and doubtful majority in the House of Commons, a considerable one in the Lords, a great and decided one in the nation. The plain course was the straight forward one;—to have put down by the law the Roman Catholic Association, which had been declared illegal; to have secured the leading agitators; and at the same time to have taken vigorous measures for redressing the real grievances of Ireland, and bettering the condition of the peasantry in that most miserable country; the first step toward which should have been that of making the landholders (as a body, the most unfeeling of any under the face of heaven) contribute to the maintenance of their own poor, or find employment for them (which is the best means of maintaining them), or provide for

for their emigration. The deceitful cry of emancipation would have had little effect upon the peasantry, if any measures for their real and obvious benefit had been in progress. But the pro-Catholics in Parliament, even the most moderate and best-intentioned, were in more than semi-alliance with the Irish agitators, who, indeed, would never have ventured upon the daring and treasonable course in which they openly engaged, if they had not counted upon such protection. These men did not even affect to dissemble that they demanded what they called emancipation, as a preliminary step toward the overthrow of the Protestant Church in Ireland and the dissolution of the Union; and they proclaimed their determination of effecting these objects, in despite of the government, by force of numbers. Yet the pro-Catholics, professing, most of them, their resolution to support the Protestant Church, and all of them to maintain the union,—condemning, too, the violence, the measures, and the intentions of the agitators, took part with them nevertheless—acted in support of their measures, in furtherance of their views, and would have resisted every attempt of the government for coercing the turbulent and mischievous men by whom it was insulted and defied. Embarrassed at every step by the pro-Catholics, who, while the united Romanists were proceeding, *per fas et nefas*, toward their object, were resolved, *per fas et nefas*, to support them in Parliament, and if they could not carry their own specific measure, at least to prevent the government from taking any effectual measures of defence, the ministry looked around them in dismay.

During more than twenty years the Roman Catholics and the pro-Catholics, and their infidel allies, had incessantly employed the periodical press in aid of their cause; while their opponents, with the usual remissness of those who are acting upon the defensive, neglected far too much this powerful means of acting upon public opinion. There can be no impropriety now in declaring that this Journal was withheld from entering (as, in conformity with its general principles, it ought to have done) upon this particular question, by the influence of Mr. Canning, whose friendship with Mr. Gifford enabled him to exercise such an influence. The value of his friendship, and of his occasional assistance, must be sufficiently apparent; and Mr. Gifford, whose own opinion upon the question perhaps was not made up, and who, like most well-wishers to their country, heartily wished that so mischievous a question had never been agitated, kept the *Quarterly Review* silent thereupon as long as it continued under his direction. But in this case to be neutral was, in fact, to favour the assailing party: he who is not with us is against us at such times. Owing to activity on the one side, and the sin of omission on the other, most

most of the new members who entered Parliament during those years, even they who had not imbibed the other poisons of the liberal school, were infected with what, in some of the most agreeable circles of high life, was the prevalent opinion upon this subject; and from them, and from the newspapers, the ministers seemed to have formed their estimate of the public mind, judging of its course by the straws upon the surface of the stream, and not reflecting that these were moved about with the wind and with the eddy, while the great body of the waters held their way silently beneath. They did not perceive that if the majority of educated men, who were advancing into middle age, (the writers and conversationists of the day,) had imbibed this dangerous predilection in their youth, the rising generation were, and in a far greater proportion, under the influence of better stars; for a great improvement had been wrought in the universities, the effect of which was now seen among the clergy; the insults of the enemy, in the joy of their anticipated triumph, had roused the friends of the good cause; and while that cause was ably and victoriously asserted with the pen, the revolutionary measures and menaces of the agitators had provoked a spirit of resistance in the Irish Protestants and in the British people, strong enough, if the question had been brought to such an issue, to have put down force by force.

But the ministry, at that time, were so wholly possessed by the sense and the fear of present difficulties (* φόβος γὰρ μνήμην ἐκπλήσσει), that they neither called to mind the lessons of the past, nor looked far enough before them to see the dangers of the future—

> Their narrow ends being in the present placed,
> And so in narrow selfness only wise.

They distrusted the army, because, by the worst policy that ever could be committed without a sinister purpose, it had, during many years, been chiefly recruited with Irish Roman Catholics; they distrusted the House of Commons, where they had never strengthened themselves by introducing men of tried ability, or youths of well-trained talent, on their own side; they distrusted public opinion, which they had taken no pains either to direct, or to improve, or to understand; they distrusted their own cause, either because they did not feel its truth and its strength, or did not comprehend its importance; and they distrusted themselves. In this state of mind they came to the worst resolution which could have been taken, and proceeded to carry it into effect in the worst way. 'It is no part of a skilful mariner,' says Lord Bacon, 'to sail against a tide, when the tide is at strongest.' But still less is it his part to tack round, put himself in the main stream, hoist all

* Thucydides, ii. § 87.

sail,

sail, and go whithersoever the wind and tide will carry him. The wise and honourable course, so far as any course can be deemed wise and honourable which is taken under the influence of fear, should have been to have resigned office; and as they were persuaded that a measure, which they believed to be in itself unconstitutional and dangerous, could no longer be resisted with any hope of ultimately averting it, and no longer delayed without the certainty of bringing on a rebellion in Ireland, to have left the responsibility of effecting it to that party who most assuredly would take the merit to themselves, and by whom it had been so long, so vehemently, and, as it now appeared, so successfully urged. How differently they acted need not be related here, nor with what feelings the Irish Protestants, and the great and sound majority of the British nation, discovered that the ministers in whom their trust was placed, had deserted them.

The Duke of Wellington was more easily to be excused than some of his colleagues. His education, his profession, and his course of life had been such, that it had never been supposed he could consider the question in its moral and religious bearings. He had looked at it only as a statesman, and as one too who had been little conversant with such matters of state; few, therefore, even of those who upon this occasion judged of him with most severity, passed upon him any harsher censure than that of thinking he had taken up a false position in politics, which he had never done in war. But Mr. Peel's conduct was regarded with a far more painful sentiment; for what reliance, it was asked, could hereafter be placed upon the opinions, what upon the principles, of public men, when one, who had stood forward during so many years as the leader of the Protestant and constitutional cause; who had shown himself so thoroughly conversant with the subject; who had so often and so triumphantly exposed the sophistry, and demolished the arguments of the emancipators; who possessed in so high a degree the confidence of the nation; and who had obtained that confidence chiefly by his exertions in this very cause, could at once veer round—not one reason being advanced for such a mutation, which he had not before again and again confuted, not one circumstance having arisen which should have sufficed to move him from—

> That sad resolve which is a wise man's vow!

What reliance was henceforth to be placed on public and parliamentary professions, if the leader of the Protestant party, as if

> Having forgot what tongue hereafter might
> Tell to the world his falling off,—

could lay down his general's commission in that service; but not till

till he had taken all his measures for destroying it—and go over to the enemy's camp, carrying with him as large a body of his officers and men as could be induced to follow his example?

And yet betrayed, as Mr. Peel had been by error of judgment, into a course of conduct which can only be represented in history as treacherous, even they who most bitterly regretted and resented his desertion of their cause, imputed to him no unworthy motive. Neither the love of place, nor the desire of power could have influenced him; and accessible as he might be to praise from an insidious quarter—however profusely such base coin might be tossed into his hat, it could never compensate him for the golden opinions which he had forfeited. The change itself had manifested in him a want of moral and intellectual strength; and the course which he had afterwards pursued could not be reconciled with old English notions; but that he had been influenced by a conscientious desire of doing, in difficult circumstances, what to him appeared best, and choosing the least of two evils, was acknowledged by those who now found themselves most unexpectedly opposed to him. The conduct of most of those peers and members of parliament who followed the government in its change, and turned '*to the left about, quick,*' at the word of command, admitted of yet further extenuation: because men cannot fairly be censured for having abandoned their principles, if those principles have never been established upon due inquiry, and satisfactory knowledge, and clear conviction. They had taken their part upon this, as upon other questions of the day, according to the accidents of their situation, connexions, inclinations, and temper; not a few in compliance with the wishes, or in deference to the judgment of others whom they were accustomed to look to as private advisers or as public leaders. Many, even in what our Siamese dramatists call

. . . . . 'the little world
Of good men,'—

are, and must ever be, in this predicament; and very many in the great world of ordinary men are as ready to change the fashion of their opinions as of their dress. Individually, therefore, the persons who composed the shifting majority on this memorable occasion were excused, except where some one was unlucky enough to place himself in so prominent a position that he was noted for a scape-rat; after which, nothing was left for the poor animal but to retire into his hole, marked and maimed for life.

Yet when all reasonable, all charitable allowance had been made, both for leaders and followers in this strange, and heretofore unexampled defection, there remained enough in the transaction to astonish sincere minds, and to exasperate ardent ones. The first emotion

emotion in the people was incredulity, soon succeeded by indignation,—a feeling which was especially excited by the conduct of those bishops who had turned with the tide. Charity itself could hardly devise any apology for them; for to whatever degree the quicksilver of a politician's conscience might be depressed, the bishops were believed to have theirs fixed at the high and immutable standard of their order and their faith. It was no part of their calling to weigh the expedient against the right; but knowing the right, they were bound before God and man to ensue it at all costs. Had all the bishops in this emergency been found faithful as the majority were; and had they made their stand meekly but firmly, constitutionally but religiously, as seven of their predecessors had done, under circumstances of far more personal, and yet less public danger, the king, who needed such support, would have stood by them, and the nation would have stood by both; and the Protestant feeling of Great Britain would have been so unequivocally, so loudly, and so powerfully expressed, that the question of Catholic emancipation might have been adjourned to the Greek calends. No one who knows what the king's feelings were at that time (and they were well known), and what were the feelings of the British nation, can doubt that the bishops, if their whole body had been true, might a second time have saved the Protestant constitution in church and state from all the assaults of its enemies.

But let the stain (it is ineffaceable) rest upon those only by whom it was contracted. The church of England, defective as it yet is, has never, at any time, as at the present, been so well provided with servants

> Of her pure altars worthy; ministers
> Detach'd from pleasure, to the love of gain
> Superior, insusceptible of pride,
> And by ambitious longings undisturb'd;
> Men whose delight is where their duty leads,
> Or fixes them.—*Wordsworth.*

And the feeling of the clergy was never more strongly nor more honourably evinced than at the Oxford election, which afforded them an opportunity of manifesting it. When Mr. Peel, with a becoming sense of propriety and rectitude, resigned his seat for that University, and again offered himself as a candidate, the result of the election was regarded by his friends, and by the party to whose way of thinking he had been brought over, as of the greatest importance in the then state of public opinion. Even in the days of Henry VIII. the decision of a university was of less moment; for had he been again returned, in opposition to a candidate who stood upon the ground of his Protestant principles, (principles which no man understood more thoroughly than Sir Robert Inglis, felt

felt more sincerely, or had more ably maintained,) it would have seemed that the electors, like their representatives, had changed in compliance with the spirit of the times, and that old principles were out of date, even in the sanctuary itself. If Mr. Peel had not strongly felt how desirable it was for the cause to which he had become a convert that such an impression should be produced, he would not (fully confident as his partisans were of success) have sought, under such circumstances, to be returned again for Oxford; for he must well have known that the enemies of the church, who are ever on the alert, would eagerly have taken all the advantage which his re-election would have given them; that the character of the University was in danger; and that it would have suffered in a dangerous degree, if a charge of time-serving could at such a time have been brought against it with truth. Upon this consideration, Sir Robert Peel must now be glad of his defeat, and gratified at thinking that so consistent, so disinterested, so just a sense of principle and of duty was manifested by the clergy, on the only occasion which could have enabled them to act as a body, though it was directed against himself. He has the welfare of the church at heart, and will yet be called upon to support it.

We will not touch upon the manner in which the *settlement*, as it was called, of the 'great question' was framed, the illusory securities which were devised as a blind, for the sake of those who thought that decency required some such cover; and the contempt with which such enactments were set at nought by the triumphant Romanists, when they had obtained more than the warmest of their pro-Catholic advocates had ever ventured to ask for them. The ministers went through with their measure; and having thus set the constitution topsy-turvy, as the Devil did Sister Providence, they expected that a miracle would be wrought to keep everything in its place. They carried the measure against the clergy, who constitute (though there may be state-mannikins who may be surprised at the assertion) one of the Three Estates of the Realm, against the known inclinations of the king, against the often-recorded sense of the lords, and against the voice of the people, whose petitions were treated with contempt and contumely. They conceded everything, not because they thought such concession right and reasonable in itself, but confessedly because they yielded to intimidation; and notwithstanding the repeated declaration of the agitators, who, on this point, are entitled to full credit for fair and frank dealing, that they would not be satisfied, though everything were conceded. 'We will take anything they give us,' said Mr. O'Connell.* 'They owe us twenty shillings in the pound;

* *Times*, Dec. 13, 1828.

let them gives us fifteen,—we will proceed against them for the remainder. We will take the instalment, and demand the residue with greater earnestness.'

That they could expect to tranquillize Ireland by thus yielding to an illegal confederacy, is what credulity itself cannot be persuaded to believe, because they well knew, that not one of the real miseries of the Irish would be removed or alleviated by it; but they expected to conciliate the opposition, and so to procure a halcyon season in parliament; this rub being removed, the machine of government was to move on *there* as smoothly as upon a rail-road. And for this, the confidence of the nation in its peers, and its prelates, and its representatives was to be destroyed, and its reliance upon the king, and its faith in public men! But when all was done, Ireland (as all who knew the history and the condition of that poor country had constantly foretold) continued to be as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever will be, while the people continue under the yoke of such a hierarchy and such a squirearchy — such priests and such landlords. And so far from obtaining the ease for which they looked in parliament, the tergiverse administration discovered, when too late, that they had broken the staff of their strength, and that in breaking up the constitutional party, they had virtually dissolved the government. Their imbecility during the session of 1830 would have been ludicrous, if lesser interests than those of a nation had been at stake. Never knowing on what resistance to reckon, nor on what support to depend, they took the chance of the House, from night to night, and ventured upon no measure of importance, in the utter uncertainty of carrying anything. The Tories assailed them with reproaches, the Whigs with sarcasms; sometimes from the one, sometimes from the other, they received a scornful assistance; and on one occasion, Joseph Hume extended over them in compassion his shield of sevenfold asses-skin, and saved them from defeat. They did indeed contrive 'to chronicle small beer' in the proceedings of that memorable session, passing a bill which destroyed vested property to a greater amount than was ever before sacrificed by the act of a sane legislature. 'Is the Beer Bill nothing?' was a question asked in the House of Lords triumphantly, as if it had been a great boon to the nation. The question has been answered in one of the pamphlets before us,—'Yes, indeed it *is* something—one of the greatest curses ever inflicted upon the country!' In the words of the New England pulpit-punster, '*All* houses have been turned into *ale*-houses' by its operation, and in those houses most of the meetings have been held at which the recent insurrections of the peasantry were concerted.

'Certainly,'

'Certainly,' says Mr. Potter Macqueen, 'if this proceeding were intended to conciliate the labouring classes, never was dissatisfaction or ingratitude more strongly exhibited, than by the conduct of those classes to the ministers, within a few days of the operation of this act of grace. The measure itself I consider one of the worst that could have been suggested. A number of persons will be plunged into inevitable ruin by entering into speculations for which they are wholly unfitted; spurious, perhaps deleterious liquors will be produced to an incalculable extent; but as no private individual can eventually compete with the large wholesale brewer, the trade will soon revert to its original proprietors. In the country districts, however, the publican, especially he who brews for himself, has no chance with the retail vender; the latter is removed from the power and authority of the magistrates, he may entertain gamblers, poachers, and vagrants at his own pleasure and at his own hours, and with common caution may defy summary conviction.'

'A more unfortunate measure than the late inauspicious Beer Bill,' says the excellent Bishop of Bath and Wells*, 'never passed a Christian legislature. In direct proportion to the number of public houses in a district is, for the most part, the wretchedness and the misery of its inhabitants. Often have I noticed, that in those parishes, where there was not a single public house, there the greatest regularity and happiness were to be found; but that in the direct ratio of the increase of public houses was the increase of vice and misery. The poor man who, on the Saturday eve, when his work was done and his wages paid, might have returned quietly to a happy home, and taken his earnings to a wife and family, is now arrested on his way by the sound of carousals and merriment, stops and tarries till all that he had received is gone! If proof were wanting of the sad consequences resulting from this ill-fated measure, it was afforded at the late execution of three unhappy sufferers, who paid the forfeit of their lives at Kenn, in this county, (Somerset,) the place at which their crimes had been committed. Amid the horrors of the last sad scene of human degradation, as they were ascending the scaffold, with their dying words they observed, that such an end would not have befallen them but for the beer and cider houses.'

This was the 'sole and solitary measure of relief' for the labouring classes which the ministry devised after all the reports of their Committees, and all the evidence collected with such pains and expense, which had been laid before them, for explaining the growth, and extent, and progress of pauperism in the land, the new character which it had assumed, the causes of this great change in so great a body of the people, the consequences which were hastening on, and must arrive, unless legislative wisdom should speedily intervene, or merciful Providence avert from us the otherwise sure results of legislative errors and neglect. The

* Remarks on the Present Distresses of the Poor, p. 21.

subject of emigration (that one which, of many necessary measures, presents perhaps the surest, most immediate, and most practicable means of relief) was taken up by Mr. Wilmot Horton, who, with rare ability, rarer diligence, and rarest zeal, had made himself master of it in all its details and extensive bearings. But the curse of Cassandra seemed to attend his efforts, and the members of the government continued to take their ease, 'eating and drinking,' like the antediluvians when the Ark was upon the stocks! The meta-politicians were lords of the ascendant; the Whigs had the direction of the government just as far as they found it convenient to exercise it. 'Ask and ye shall have' was what the administration in all their actions said to their opponents; though 'knock and it shall be opened to you' was not yet written over the gates of office. They reduced the army at Joseph the Dictator's bidding; they were too *liberal* not to persist in Lord Lansdowne's precious and far-sighted scheme of disbanding the yeomanry—who, not ten years before, had been the chief instruments of averting a civil war—and *ex proprio motu*, as a peace-offering to the gentlemen of the press, they repealed the only efficient act against sedition—that is, efficient in the hands of any ministry who should be wise and just enough to enforce it. Reductions, retrenchments, liberality, conciliation, and concession were the order of the day; and they who remained true to old constitutional and English principles began to think that all which could be done was to drag the wheels of the state carriage on its downward road; all that could be hoped for was to avert it, if possible, from the precipice, and let it descend as smoothly and gently as might be, to the dead level of democracy.

Toward that level we were descending, the more dangerously because there was nothing to alarm the great and well-meaning body of the nation in the easy uniform motion of descent, when the stage-curtain drew up in France, and the second drama of the French Revolution began;—a Revolution the most unprovoked in history till that of Belgium followed it. No Protestant could wish success to the Jesuits and the Jesuitized counsels of Charles X.; but regarding the political measures of the Bourbons, the man must set truth intrepidly at defiance who should deny, that from the time of their restoration until the issuing of the ordinances, that family had been more sinned against than sinning. A conspiracy for their overthrow had from that time been carried on against them; insurrection and assassination were part of its means; but the design was prosecuted more surely as well as safely when the conspirators intrenched themselves within the forms of the constitution. Treason then becomes a safe game when the government against which it is directed strictly observes the

the law, and the traitors make use of it for their own ends; '*Si l'on ne voit pas plus souvent des rois détronés, c'est que les peuples n'ont pas été sollicités à la révolte par des intrigues assez bien conduites. Il ne faut que cela : si le prince n'est pas méchant, on sait bien le faire passer pour tel, ou pour esclave d'un méchant conseil. Les prétextes ne manquent jamais ; et pourvu qu'on les soutienne habilement, ils passent pour une raison légitime, quelque faibles qu'ils soient dans le fond.*' This was understood in Bayle's time; and during the century and a half which have intervened, the science of treason has made much greater advances than either political economy or political wisdom.

The King of France knew his danger: his ministers, his egregious ministers!—miscalculated their strength. Instead of waiting for circumstances, which would not long have been delayed, and which would have authorised them to call on the other great powers of Europe for interference and support, according to treaty, they committed an act of aggression, whereby they placed themselves manifestly in the wrong, and forfeited that right. The struggle which ensued has been stripped of much of its heroism since truer details have been made public. Mechanics of the lowest class were the real artisans of this new revolution, and money was what set them first in motion. Not a gentleman was killed on the popular side, except among the youths of the Polytechnic School, and one 'gentleman of the press:' the better classes came out at the eleventh hour. But however the victory was gained, the moderation with which, on the whole, it was used is worthy of the highest praise; and the sincerity of such an acknowledgment will not be suspected when coming from those who, as we do, abhor the cause and deprecate the consequences. Looking only at this part of the drama, it might be said that the French deserve almost all the eulogiums which they have bestowed upon themselves. But among

—— 'fair occasions gone for ever by,'

was ever such an opportunity of establishing a glorious and virtuous reputation presented to mortal man as to the Duke of Orleans, when he was invited to put himself at the head of the revolutionary government? Had he undertaken it as regent and guardian for his kinsman, the Duke of Bourdeaux, he would have taken that course which would most evidently have coincided with the interests of France,—most probably have preserved the peace of Europe,—most certainly have tended to his own happiness, here—and (why should we hesitate at saying) hereafter. Against the intrigues of jesuitism, as well as the intention of re-establishing an arbitrary government, (if any such intention really existed in the feeble, unhappy Bourbon family,) the recent events, the abdication of Charles X. and the Dauphin, and his own elevation, would have been

been sufficient security. The loyalists would then have cordially adhered to him, as in loyalty bound; and the European powers would not only have recognised the new order of things, but have been engaged by interest and principle, as well as pledged by existing treaties, to support it. He might have counted upon their assistance in any dangers to which revolutionary madness might expose him, and would have had a better reliance upon the devoted fidelity of the best and most numerous portion of the French people—both those who entertained the highest notions of honour and duty, and those who desired tranquillity, which is what the great majority in any civilised country must always desire, at any cost. At the worst, if he had lost everything, he would have preserved his character and his peace of mind; and whether he had fallen a victim to the demoniacal spirit of Jacobinism, or, which is the far more likely result, finally and completely triumphed over it, he would have left an unspotted name;*—no martyr of fidelity more honoured in the first case,—in the second, not Washington himself more deservedly illustrious. The crimes of the father would then have been remembered only as being atoned for by the transcendant virtues of the son.

'Do you know, gentlemen,' said M. Alexander de Laborde, in the Chamber of Deputies, 'what would be the consequence of recognising the legitimacy of the Duc de Bourdeaux? It would be to oblige the virtuous prince whom we wish to place upon the throne, as well as his family, to bow his head before that child who would remind him only of crimes and misfortunes.' Were there then no painful recollections of which the son of Philippe Egalité would be reminded, if he took possession of a throne which was that child's lawful inheritance, and to which the way for him could never have been opened but through his father's crimes? Far, very far are we from wishing ill to Louis Philippe, 'King of the French,'—far, very far, from wishing that his head may ever be more uneasily placed than it has already been since he wore a crown. The best hope which, under present circumstances, can be formed is, that by success and continued moderation he may make an ill title good, and maintain the monarchical cause in France: thus preserving peace, and ultimately restoring tranquillity in his own country, and in all those which, through the effects of this unhappy revolution, are now so perilously disturbed. But this hope cannot now have the support of reason or of faith with those who believe in that appointed course of righteousness by which the sins of the fathers are visited upon the chil-

* We say an *unspotted* name—for, under all the circumstances of the case, we are not disposed to think with serious reprobation of the Duke of Orleans's now half-forgotten intrigues with respect to Mexico, and afterwards Spain. Those machinations, however, will never fill a very bright page in the history of this 'unambitious' Prince.

dren;

dren; for Louis Phillippe has appropriated to himself the sins for which he might have atoned.

The first revolution was not welcomed with more ardour in England than the second, though what in that instance was accounted for and excused by the novelty of the events, and the consequent inexperience of those who witnessed them, could in this be ascribed only to fatuity, or to something worse. A few incurables, who had chaunted *Jubilate* when what they mistook for the day-star of liberty rose upon their youth, were ready with their *Nunc Dimittis* now. These persons were not many, time having swept away most of that generation; but the whole younger race of liberals and agitators joined in exultation for the success of the revolutionary cause in France—a success which they looked upon as the sure prelude to a victory of their own. They protested earnestly against any interference in the affairs of other nations, yet interfered themselves, by proposing a subscription for the wounded Parisians, and fraternizing with the second race of revolutionists, as their predecessors in sedition had done with the first. They lauded to the skies the magnanimity of the French in permitting the exiled family to depart unmolested, treating them with respectful humanity, and allotting them sufficient means for a becoming maintenance. But the mouthpieces of this faction were far from imitating the magnanimity which they praised.

'The late king,' said the *Times*,* 'is, no doubt, on his way to England—perhaps, ere this, arrived. Let the country receive him; there is vice and villainy enough in it already: monstrous as his offences are, he cannot add much to the general stock; and we hope there is virtue also, and integrity, and patriotism enough, to redeem the bad, even when his crimes, and absurdities, and follies are added to the stock. There is not a parish workhouse in England, a penitentiary, or a bridewell, that would not be disgraced by such an inmate. Let him live upon his own resources, whatever they may be: one shilling for support, farther than to protect him against the cravings of hunger, will not be allowed him here. But how noble in the French people to dismiss the wretch, even before the streets of Paris have ceased to reek with the blood of the thousands whom he and his counsels have murdered! Perhaps we would wish the people to abstain from any mark of disgust at the sight of him; yet we are reminded of the Devil's return from his more successful attempt to injure our common parents:—

> "So having said, awhile he stood expecting
> Their universal shout and high applause
> To fill his ear, when contrary he hears
> On all sides from innumerable tongues
> A dismal universal hiss, the sound
> Of public scorn."

'As to the ministers, they ought, if it were possible, to be ex-

* August 5, 1830.

cepted

cepted from the general rule, and to be given up, if they escape hither, and are claimed by the French Government; for certainly greater criminals never landed on the British coast. They are responsible persons by the laws and constitution of France; and though Charles X. might view his own rights with the prejudices and infatuation of absolute royalty, they were in no such situation. They were criminal for no other purpose than that of simply destroying their country, in order to please a stupid and wicked master, whom they should either have restrained or quitted. The ordinance of the 25th of July bears on the face of it the impress of their having counselled it to, and demanded it of, the King; and the innocent and unoffending citizens of Paris, slaughtered by thousands in the streets, are not to be the only people who are to reap the fruits of such counsels and demands. We hope to see the French ministers brought to justice.'

Such were the sentiments expressed, and such the advice given, by the most influential, though, at the same time, the most notoriously profligate of the London newspapers, and the most impudently inconsistent in every thing, except in malice and mischief. They were echoed by too many other journalists, metropolitan and provincial, of the same stamp; and it is not through any want of endeavour on their part that a national disgrace was not brought upon the British character when the exiled Bourbons arrived a second time upon our shores. But though indications enough appeared among the mob in some places, and in a few persons who were raised above the mob, in circumstance but not in mind, to show that these panders of malignity and pioneers of revolution had not been labouring in their vocation without effect, British feeling and British virtue saved us from this opprobium. But even the newspaper editor, whose principle it is, reckless of right or wrong, always to take that part which, by flattering public opinion, may best promote the sale of his paper, was, on this occasion, outdone by that critical journal, which is well known as the all-but-acknowledged organ of the Whig party in Parliament; the journal in which, not many years ago, the then Duke of Orleans, now Louis Philippe, King of the French—(but not 'by the grace of God,' for those words have been omitted, as implying an acknowledgment which is inconsistent with the Sovereignty of the People), was recommended to that nation as a fit person to be chosen for their constitutional monarch. This journal, after assuring its readers it was abundantly manifest that 'the battle of English liberty had really been fought and won at Paris;'—after speaking of the battle of Waterloo as a victory 'which has inflicted on the French the unmitigated evil of the restoration;'—after informing the French that because the Swiss guards opposed the Parisians during the insurrection, therefore the sordid states 'of Switzerland well deserved to be annihilated as an independent power;'—after saying that that insurrection

insurrection 'taught an awful lesson to all soldiers, and held up a bright example to all freemen;' after saying of Prince Polignac and his colleagues, who were then prisoners, that 'if they were suffered to escape condign punishment (meaning by that punishment death), a premium would be held out to treason against the liberties of the people;' after saying of the then British ministers, that 'however much they may have yielded to the people at home, or rather, whatever concessions the people may have extorted from them,' they were 'the steady and unflinching patrons of all the forms of antiquated superstition and hateful despotism;' having given to our Polytechnics the significant hint that 'several lessons have been taught in the University of Paris which will not soon be forgotten,' and informed the citizens of all great towns that 'a well-inhabited street is a fortress which no troops can take if the inhabitants be true to themselves;'—the writer comments in the following terms upon the conduct of the British government in not having required the payment of custom-house dues from the fugitive royal family of France!

'When a criminal is detected in plotting some foul enterprise, or, having attempted to carry it into execution, fails, and flies from the scene of his iniquity, does the government of this country make it a practice to receive him with open arms,—to direct that the revenue laws shall be suspended in his favour, and to give him shelter and comfort, with much deference and respect, on our shores? No such thing—and why? Because our government never avows a patronage of rapine or murder, and regards with just abhorrence the perpetrators of such crimes. Then why, we ask, have Charles and his family been received, not only with courtesy, but with a degree of favour, which no man living believes would have been shown to the most illustrious patriot that ever bled for freedom—the most venerable philosopher that ever enlarged the powers of man, or bettered the lot of humanity? Had Washington sought our shores, after resigning the sceptre which he might have held for life, possibly transmitted to his kindred, but that he loved his country better than all power—would *his* baggage have been suffered to pass without search at any custom-house quay in all England? No man dreams of such a thing. Suppose Polignac had succeeded, if any of the unoffending Parisians whom the tyrant ordered his artillery to mow down by thousands, had escaped from the slaughter he was destined to, who believes that the wreck of his fortunes would have been allowed to pass duty-free, and unexamined? Indeed, had the Alien Bill still armed our ministers with the power, such a refugee would have been sent back to certain execution by the next tide. Then why was the oppressor so differently treated? This is the question which we ask now; the question which the people of England are asking, and which it is the bounden duty of their representatives to ask. Charles X., by the very act of our government recognising Louis-Philip, is admitted by that government to be no longer

longer a king—is ranked by that government among private persons. What right, then, had that government to treat him as a king? What possible motive could they have for thus flying in the English people's face, and insulting the French people also, except to show ostentatiously their sorrow for his failure, and their fellow-feeling for his fate—a fate brought on by his crimes—a failure in the attempt to perpetrate the most atrocious wickedness of which a monarch can be guilty? But it was not a mere attempt. The abdicated king came among us stained with the blood of his unoffending subjects. He had ordered his soldiers to the charge; the onslaught had been tremendous; the artillery had been, with a cold-blooded cruelty unknown to the most atrocious tyrants, brought to bear upon crowded streets, and to sweep down thousands of all ages, and of either sex. From the miserable slaughter which he had commanded, the wretched despot had withdrawn his own person to a place of safety; and, providentially discomfited, he had fled from the scene of his crimes. This is he for whom the sympathies of our ministers are speedily unlocked; for whose accommodation the laws are suspended; who is received with distinctions which would have been denied to the greatest benefactor of his kind who had never been a king, and a tyrant! What right, then, have those ministers to complain, if they are suspected of a leaning towards his designs? Do they not become accessaries after the fact, by this their conduct? If any man is seen submitting to a criminal's fellowship, whom all others detest, the conclusion is immediate, that he was a partner in his guilt, and that he has put himself in the offender's power. Are we to infer that our ministers dare not turn their backs upon the French allies for fear of disclosures?'—*Edinburgh Review*, October, 1830, No. ciii., pp. 21, 22.

If this be the production of a young man, some hot partizan of a political party, it is in that case of ill augury for the writer; for although, as has been pertinently said, either by Messrs. Goss and Co., or by the late candidate for Yorkshire, 'in the morning of life, when the blandishments of passion take the reason prisoner, it is an evil more to be lamented than wondered at—if men are led away into certain excesses,' the vices which are indicated in this extract admit of no such extenuation, even in the quackery of ethics. Time brings with it no natural cure for a radical coarseness of mind and a cultivated brutality of disposition; yet it were better to think it should be thus truly affiliated upon some perfect exemplar of well-bronzed self-sufficiency, than to believe that any elder judgment had assisted in concocting it, or that it had obtained an *imprimatur* from one not wholly devoid of generosity—not wholly lost to the sense of decorum; for no one, unless he were thus devoid, thus lost, would have exposed himself to the penalty of being pilloried, with this passage fastened upon his breast.

When Whigs of the first water, and newspapers which at that time

time found it convenient to support, or affect to support, the Duke of Wellington's administration, held language of such ferocity—such insolent and vulgar exultation, it may be imagined what would proceed from the professors of scurrility, the sedition-mongers, the licensed dealers in blasphemy, treason, and

> ' the scum of men ;
> The ulcers of an honest state ; spite-weavers
> That live on poison only, like swoln spiders.'

The repeal of the Banishment Act held out a jubilee to these skunks and foumarts of the press ; and they made full use of an indulgence, which, in their interpretation, extended not only to the offences which they had formerly committed, but to those which they might thenceforth commit. The forum, as well as the press, was presently put in use, and ' fit audience,' though not few, was invited by an advertisement in the following words :—

' France.—Republic or Monarchy.—A Public Discussion will be commenced on the important question, " whether France should now re-establish a republic or a monarchy ?" in the theatre of the Rotunda, near Blackfriars Bridge, this evening, August 12, at eight o'clock. Measures will be taken to convey the sense of the majority to the French nation. To give weight to the meeting, nothing less than silver will be taken for admission. To the boxes, 1*s.*; to the gallery, 6*d.*'

The persons by whom the Rotunda was engaged for this purpose, who were to preside at the discussion and take a prominent part in it, and to share ' the silver ' for their pains, were Gale Jones, the veteran seditionist, whom Sir Francis Burdett so unkindly disappointed of an ovation in the year 1812 ; the mischievous, ignorant, fanatical anti-Christian, Richard Carlile, whom government released from prison, and who, from the time of his release, has continued to insult and outrage the religion of his country ; and the madman, Robert Taylor : madman we call him, because this unhappy man alleged constitutional madness as explaining and excusing his first profession of infidelity, when he applied to his diocesan for permission to resume his clerical functions. The excuse was admitted, and his professions of penitence believed ; but three years of probation were required, and Taylor, being impatient of the delay, commenced infidel preacher. Mad we believe him to be ; but if such madmen are allowed to scatter firebrands among the people, Jonathan Martin is an injured man.

Hunt also was a performer in these exhibitions, if not a partner in the speculation ; but the proceedings became too outrageous even for this thorough-paced demagogue, or too dangerous for him, and he withdrew from the concern, fixing upon Taylor the appellation of the

the 'Devil's Chaplain,' which the madman accepted as a title of honour! They were just at that time drawing close upon the line which separates sedition from high treason, and the orator had a wholesome fear of getting on the wrong side; for if the abortive attempts at insurrection, which originated at these meetings, had been continued, it was not to be presumed that the instigators would always be allowed to escape unpunished. Blasphemy was soon found to be a more attractive commodity than treason, as well as an approved preparation for it. The price of admission was lowered to twopence, except for any person who presented himself in linen suspiciously clean, in which case sixpence was demanded. The reader would be not more greatly astonished than shocked, were we to relate what passes at these meetings: the revolting ribaldry, the nefandous impiety, the daring and rabid blasphemies, with which the most precious truths, the most awful mysteries, the most holy names, are treated there. Large as the theatre is, it is crowded; a great proportion of the attendants consists of boys from fourteen years upwards; and as often as some sentence is uttered that outrages decency, reviles religion, ridicules the belief of a future state, or defies the Almighty, the Rotunda rings with their shouts of acclamation and applause! Hell has indeed enlarged itself among us; its standard is publicly hoisted in our capital, and its recruiting parties are beating up for its service in our streets, and lanes, and alleys,—government, the while, knowing and suffering this, because, forsooth, it would be called intolerance and persecution, were they to interfere with 'free discussion' of any kind!

It will be to the purpose here to introduce an example of the effect of such toleration. John Stratford was convicted at the Summer Assizes, at Norwich, in the year 1829, of having carried to the workhouse of that city a bag of flour, wherein he had mixed arsenic, intending by that means to take away the life of a poor man, then an inmate of the house, with whose wife he was criminally connected. The flour fell into the hands of other persons, for whom it was not designed; it was partaken of by several, and one man died in consequence. The murderer was visited on the day before his execution by 'one of his fellow citizens,' a gentleman well known for the learning and ability with which he has vindicated the truths of Christianity; for the blessed use which he makes of the blessings of fortune, and for his forwardness in all good works: and from the account which that gentleman published of him, which, as it ought to be, has been widely distributed, the following pertinent passage is abridged:—

'Stratford, for many years after he grew up to manhood, was justly considered a respectable man. He was endued with excellent sense and

and good natural talents, and his mind was more cultivated than is generally the case with persons of the labouring class. A whitesmith by trade, he was able, by his ingenuity, to support himself and his family with credit and comfort. He was indeed considered one of the ablest working mechanics in the city, and when the Mechanics' Institution had been formed, he became a member of it, and pursued his calling on scientific principles. Not only was Stratford diligent in obtaining an honest support for his family, but he was for many long years a good husband, and a kind, considerate parent.

'What, then, was the cause of the fatal change which took place in his conduct?

'On this subject he was most explicit. Again and again he assured me that his falling into vicious and criminal practices was the consequence of having imbibed the poison of infidelity, and the same assertion he repeated to several other persons. An infidel publication, long since notorious for its fatal influence over the human mind, became the companion of his private hours. He read it, and adopted its principles. He rejected the Holy Scriptures; looked upon their contents as a cunningly devised fable; and, to use his own expressions, gave up his "faith in our Lord Jesus Christ." Thus was he left without compass or rudder, whereby to steer his course aright through the ocean of life. The revealed law of God was no longer of any avail for the direction of his conduct. No longer was he encouraged in the path of virtue, by the prospect of perfect happiness in a future world, or deterred from the indulgence of his vicious inclinations by any abiding apprehension of the "bitter pains of eternal death." By the rejection of that Gospel which he had formerly received, he crucified unto himself afresh "the Son of God, and put him to an open shame." He trod "under foot" the Redeemer of men, "counted the blood of the covenant an unholy thing," and did "despite unto the Spirit of grace." And, in renouncing his Saviour, he renounced his Father and his God. Although he might probably never venture to deny the existence of a Supreme Being, yet in him was verified the saying of the apostle, "*Whosoever denieth the Son, the same hath not the Father.*" The fear of Almighty God vanished from his soul before the blast of infidelity; and he soon learned to live as *if there was no God in the world.*

'Behold! the sober, industrious, ingenious Stratford under the fatal guidance of false principles—under the pernicious tuition of a Paine and a Carlile—renounces public worship; breaks the Sabbath; connects himself with gamblers; becomes the companion of sinners, faithless to an exemplary wife, an adulterer, and, in the end, a *Murderer.*'

The last earthly care of this miserable man was earnestly to request a promise from the chaplain, that he would go himself to his cottage, and destroy one of Carlile's blasphemous publications, which was then concealed in a drawer, 'lest,' said he, 'it should fall into the hands of my children, and occasion the same mischievous effects on their minds as it has produced upon my own.'

Can

Can any person suppose that this is a solitary instance, or that hundreds and thousands are not by the like means drawn into the ways of destruction? Will any statesman persuade himself, or allow himself to be persuaded, that without religion there can be any security for civilized society? 'The more the people agree in divine truths,' says Bishop Reynolds, 'the more will they be disposed for moral and civil unity. Religion is a cementing thing: "Lactantius and Jerome derive it *a religando, quod eâ quasi in fascem vincti sumus.*"' Will a wise man believe that without it there can be any true wisdom? a good one, that without it there can be any real, any abiding happiness? And how will those ministers answer to their country and their God who suffer the moral pestilence to spread, and make no use of the authority with which the laws divine and human have entrusted them for checking it? As if no such laws existed, or as if those to whom the administration of the laws is confided were afraid to exert them, Infidel rent is at this time collected in London, as Catholic rent has been in Ireland. The works of 'Paine, Voltaire, Volney, Shelley, and others,' are advertised as to be sold, or lent to read; and another dealer in impiety and sedition, which go hand in hand together, announces the first number of a 'New Family Library, containing Paine's Rights of Man, both parts, complete, to arrange in every respect with the Family Library.'

'Penny Papers for the People,' also were published by a certain Henry Hetherington,

'Designed to restore justice and overthrow oppression; the editor particularly recommending them to coffee-houses and the new beer shops, and every other place which the poorer and labouring classes of society frequent; where (so long as their undue proportion of unnecessary labour allows them no spare hours for rational recreation) they will be able to improve the condition of their minds and bodies at one and the same time.'

These papers were to be published 'most probably every day, but not periodically, or in parts, or in numbers, in order to evade the laws which shackle the liberty of the press.' In the same publication which advertised these pennyworths of mischief was a suitable announcement from Dr. Eady, whose praise has been upon all the walls, assuring the public that the report circulated of his death is entirely unfounded; that he might be 'consulted personally or by letter upon all those CERTAIN and PECULIAR DISORDERS for the cure of which he has so long been celebrated.' The great chalk doctor (of whom it has been said, Dr. Eady for whiting, and Hunt for blacking, against the world) understands the spirit of the times, and, like one who is wise in his generation, takes

takes advantage of it thus characteristically in one of the revolutionary papers :—

'RADICAL REFORM.—A good Constitution, when lost, generally leaves the patient in despair. In the struggle to reinstate the original convalescence, it requires firmness, temper, and perseverance, and the most determined exertion on the part of those intrusted with the cure. The thousands of both sexes, who have been cured of serious and complicated Disorders by Dr. Phillips Eady, could never have been accomplished by half measures, but by striking at the root and producing a Radical Reform. Hence innumerable persons, of all ranks and classes of society, are living to drink the health of King William the Fourth and his Consort, and success to Britain and its rulers, not excepting Dr. Eady, who is still alive, with the best constitution, although report has stated to the contrary, and may be daily consulted, personally or by letter, at his house, 22, Church Street, Soho, London.

'The postage of all letters to be paid. Oct. 26, 1830.'

But it must be our business now to lay specimens of a different and more serious kind before that part of the public to whom journals of this description never find their way ; and to exhibit, in their own words, the objects and intentions, implied or avowed, of those propagandists who take the press for their device, and 'Knowledge is Power' for their motto ; premising first, that the new French revolution, and the revolution in Belgium, and the weakness of the British Government, which, having yielded to menaces the great constitutional point, seemed ready to concede anything that should be loudly demanded from it,—had roused into full activity the remainder of those persons who were more or less implicated in the plots of Thistlewood and his accomplices. Now, too, the riots among the agricultural labourers had begun, the breaking of machinery, and the burnings. The riots are easily to be accounted for, both in their origin and progress ; and after the facts which had been laid before it in petitions,* and in the evidence brought together in the Report on Emigration, Government cannot be acquitted of culpable inattention to the state of the labouring population. When once a spirit of insubordination had shown

* In the petitions presented by the Marquis of Chandos in 1828 and 1829, from the hundreds of Newport, in the county of Buckingham, it was stated that 'the unavoidable tendency of the poor-laws, as at present administered, is to convert the labourers into paupers, who have founded upon them a claim for maintenance co-equal with the whole landed income of the country ;' that 'this unjust invasion of private property, when pushed much beyond its present point, as it certainly will be, must lead not only to the irremediable misery of the poor themselves, but also to the subversion of the established order of things and the present frame of society ;' that 'no endeavours to reform the labouring classes can ever be effectual while these laws are suffered to exist in their present state ;' and that the evil was 'so desolating and awful, as to excite in them the most serious apprehensions for the welfare, and even the existence, of the body politic.'

itself,

itself, such as among a distressed population is ever ready to break out, the apostles of anarchy took advantage of it, and busied themselves with indefatigable activity in misleading men who were too well prepared by ignorance and misery for receiving their directions. Revolutionary writers went to work for them; revolutionary orators itinerated among them; and as we had contributed our amateurs of rebellion to the Parisians and the people of Brussels, France and Belgium repayed us for the obligation in kind. It is impossible not to connect the fires in Kent with those in Normandy; and though the origin of the latter has not yet been traced, inexplicable as it may still be, thus much is certain, that it is a part of some hellish complot against the existing institutions of society. On one of the persons who have been apprehended and discharged, because there was no legal proof of his having committed an act of arson, a receipt for a conflagratory mixture was found which was unknown to the best English chemists, and he had with him also the materials for compounding it. He referred to a book, from which he said he had copied the receipt, and to the page of the book: no such receipt is there; only the name of the one ingredient in the page which he specified, and of the other in another part of the volume. In the irreligious and demoralized state of this nation, scientific discoveries are immediately applied as surely to the purposes of mischief as of cupidity. Suicides (and what if murderers?) have availed themselves of the latest experiments upon poisons; and Davy's researches are put to the use of incendiaries; for, as Mr. Walker, in one of the tracts before us, says of wealth, so may it be said of physical science, that as it advances, 'the only alternative is a corresponding moral improvement, or eventual destruction.' Unless the tree of Knowledge is grafted from the tree of Life, its fruit is bitter, malignant, deadly.

This, then, is the history of those fires which have given so frightful a character to the last four months. They were begun by revolutionary propagandists, well provided with those means of mischief wherewith modern science has armed the wicked, and sufficiently supplied with pecuniary resources. Crimes are as infectious as diseases. The malignant press recommended the practice for imitation by intelligible hints; and other newspapers encouraged it more indirectly (but some of them not less intentionally) by their details and their comments. How far the itinerant agitators have contributed to spread it may be judged from the declaration of the unhappy man who was convicted of arson at the Sussex Assizes; and having confessed that he had, in five instances, been guilty of the crime, declared that no such wickedness would ever have entered into his head if he had not heard a lecture

lecture of Cobbett's, in which that hoary-headed miscreant had led him to believe that this was the way to bring about the political reform, through which alone the condition of the labouring classes could be improved. As the fires became more frequent, opportunity was taken of wreaking an old grudge, or taking vengeance for any grievances, real or imagined, by men under no moral or religious restraint, and who supposed that, in the present circumstances of the country, they might easily elude the laws. Some also must be imputed to the mere love of mischief (which is not always confined to boys), and to the spirit of ape-like imitation. The missionary incendiaries meantime continued their course, carrying with them their chemical apparatus, and being supplied with money by the yet undiscovered movers of the conspiracy.

The persons who committed these crimes, all of them (by whatever motives they were actuated) expected to escape detection. The rioters—machine-breakers, as well as those who demanded an increase of wages—had no serious consciousness of criminality, the greatest part of them being poor, ignorant, misguided men; and the ringleaders (mostly itinerants) who stirred these up, and the ruffians who took that opportunity of levying contributions by force, thought themselves strong enough to set the constituted authorities at defiance. They were confirmed in this belief by the sentences which the Kentish magistrates passed upon the first offenders who were brought before them, when the men of Kent had been roused to a tardy defence of their property. In what manner this ill-timed lenity was construed may best appear by an extract from one of the incendiary journals.

'Without the remotest desire,' says the writer, 'to say aught that should be construed into an approval of the conduct of these men, I cannot let this trial pass without noticing the pains which the daily press has taken to convince the public that this plea of "*guilty*" arose from the *contrition* the prisoners felt for the heinousness of their offence. The directly contrary is the fact: they felt *no contrition*, but actually courted the infliction of the penalty of the law. But let us see what Sir Edward Knatchbull said upon this matter. In the course of his address to the prisoners he talked much extravagant nonsense; but let us see what he said on their plea of "*guilty*."

'They had pleaded guilty voluntarily, and he believed, and hoped he was right in the belief, that the step they had thus taken had emanated from their *own minds*. He was the more inclined to believe this, as he knew that in the part of the country from which the prisoners had come, great numbers of the misguided and deluded people, who had committed these offences, *had voluntarily acknowledged their guilt*, and *manifested their contrition*, and thereby had saved themselves from the punishment the offences which they had committed deserved.

'To be sure, this plea originated in their own *minds*, and they "*voluntarily acknowledged their guilt;*" but there was not any manifestation of *contrition.* These men, Sir Edward, had heard that in the parish of Minster, in the isle of Sheppy, the transported felons in the hulks were better fed and better clad than the honest labourer: and that men committed crimes, *because* they should be transported for them. These facts had been proclaimed in a report published by order of the House of which you are a member; and it was with the knowledge of these facts, that these men *courted* the extreme rigour of the law; they preferred the labour of the hulks to the labour of the fields, under men who probably added insult to their grinding oppression. This obviously was the cause of their voluntarily pleading "*guilty.*" But, there is another part of this trial to which I cannot help adverting, I mean the sentence passed upon the prisoners. SIR EDWARD, as the representative of the bench of magistrates, said—

'"They had determined not to visit their offences *with severity*, and he *sincerely hoped that the kindness and moderation evinced this day by the magistrates would be met by a corresponding feeling among the people*, and that the prisoners, *when they should go home among their friends, would tell others of the kind consideration their cases had received from the magistrates, and the law of which they were administrators;* and that their future good conduct would prove the sincerity of their conduct in *this day acknowledging their guilt.* It would be *a painful duty* to them to have to cause *a separation* of *the prisoners from their families, especially as they were able to support them by their honest industry*, and they entertained a hope that they would not, for the future, so far neglect their duties towards them as to bring themselves into the condition in which they stood to-day. The sentence of the Court was a lenient one indeed, and he hoped therefore they would receive it as such. That sentence is, THAT YOU BE EACH IMPRISONED IN THE COUNTY JAIL OF ST. AUGUSTINE (AND MIND, THE COURT DOES NOT ADJUDGE YOU TO HARD LABOUR AS AN ADJUNCT OF ITS SENTENCE) FOR THE SPACE OF THREE DAYS, AND AFTER THAT TERM HAS EXPIRED, THAT THOSE GUILTY OF A SECOND OFFENCE BE EACH IMPRISONED ONE DAY MORE. Let what I have now stated make a due impression on your minds, and I hope that the course which this Court has though fit to pursue will have the desired effect."

'*Three days imprisonment, and that without hard labour!* Oh, brave labourers and artizans of France and Belgium, see what your noble example has effected! See and rejoice! You are the cause of this; it was your example which made this "worthy magistrate" cant and bluster, and cringe and threaten; it was your example that made the whole of the magistrates tremble with fear, while they were in the act of passing even this "lenient sentence."'

We will now set before the reader a series of extracts from the 'Penny Papers,' published while the country was in this state—the insurrections and burnings proceeding from one county to another.

Their

'Their Majesties, we see, intend, as the play-bills inform us, to visit Drury Lane Theatre on Thursday evening next.

'Now, it is not often that the English people have an opportunity of being under the same roof with their King and Queen; and we trust, therefore, that you will, all of you, endeavour not to miss the present opportunity; go to the theatre in thousands, fill the house to the very ceiling.

'Friends and fellow-countrymen, your king, we are convinced, is a good man, and he would relieve his subjects if he was aware of their grievances, and had honest counsellors; but, unfortunately, he is surrounded by a parcel of flatterers and sinecurists, whose interest it is not to alter the present system of things; those rascals never allow the voice of the people to reach "the royal ears;" they never allow any papers to reach "the royal hands," that might tend to open the "royal eyes:" we are convinced that our papers have never been permitted to pass further than the King's mental physician, Sir Herbert Taylor, for, if he is anything of a gentleman, his Majesty would certainly have answered us.—You have very seldom an opportunity of making known your grievances to the person who has the most power to relieve them; and when you see his Majesty in the street, instead of demanding your rights, or imploring indispensable assistance, your loyalty, forsooth, "must make you shout, and doff your greasy caps;" thereby not only neglecting an opportunity of manifesting your real sentiments, but also conveying to the King a false idea of the state of the country; making him believe—poor man!—that you are the happiest of people, and himself the most beloved of monarchs: no longer fall into this error—but fail not all, who have a shilling or two to spare, to be at Drury Lane on Thursday evening next, and deafen "the royal ears" with your cries of distress; thunder out lustily for "CONSTITUTIONAL REFORM"—shout for "NO HOUSE OF PEERS," "NO ARISTOCRACY;" demand "EQUAL *representation for all persons arrived at years of discretion*;" insist on "*no more public sinecures*," "*no more public pensioners or placemen*," "*no more vexatious taxation, but* ONE GRADUATED PROPERTY TAX," "*no more Church abuses*," "*no more clerical cormorants*," "NO MONOPOLIES;" petition for "A GENERAL NATIONAL INDEPENDENT GUARD;" tell him "*if he will assist the People, the People will assist him;*" and above all, desire him to "read the PEOPLE'S PENNY PAPERS."

'Now, a word on the performances *commanded* by their Majesties; two *pretty* melodrames, and one burlesque farce—no dry sentimental tragedy or comedy—no, no; no such stuff; but three *very pretty, very splendid* entertainments; so that your eyes will be well amused, even though your ears should be better employed in listening to shouts of aristocratical enthusiasm and democratical dissatisfaction.

'During the performance of the "Brigand," let his Majesty know that there are worse robbers in a state than such as manfully profess themselves to be such.

'And, in "Massaniello," when you hear the spirit-stirring songs of liberty, let the roof shake again with your terrible chorus; and when you see the Neapolitan "*rabble*" rise against and triumph over their tyrant, let your bursts of applause convince his Majesty that you too would hurl any tyrant from his throne who neglected or abused the interests of his people.

'Be bold, be firm, and you may do much; at any rate, let not your King have for an excuse that he is ignorant of what you want: how we do wish he *would* read our papers! get him only to do that, and leave the rest to us.'

October 31.—'*Friends, Brethren, and Fellow-Countrymen,*

'We gave, in our paper of Tuesday last, some advice to you upon his Majesty's visit to the theatre; we are now convinced more than ever of the necessity of that advice; and we trust you will follow it to-morrow evening at the Theatre Royal Covent Garden; we must own we are disappointed in you, for we find you are unwilling, we hope not too cowardly, to serve yourselves.

'Some of our friends find fault with the advice which we have given in this respect; and ask us why "the poor King," who is evidently a good man, should be greeted, as we advise, whenever he appears in public, only with lamentations? First, let us ask, for what purpose does the King pretend to receive from the people of this country so enormous a sum per annum, in all, as 1,550,000*l.*? is it not for managing the affairs of the people—and is it not his duty to arrange those affairs happily? Now, there is great and terrible distress in the country, which, we repeat, is the effect of *bad* management; and let us, in our turn, demand why—upon what principle—HE—who occasions—or, at any rate, whose duty it is to *relieve*—this distress, should be spared hearing the lamentation of the distressed? Is it because his faults and neglects are of such serious importance, that every false movement affects the happiness of thousands of beings? Is it because he is so enormously paid? Could he not, with such enormous remuneration, afford the little inconvenience of being told when he does wrong, or when he neglects to do right?

'Let us beg, therefore, that instead of attending public meetings for the purpose of consenting to resolutions and petitions which never reach him to whom they are addressed, you will employ your time more profitably, and, with the produce of your labour, purchase, by an admission to the theatre, the privilege of addressing your complaints to the King's own person;—if any one of your "Co-operative Societies," or "Reform Societies," would resolve, how easily would you fill the upper and lower galleries of Covent Garden Theatre on Monday evening next, and how successfully could you make his Majesty sensible of your miseries and necessities. If possible, we ourselves shall be there, and shall expect that thousands of sufferers will echo our loud complaints.

'In consequence of the remarks that we made in our paper of Tuesday last, and which we know found their way into the hands of several influential

influential parties, another play was suddenly substituted for the revolutionary opera of "Massaniello:" we hope this was not done by "royal command:" for if so, it augurs badly,—especially when we ask ourselves why their Majesties should visit the two Theatres so closely together, evidently in order to get the business over, before "the Speech" has been delivered from the throne: we are inclined to think that there is policy in every act of Government, and "the Speech" therefore *may* be such as would render the appearance of his Majesty in public rather disagreeable in its results to "the royal feelings." We hope we are mistaken.'

NOVEMBER 3.—'*Friends, Brethren, and Fellow-Countrymen,*

'We yesterday evening arrived to our appointment at Covent Garden Theatre, about half-past nine, and incessantly did we shout, when the curtain was down, "CONSTITUTIONAL REFORM," "THE BALLOT," "No House of Peers," "No Sinecures," and "READ THE PEOPLE'S PENNY PAPERS:" yet not one supporting voice did we hear.

'We followed again the royal carriage, shouting to the same effect, with the additional cries of "No Standing Army," "No Plurality of Officers," "No Bishops," "No Military Flogging;" and the only support we received was a cry of "No Police," raised by a few fellows, who had evidently *peculiar* reasons for disliking police of any sort. Friends, Brethren, and Fellow-Countrymen, are ye men, or are ye dogs who'll bark only behind the back of your master? Why assemble in thousands and thousands, and loudly and violently vent your discontent, demand redress, and threaten and bully, if ye are afraid to direct your complaints personally to the ear of *him* against whom you complain? The people are in distress; let then the people boldly, on every occasion, tell their grievances to HIM, whose high DUTY it is to relieve them. It is said that there are fitter moments for doing this than when "the poor man" comes to take his amusement: verily, in the first place, we marvel that any man should take amusement, while the work which he has to perform is so incomplete; but, let us ask, which of us, meeting another, who had any trifling job of ours in progress, would hesitate troubling him about business, in *his* hour of amusement? Now, really, we see no difference, except that the King has to do business of the highest importance for everybody he meets, and that he is enormously paid for doing it, or pretending to do it, as the case may be. Again, when any other person is employed by us, we generally expect that he is to be accessible to us at all convenient times, and not that our only chance of seeing him should be at the theatre, or when he is taking his amusement; now, when is the King ever to be seen by his subjects? We must be content to deal with his minions and clerks, and we—and who does not?—prefer the principal, especially upon such important business, and which we pay so dearly for. Put the case of a monopolist COMPELLING you to deal with him, and pay him his own price, and his never being visible to you but at the theatre or some such place; should we hesitate troubling *his* hours of

of amusement with a little talk of business, and a little grumbling if we wanted that business *better* done? should we abstain from this in delicacy towards his amiable wife or interesting nephews? And what's the King more than a monopolist, who *compels* us to employ him, and pay him his own price? and yet, forsooth, we must not complain when the business he pretends to do is left to go to rack and ruin—when his clerks and servants, and their relatives and friends, and their own small class of the community, are unblushingly rioting in the blood—we say the blood—of the great majority of the people—but patience, patience till to-morrow! What! sixty-one persons out of every hundred in the kingdom in a state of actual destitution—receiving "the measured dole of parish relief"—eighteen-pence per week—and yet the King, who is *accountable* for this—alas! only to himself—is not to hear the voice of complaint or the cry of distress—is not even to listen to those who, without any other reward than "the heavenly glow of conscious charity"—are doing what it is his DUTY to do—struggling and striving, by day and by night, to rescue our fellow-creatures from the labyrinth of misery into which they have been so wilfully ensnared.

'It is the cause of the "*rabble*" we advocate—the poor, the suffering, —the industrious, the productive classes! and rail at them, as ye please, ye learned scribblees, and ye well-fed, puffed-out "Scribes and Pharisees,"—yea, the "*rabble*" are the ONLY BENEFICIAL class of the community"—if they are poor and suffering, we would assist them—if blind, direct them—if ignorant, instruct them—and not, as you would do, leave them, like moles, to grope their way through the filth which their own blindness has allowed the aristocracy to heap upon them. Henceforth, we shall divide the community into three classes,—aristocracy, petty householders, and "rabble."

'We will teach this rabble their power—we will teach them that they are your masters, instead of being your slaves! Go to—can you cultivate the earth for yourselves—make your own clothes, build your own houses?—and shall they do all this for you as ye shall please to direct —shall they work harder, and be more patient, than your very asses—shall they be treated worse than ye dare, for very fear, treat your mongrel curs, and, in reward for this, be spit upon as "rabble!!" Oh! mercy, mercy for them, while yet ye have the power to grant it! take off their heavy chains, or they themselves will break them, and with their accumulated weight crush the paltry oligarchy that has spent so many centuries in forging and imposing them. Redemption is at hand. The cry is MERCY—those that ask are desperate and ignorant—the alternative may be REVENGE! we hope not—but ye have wilfully reduced them to be worse than beasts—your cattle are better fed, your dogs are more kindly treated. "Ye blind—ye proud ones—ye Scribes, ye Pharisees"—while yet ye have the power to make atonement, be merciful and just—even to save yourselves!

'"The outrages" in Kent continue, and are spreading rapidly; the aristocracy are beginning to quake. Some first-rate aristocrats, who were lamenting and deprecating to us "the lawless proceedings of the misguided

misguided wretches," found themselves puzzled to answer our reply, that " they certainly are *very* misguided—they ought to know better; they should lay themselves quietly and decently down in the ditches by the road's side, and meet starvation with Christian resignation!" What do these fellows think the poor are made of? Can they think them flesh and blood like themselves?

'Nov. 3.—On Monday we attended the theatre, and there, and while returning thence, made ourselves hoarse by crying into WILLIAM's ear, the necessities of his suffering people—alas, that our voice was single! Yesterday we awaited him in his way to the House of Lords, and again assailed him with the DEMANDS of his people; many others joined us in making those demands heard, and the whole mass of people assembled would have deafened him with their united shout if they had anticipated the judgment which he was on his way to deliver against them: " No, let us wait," said they, " till we see what he will do of himself; let us give him praise beforehand that he may be stimulated to deserve it." It is always a bad plan to pay in advance, and, spite the love of his subjects, spite all his professions, spite all his smiles and goodness, spite his amiable wife—William delivered the following deliberate and EXPENSIVE Speech, which is to regulate the proceedings of our self-elected and self-interested oligarchy.

'The Park, and thence to the House of Lords, was crowded with one dense mass of people: so dense, indeed, that we could not help reflecting how ineffective *any* military force, which the Government could command, would have been against it—unarmed as it was—if only *united*, ORDERLY, and COURAGEOUS. And yet this mass, dense as it was, was a mere insignificant fraction of London's population! Where were the thousands and thousands of poor slaving, starving mechanics? where?—at their toil—they could not afford to make a holiday—not even to urge their necessities to their unappointed master!'

Having given the King's Speech; having said that 'William Guelph calls himself King of England, but he had better get the people to make him King of the English, and for ever to remain so by consulting their greatest possible happiness; the King of England is not the King of the English, and until he is, there will be nothing but misery and slavery in the country;' having said, 'We defy and deny the self-elected constitution, and the laws it has made;'—having said of the King's declaration in his speech 'that he reflected with the highest satisfaction on the loyalty and affectionate attachment of the great body of the people,' that it was 'a most foul, most wicked, and most premeditated lie;' this writer proceeds to say—

'Now, whether William be or be not a good man—whether this Speech be his or Wellington's—it matters not—it is the speech of a TYRANT—and William delivered it. Let him enjoy the DIGNITY of

of his CROWN, supported, as it is, by the distress of his people, and graced with the execrations of millions of sufferers!!!

'Friends, Brethren, and Fellow-Countrymen, we must be prudent, we must restrain ourselves, and use all our influence with the poor suffering classes to restrain *them* from proceeding to violence; we must deliberate deeply, and determine what shall be done; and we must be organized—well organized—before we can put our determinations into execution. Let us boldly and fearlessly assert our whole Rights—EQUAL, and only equal, representation for lord and mechanic: don't let us waste our time in remedying any single effect of a corrupt Constitution, but let us endeavour strenuously to remedy the Constitution itself, *which* will remedy all other evils;—don't let us attack so trifling an object as the police—their existence is not their fault, it is only *one* of many equally and more serious faults of the Constitution—they will fall with *it*. Let us not war with individuals, but with principles. We war not with William Guelph—we would maintain our rights with the King of England. We war not with Arthur Wellesley—we must defend ourselves against the Minister. Let us act temperately; and, above all, neither attack or uselessly provoke attack, which would end in bloodshed. We have, it is true, threatened Government with bloodshed, as the possible alternative of not conceding to the people their rights; but Government have neglected our threats, and we trust they will not drive the people to put them into execution. If they are attacked with the sword and bayonet, it is impossible they should stand still, and not defend themselves.

'Let us instantly concert measures for establishing "A General Union of the People." Let the whole country assemble by duly and equally elected deputies; let us swear to faithfully abide and be organized by the decision and direction of our representatives, and let *them* determine what the people should do; and let the plan of election be that which Mr. Cobbett has published in his last week's Register. We invite the immediate formation of a Committee to effect this desirable object . . . .

'Nov. 5.—Grey is the man who would die in the last ditch to defend his order. Probably he may be gratified.'

After quoting part of Mr. Brougham's speech, when the address was moved, the writer says—

'Now what will the "great lawyer" do for you, fellow-countrymen? You see *his* reform? *we* PREFER our *monarchy* and aristocracy!! we object to both, but we will consent to TOLERATE them if equally represented in the Commons. *He* says, the people of England are *quiet* because they love their institutions. WE say the people of England are NOT quiet because they do NOT love their institutions;—and *love nobility* too! psha! we are sick of answering NONSENSE!'

In the same day's paper there is the following notice:—

'We hear it is in contemplation to immediately arrange a public meeting

meeting to consider the formation of a "NATIONAL CONVENTION of the PEOPLE'S REAL REPRESENTATIVES," and also the establishment of a "National Independent Volunteer Guard"—to watch over and defend the rights of the People against the possible oppressions of self-elected Tyrants.'

'Nov. 8.—At a crowded meeting of the British Co-operation Society, held at the Mechanics' Institution Theatre, on Thursday last, Mr. Edmonds, waving his arm decorated with a broad bright tri-coloured wristband, uttered the following sentences amid thundering cheers:—

'"Gentlemen,—The king's speech, to use a theatrical phrase, has been *damned* by the whole nation. That Horse Guard speech was a signal for every honest Englishman to mount the tri-coloured riband. Wear it, every man of you, on the Lord Mayor's day."

'Let us now, in answer to this, again beseech our fellow-countrymen to refrain from anything like violence: let us, by the force of *truth*, overthrow injustice and oppression. On the 9th, let us, one and all, demand our rights of our so soon unpopular king—and let us not waste our breath in asking redress for merely the *effect* of evil; let us strike at the CAUSE, and cry, with one voice, for a REFORMED CONSTITUTION—"NO OLIGARCHY"—"NO HOUSE OF PEERS"—"THE BALLOT." Let his Majesty hear the real voice of the people, and let him bend before its thunder! But let us beseech you not to vent your rage and disappointment upon such a secondary evil as the unfortunate police;—recollect that they themselves are mere servants of the CONSTITUTION; and who, in hard times like the present, can blame his fellow-countrymen for accepting *any* employment, even at the hands of their self-elected Governors?

'We are informed that it is almost incredible the number of SWORD-STICKS, bludgeons with daggers in them, &c. &c., that have been purchased lately: it is impossible to execute the demands for them: gun-makers and cutlers have also an immense pressure of business; this is not to be wondered at, considering the danger of the times,—the more especially as several expounders of the Gospel have been preaching from Christ's words (St. Luke, ch xxii., ver. 36), "And he that hath no sword—let him sell his garment and buy one."'

These extracts bring us to the Lord Mayor's Day, and the change of administration which presently ensued. What danger would have been incurred if the King had that day gone to the city, the present ministers are now as fully informed of, as their predecessors were, when they advised that the visit should not be made; how far they can stand acquitted to themselves for having made that advice a matter of ridicule and obloquy against the Duke of Wellington and his colleagues, they best know. The foregoing passages (and they are only from one journal, while many fellow-labourers were working for the same end) have shown what endeavours were made to produce the greatest mischief; and no one who walked the streets of London, on that and the preceding day, could

could have failed to observe by what a description of persons the great thoroughfares were thronged. It is well known also how widely the populace were possessed with an expectation that *something was to be done* in the metropolis on that night; and it is not difficult to understand how some great and terrible convulsion might have been brought about. A knot of conspirators, the remains or the successors of Thistlewood's gang, might count upon the aid of all the thieves and ruffians in London; and whoever calls to mind the number of those persons who, living in ignorance, and wickedness, and wretchedness, in the midst of this opulent, this powerful, this highly-civilized nation, prey upon society at all times, and are ready, if opportunity should be presented, to break loose upon it;—whoever calls to mind the numbers of such people, and the state of the populace, may well groan over the condition of human nature, and the defective policy of England. The late administration were well informed of the danger; and by withholding the opportunity, they prevented the great attempt which had been plotted: the minor ones which were attempted, were put down by the new police, of the value of whose services on that night the shopkeepers of London and Westminster are fully aware. And here let us bear testimony to the merits of Sir Robert Peel: the institution of that police is the greatest benefit which has been conferred upon the country by any minister within the memory of man. It is one of the least pardonable sins* of the Tory press, that they joined in the clamour of the Radicals and the conspirators against it. How the conspirators felt upon their defeat by this well-organized civil force, may be seen by the following handbill, which was printed the next day, and distributed among those persons whom it might concern:—

'Peel's Police, Raw Lobsters, Blue Devils, or by whatever other

* Another of their sins is the abominable manner in which they endeavoured to excite a popular opposition to the Anatomy Bill. We can tell them that there are travelling *Burkers* in the land; and that in the present state of depravity and of police, nothing but such a bill can put a stop to the *trade*. *The Standard*, a paper for general talent unrivalled, and only misled by vindictive passion from principles worthy of its talent, ought to be ashamed of such things as these. But since we have touched on the Tory press of the Evening, let us notice one specimen of the Morning Liberals.—Those readers who noticed with as much sorrow as indignation the statement in the newspapers that when Mr. Percival spoke of having a General Fast appointed, he was answered first with an exclamation of What? as if in astonishment, and then with a loud laugh, might well apprehend that a nation, whose representatives could receive such an intimation in such a manner, had renounced its belief in providence, and thereby forfeited that hope in heaven, which, fearfully as hell has indeed enlarged itself among us, is not to be shaken, and cannot be deceived. It is with no common satisfaction, therefore, that we can remove these apprehensions from pious minds, and this disgrace (for a disgrace it would be if the charge were true) from the British character. Mr. Percival was heard in silence; there were no acclamations of astonishment; there was no laughter: these were interpolations made *more suo* by the gentlemen of the press!

appropriate

appropriate name they may be known.—Notice is hereby given, That a Subscription has been entered into, to supply the PEOPLE with STAVES of a superior effect, either for defence or punishment, which will be in readiness to be gratuitously distributed whenever a similar unprovoked, and therefore unmanly and blood-thirsty attack, be again made upon Englishmen, by a Force unknown to the British Constitution, and called into existence by a Parliament illegally constituted, legislating for their individual interests, consequently in opposition to the public good.

'"Put not your trust in princes."—*David.*

'"Help yourself, and Heaven will help you."—*French Motto.*'

When parliament assembled, there was a general feeling that, considering the disturbed state of the country, the efforts of the anarchists here, the revolutionary movements on the Continent, and the possibility (as all admitted), not to say the likelihood, that however desirous of maintaining peace, we might be forced into a war, the Tories would rally round the Duke of Wellington's administration. It was thought also that the better part of the Whigs would take the same view of their situation as their predecessors had done in 1792; that they would reflect upon their stake in the land, and distinctly perceive that the struggle was not now between two political parties for the ministry, but between the mob and the government, between the conservative and the subversive principles, between anarchy and order. It was plainly impossible that the administration could proceed after the pitiable manner of the preceding session; and it was time that the appellations of Whig and Tory should be dropped, because they no longer designated the same differences of opinion which they had formerly denoted. There were but two parties in the country—that which sought to overthrow the constitution, and that which was resolved to support it: in these broad distinctions, all minor ones must, sooner or later, be merged; and this truth could not be recognised too soon for the constitutional cause and the general good. But the Tories would not forgive what it was impossible for them to forget; and some of them had acted unwisely in their resentment, intemperately, and inconsistently with the just principles on which that resentment itself was founded; and the Whigs still persevered in their old system of traducing the ministry, misinterpreting their declarations, misrepresenting their intentions, and seeking by all means to bring them into hatred and contempt. No upright man could doubt, no sensible one could mistake the views of the administration; that it was their desire to preserve peace, their duty to be prepared for war; to uphold the character of Great Britain abroad, and to maintain its institutions and laws at home; but

but there was a want of concert in their language, if not in their intentions;—and, being unexpectedly left in the minority upon an unimportant question, they took that opportunity of resigning office—to the satisfaction of all parties; but far more, it may be believed, to their own, than that of those who succeeded them.

Behold, then, the Whigs, as Whigs, and as a party, in full possession of the government! A French poet has given us the *Dramatis Personæ* in verse:—

President, Lord Lansdowne; Premier, Lord Comte Grey;
Sceau Privé, Lord Durham; Lord d'Irelande, Anglesey;
A l'Interieur, Melbourne; au Controle, Sir Grant;
Chambellan, Devonshire; à la Monnoie, Auckland;
A l'Exchequier, Althorp; Lord Chancellier, Brougham;
*Etranger, Palmerston; Lord Amiral, Graham.**

Mnemonic lines, reminding us of

Ut sunt divorum, Mars, Bacchus, Apollo, virorum,
Ut Cato, Virgilius;

though we know not where to look for gods and Catos in the list. The parts indeed may seem to have been oddly cast. We have heard it remarked, that every person in this arrangement seems to have been felicitously appointed to the place for which he was least fitted. Sir James Graham, because he had made the subject of finance his particular study, was made First Lord of the Admiralty; and Lord Althorp, who, for his father's sake, would have been a fit and acceptable person at the Admiralty, was selected for Chancellor of the Exchequer, and leader of the House of Commons, because he has no gift of speaking; Lord Palmerston, because he has committed himself more than any other person upon the affairs of Portugal, must be at the head of the Foreign Department; Mr. Wynn goes to the War-office, because he is accustomed to the business of the Board of Control. Two Lambs are sent to the Home Department, because two Watch-dogs are wanted there; and because the most conciliatory temper, and the most affable disposition were necessary in the person who should manage an administration, of whom scarcely any three were in accord upon any one of the great questions which must perforce come under their deliberation—therefore, Earl Grey became the Premier, who was to keep them all in good humour! One other appointment must be noticed, that of Lord Brougham and Vaux to the Woolsack! and yet this, the excellent unfitness of which was pre-eminently apparent, may possibly be that which of all the others may be best jus-

* The French poet observes, that Brougham and Graham rhyme very well in English; the former being pronounced Broume and the latter Greme.

tified

tified in the result. The talents of that extraordinary person may be as efficient for good, as they have heretofore been for evil.

'He has a stirring soul;
Whatever it attempts or labours at
Would wear out twenty bodies in another.'

He is now on the conservative side, and in a position which raises him above the mists of faction. And let it ever be borne in mind, that change of position always, to a certain degree, brings with it a change of view. Men in administration, at this time, whether Whig or Tory, must, we are willing to believe, have the same interest, and aim at the same end;—that of the public safety and the public good. There is no occasion to suppose in them any extraordinary degree of patriotism or private virtue,—as mere men, and public ones, their interest and their duty coincide. Being sane men, they can take no other course,—no other is possible for them. The age of jobbing is past; were ministers as profligate as such persons were in the days of Bubb Doddington, they could not act in the same manner, because whatever they do is known and scrutinized; they are under the public eye,—an eye which is anything rather than indulgent: so far, therefore, as good conduct proceeds from good intentions, it is to be presumed on in any ministry, and credit ought accordingly to be given them.

The present ministry have to extricate themselves from the nets which they have laid for others, but in which they are now taken; much is to be unsaid, that they have said; much to be undone, that they have done, or compelled others to do; much to be done which they would have prevented the former administration from doing. Their opponents will not seek to render this more unpalatable than it must needs be, neither will they place any embarrassments in their way; and there are no difficulties or dangers before them but what wisdom and courage may remove or overcome. As the right old royalist exhorted his son to stand by the crown, though it should be hanging upon a bush, so ought the conservative party to stand by the government at this time. They will lend no aid to ruinous reductions, unjust retrenchments, or rash experiments; but they will not act upon the tactics of a factious opposition; they will cordially support them in those strong measures which the situation not only of Ireland but of England calls for, and they will not oppose any such alterations in the system of representation as may be made without danger, and with the fair probability of removing some evil, or producing some good.

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THE

QUARTERLY REVIEW.

ART. I.—*A Year in Spain.* By a Young American. London, 2 vols. 12mo. 1831.

IN this restless and roving age, this age of expeditions to Timbuctoo and the Pole, when the uttermost ends of the earth have been explored, and its most secret places unveiled, it is a matter of surprise that a country comparatively near at home should yet remain to be described. It is a land, too, of adventure and romance, full of historic, and poetic, and legendary association; yet, withal, a kind of terra incognita—a mysterious realm, untravelled by the crowd, and where the 'far wandering foot' of the all pervading Englishman but seldom rambles. The stream of sleek tourists, of burly citizens, with their wondering wives, their half gawky, half dandy sons, and their novel-struck, poet-ridden daughters, with albums, portfolios, and drawing-books—that incessant and overwhelming stream, which inundates all the rest of Europe, is turned off and completely repelled by the mountain barrier of Spain. The frightful stories of Spanish blunderbusses and Spanish knives, of robbers on the highways, and assassins in the streets, of rugged roads and comfortless inns, of bigotry, priestcraft, poverty, dirt, vermin, and all other kinds of dangers, evils, and annoyances, with which the tedium of the *table-d'hôte* is beguiled, deter the crowd of gentlemen and ladies who 'travel at their ease,' from venturing into that land of peril. Hence it is rare indeed, that the well hung, well peopled, and well victualled production of Long-acre is seen rolling down the southern declivities of the Pyrenees; and those trophies of cockney comfort and cockney domination, the beef-steak and the tea-kettle, which infallibly mark the progress of John Bull, and have been introduced even into Greece and the Holy Land, are as yet unknown in the ventas and posadas of the Peninsula.

We are pleased, therefore, to meet with a work which gives us a familiar peep into that unhackneyed country, though we doubt whether some of the scenes and adventures recorded in the present volumes will not have the effect of still more increasing the beforementioned disinclination of the comfort-loving and cautious traveller. —The author has modestly withheld his name, through diffidence, it would appear, of the success of this, his maiden production.

Happening, however, to be accidentally informed on the subject, and feeling assured that the volumes before us cannot fail to give him an honourable rank in the rising literature of his country, we have no hesitation in betraying his incognito, and announcing him as Lieutenant Alexander Slidell, a young officer in the navy of the United States.

It would appear that the Lieutenant, having a long leave of absence from his ship, undertook, in 1826, a land cruise of observation and instruction on the continent of Europe, and, having traversed a part of France, entered Spain by the way of Perpignan, with the intention of passing a year in the Peninsula.

There were two things which we doubt not the worthy Lieutenant regarded as sore disadvantages for his undertaking, but which we consider as having most fortunately concurred to give his work the very entertaining character it possesses: the first was, that, according to his own account, he had received but an imperfect education; the second, that he had but a slender purse, containing merely his lieutenant's pay, and no prize-money. The first threw him upon his own resources, upon his mother wit, and his every day observation and experience, rendering him fresh, new, and original, instead of erudite and commonplace. The second obliged him to adopt cheap modes of conveyance, and to live among the people in their *casas de pupilos*, or boarding-houses, rather than in the lordly and sullen solitude of his own apartment at a hotel. The consequence of both is, a series of scenes and character of Spanish life, taken from among the popular classes, and which remind us continually of what we have chuckled over in the pages of Don Quixote and Gil Blas. These are given with the microscopic minuteness, the persevering and conscientious fidelity of a Flemish painter; but with a boldness of touch and a liveliness of colouring, that prevent their ever becoming tedious. He has resorted but little to his imagination, even for the embellishment of his facts, but has contented himself with setting down precisely every thing he saw, and felt, and experienced; it is, in fact, the log-book of his land cruise. Throughout it bears evidence of a youthful, kind, and happy spirit, and of fresh, unhackneyed feelings; there is a certain vein of humour and *bonhommie* running through it also, that gives it peculiar zest; and not the least amusing circumstances about it are the whimsical shifts and expedients to which the narrowness of the Lieutenant's purse now and then obliges him to resort in travelling, and which he records with delightful frankness and simplicity; the facility and good humour with which, from his rough nautical experience, he is enabled to put up with wind and weather, and hard fare and hard lodging, that would dismay and discomfit a landsman; and the true sea-faring relish

relish with which he enjoys every snug berth or savoury meal; exulting over dishes that almost require the strong stomach of a midshipman or a Sancho Panza. Of the fidelity of many parts of his narrative we happen ourselves to have personal knowledge: having about the same time perambulated various provinces of Spain, and known some of the characters, and heard of some of the most striking facts which he records. But enough of this prelude. We cannot do justice either to the author or the reader more completely, than by letting the former speak for himself, and presenting a few of his graphical scenes that will best permit of being extracted. And first, we give a most characteristic and amusing sketch of a French officer and his fair travelling companion, whom our Lieutenant encountered in the diligence after leaving Perpignan. The captain was one of those veteran campaigners, those hap-hazard men of the sword, gay, gallant, and *farouches*, who had been brought up in the school of Napoleon, had survived the expedition to Russia, and made both love and war in every country of Europe. The little touch about his morning toilette is *impayable*.

'My attention, when the day had dawned, was first attracted to the portion of the diligence in which I rode. My former companion was beside me, and in front of us were a lady and gentleman. The latter was an officer, some thirty or forty years old, with a mixture of fearlessness and good-humour in his countenance. He wore the broad-breasted capote of blue, peculiar to the French infantry, and had the number of his regiment engraven upon each of his buttons. A leathern sword-belt hung from his left pocket flap, and on his head was a military bonnet of cloth, with a *fleur-de-lys* in front. His beard was of some days' standing, indicating the time he had been upon his journey; and his long moustaches hung about his mouth, neglected and crest-fallen. When the sun rose, however, he hastened to twist them up, until they stood fiercely from his face; then, having run his fingers through his hair, and replaced his bonnet on one side, his toilette might be said to be complete, and he turned with an air of confidence to look at the lady beside him.

'She was much younger than himself, and very beautiful. Her hair and eyes were as black as they could be; and her features, full of life and animation, were of a mellow brown, which, while it looked rich and inviting, had, besides, an air of durability. It was somewhat difficult to understand the relation subsisting between the officer and the lady. He had come to the diligence with her, made her accept of his cloak to keep off the cold air of the morning, and was assiduous in his attentions to her comfort. Their conversation soon showed, however, that their acquaintance was but of recent date; that the lady was going to Figueras, to join her husband, a sub-lieutenant in the garrison; that the officer had been on *congé* from his regiment at Barcelona, whither he was now returning; and that they had travelled together accidentally from Narbonne. The difference between the

French and most other nations, and the secret of their enjoying themselves in almost any situation, is simply that they endeavour to content themselves with the present, and draw from it whatever amusement it may be capable of affording. *Utiliser ses momens* is a maxim which they not only utter frequently, but follow always. They make the most of such society as chance may send them, are polite to persons whom they never expect to see again, and thus often begin where duller spirits end, by gaining the good will of all who come near them. In this way our officer had turned his time to good account, and was already on excellent terms with his fair companion. Nor was he inattentive to us, but exceedingly courteous and polite; so that, instead of frowning defiance upon each other, and putting ourselves at ease without regarding the comfort of the rest, we all endeavoured to be agreeable, and even to prefer each the convenience of his fellow-travellers to his own.'—vol. i. p. 9—11.

The doughty French *sabreur* seems to have followed his own maxim, *utiliser ses momens*, with the fair lady during the journey, but to have been little prepared for the natural circumstance, the meeting with the husband at the end of it.

'As soon as we drove up to the *posada*, a party of wild Catalans rushed forth from the stable-yard to assist in carrying away our team; and the conductor, who had long since abdicated his elevated station, and descending along the iron steps placed at the side of the diligence, had taken his stand upon the lowest one, supported by a rope from above, now jumped to the ground and hastened to release us from our captivity. Our captain alighted first, and having refreshed himself by a well-bred stretch, was just holding out his hand to assist his female friend, when he was suddenly saved the trouble by a stout, fine-looking fellow, a sub-lieutenant of chasseurs, who stepped in before him. This was a rough Provençal with a black beard, who had fought his way to his present station without fear or favour. He was evidently the husband of the lady; for she, declining the captain's courtesy, jumped into his arms and embraced him. The husband seemed pleased enough to find himself once more so near *sa petite*, and when he had called some soldiers, who were standing by, to carry his wife's bandboxes, he took her under his arm, and carried her away in a hurry to his quarters, his spurs jingling at each step, and his sabre clattering after him over the pavement. The captain twisted his moustaches, and glared fiercely after the receding couple; but as the man was only exercising an honest privilege, he said not a word, but bade the conductor hand him down his sword, and when he had thrust it through his belt, we all went into the posada.'—vol. i. pp. 20, 21.

We cannot refrain from giving another casual picture of this Drawcansir worthy at Barcelona; it is one of those characteristic scenes, those *interieurs*, as the French call them, that let one in at a single glance to the whole economy of life of the individual:—

'Before separating, however, we had exchanged addresses with our companion

companion the captain, and received an invitation to visit him at his quarters. We took an early occasion of redeeming our promise, and at length found him out in a little room, overlooking one of the narrowest streets of Barcelona. As we entered, he was sitting thoughtfully on his bed, with a folded paper in his hand, one foot on the ground, the other swinging. A table, upon which were a few books, and a solitary chair, formed the only furniture of the apartment; while a schaiko, which hung from the wall by its nailed throat-lash, a sword, a pair of foils and masks, an ample cloak of blue, and a small portmanteau containing linen and uniform, constituted the whole travelling equipage and moveable estate of this marching officer. We accommodated ourselves, without admitting apologies, on the bed and the chair, and our host set about the task of entertaining us, which none can do better than a Frenchman. He had just got a letter from a widow lady, whose acquaintance he had cultivated when last in Barcelona, and was musing upon the answer. Indeed his amatory correspondence seemed very extensive; for he took one billet, which he had prepared, from the cuff of his capote, and a second from the fold of his bonnet, and read them to us. They were full of extravagant stuff, rather remarkable for warmth than delicacy; instead of a signature at the bottom, they had a heart transfixed with an arrow, and were folded in the shape of a cocked hat. As for the widow, he did not know where to find words sweet enough for her; and protested that he had half a mind to send her the remaining one of a pair of moustaches, which he had taken from his lip after the campaign of Russia, and which he presently produced, of enormous length, from a volume of tactics.'—vol. i. p. 35.

We forbear extracting the various descriptions of the country, which are given with considerable accuracy, and with much vivacity of colouring; we prefer dedicating the narrow limits afforded us to the scenes of busy life, and the personal anecdotes which give such stirring interest to the work, and which, in fact, convey so much characteristic and local information. We must insert the following picture of a Spanish diligence; the starting of it from the court-yard at Barcelona will remind many a reader of a French diligence getting under weigh, which may be compared to a mountain in labour, and is almost attended by an earthquake.

'The team which now drew us through the silent streets of Barcelona consisted of seven mules; six of which drew in pairs, abreast of each other, while the seventh went alone at the head, and was honoured with the name of capitana. Their harness was very different from any thing I had yet seen; for, while the two wheel mules were attached to the carriage in the ordinary way, all the rest had long rope traces, which, instead of leading to the pole, were attached to the carriage itself, and kept from dragging on the ground in descending hills, by a leathern strap fastened to the end of the pole, through

through which they all passed. The leading mule only was guided by lines; the rest had their halters tied to the traces of capitana, and were thus obliged to follow all her motions, while the two hindmost had stout ropes fastened to their head-stalls, for checking them on the descent. Nor was mere ornament disregarded in their equipment. Their bodies were smoothly shaven, to enable them better to endure the heat; but in this an eye was had to decoration by leaving the hair in partial stripes: the tail preserved enough of its garniture to furnish a neat fly-brush, and the hair on the haunches was clipped into a curious fret-work, not a little resembling the embroidery of a hussar's pantaloons. They were besides plentifully adorned with plumes and tassels of gaily-coloured worsted, and had many bells about the head to cheer them on the journey. As for our guides, they consisted of a zagal and mayoral, or postilion and conductor. The zagal with whom we set out from Barcelona was a fine-looking, athletic young man, dressed in the Catalan costume, with a red cap of unusual length reaching far down his back. The *mayoral*, who was much older, was in similar attire; but rather more rolled up in jackets and blankets, as became the cool air of the morning, and his own sedentary station on the front of the diligence.'—pp. 55, 56.

'The manner, too, in which these Catalans managed their mules was quite peculiar. The zagal kept talking with one or the other of them the whole time, calling them by their names, and apparently endeavouring to reason them into good conduct, and make them keep in a straight column, so that each might draw his share of the burden, and not rub against his neighbour. I say he called them by their names, for every mule in Spain has its distinctive appellation, and those that drew our diligence were not exceptions. Thus, beside Capitana, we had Portugesa, Arragonesa, Coronela, and a variety of other cognomens, which were constantly changing during the journey to Valencia. Whenever a mule misbehaved, turning from the road or failing to draw its share, the zagal would call its name in an angry tone, lengthening out the last syllable, and laying great emphasis on it. Whether the animals really knew their names, or that each was sensible when it had offended, the voice of the postilion would usually restore order. Sometimes when the zagal called to Coronela, and Portugesa obeyed the summons by mistake, he would cry, sharply, *Aquella otra!*—"That other one!"—and the conscience-stricken mule would quickly return to its duty. When expostulation failed, blows were sure to follow: the zagal would jump to the ground, run forward, and beat and belabour the delinquent; sometimes jumping upon the mule immediately behind it, and continuing the discipline for a half hour together. The activity of these fellows is indeed wonderful. Of the twenty miles which usually compose a stage, they run at least ten, and, during a part of the remainder, stand upon one foot at the step of the diligence. In general, the zagal ran up hill, flogging the mules the whole way, and stopping occasionally at the road-side topick up a store of pebbles, which he stowed

stowed in his sash, or more frequently in his long red cap. At the summit he would take the mule's tail in his hand, and jump to his seat before the descent commenced. While descending, he would hold his cap in one hand, and with the other throw a stone first at one mule, then at another, to keep them all in their proper stations, that the ropes might not hang on the ground and get entangled round their legs..... I hate a mule most thoroughly; for there is something abortive in everything it does, even to its very bray. An ass, on the contrary, has something hearty and whole-souled about it. Jack begins his bray with a modest whistle, rising gradually to the top of his powers, like the progressive eloquence of a well-adjusted oration, and then as gradually declining to a natural conclusion; but the mule commences with a voice of thunder, and then, as if sorry for what he has done, he stops like a bully when throttled in the midst of a threat, or a clown who has begun a fine speech and has not courage to finish it.'—pp. 64—67.

We proceed to a scene of a different character, and one in which the minuteness and evident veracity of the detail produce an effect, that could never have been attained by the most romantic exaggeration. The author takes his seat about two in the morning in the cabriolet or front part of a diligence from Tarragona, and gives many amusing particulars concerning his fellow-travellers, who, one after another, all surrender themselves to slumber. Thus powerfully invited by the example of those near him, the Lieutenant catches the drowsy infection, and having nestled snugly into his corner, soon loses entirely the realities of existence 'in that mysterious state which Providence has provided as a cure for every ill.' In short, he is indulged with a dream, which transports him into the midst of his own family circle beyond the Atlantic; but from this comfortable and sentimental nap he is soon aroused by the sudden stopping of the diligence, and a loud clamour all about him.

'There were voices without, speaking in accents of violence, and whose idiom was not of my country. I roused myself, rubbed my eyes, and directed them out of the windows. By the light of a lantern that blazed from the top of the diligence, I could discover that this part of the road was skirted by olive-trees, and that the mules, having come in contact with some obstacle to their progress, had been thrown into confusion, and stood huddled together, as if afraid to move, gazing upon each other, with pricked ears and frightened aspect. A single glance to the right-hand gave a clue to the mystery. Just beside the fore-wheel of the diligence stood a man, dressed in that wild garb of Valencia which I had seen for the first time in Amposta: his red cap, which flaunted far down his back, was in front drawn closely over his forehead; and his striped manta, instead of being rolled round him, hung unembarrassed from one shoulder. Whilst his left leg was thrown forward in preparation

paration, a musket was levelled in his hands, along the barrel of which his eye glared fiercely upon the visage of the conductor. On the other side the scene was somewhat different. Pepe (the postilion) being awake when the interruption took place, was at once sensible of its nature. He had abandoned the reins, and jumped from his seat to the road-side, intending to escape among the trees. Unhappy youth, that he should not have accomplished his purpose! He was met by the muzzle of a musket when he had scarce touched the ground, and a third ruffian appearing at the same moment from the treacherous concealment of the very trees towards which he was flying, he was effectually taken, and brought round into the road, where he was made to stretch himself upon his face, as had already been done with the conductor.

'I could now distinctly hear one of these robbers—for such they were—inquire in Spanish of the mayoral as to the number of passengers; if any were armed; whether there was any money in the diligence; and then, as a conclusion to the interrogatory, demanding *La bolsa!* in a more angry tone. The poor fellow meekly obeyed: he raised himself high enough to draw a large leathern purse from an inner pocket, and stretching his hand upward to deliver it, said, *Toma usted, caballero, pero no me quita usted la vida!* "Take it, cavalier; but do not take away my life!" The robber, however, was pitiless. Bringing a stone from a large heap, collected for the repair of the road, he fell to beating the mayoral upon the head with it. The unhappy man sent forth the most piteous cries for *misericordia* and *piedad*. He might as well have asked pity of the stone that smote him, as of the wretch who wielded it. In his agony he invoked *Jesu Christo, Santiago Apostol y Martir, La Virgin del Pilar*, and all those sacred names held in awful reverence by the people, and most likely to arrest the rage of his assassin. All in vain: the murderer redoubled his blows, until, growing furious in the task, he laid his musket beside him, and worked with both hands upon his victim. The cries for pity which blows at first excited, blows at length quelled. They had gradually increased with the suffering to the most terrible shrieks; then declined into low and inarticulate moans; until a deep-drawn and agonized gasp for breath, and an occasional convulsion, alone remained to show that the vital principle had not yet departed.

'It fared even worse with Pepe, though, instead of the cries for pity, which had availed the mayoral so little, he uttered nothing but low moans that died away in the dust beneath him. One might have thought that the extreme youth of the lad would have ensured him compassion: but no such thing. The robbers were doubtless of Amposta, and, being known to him, dreaded discovery. When both the victims had been rendered insensible, there was a short pause, and a consultation in a low tone between the ruffians; who then proceeded to execute their plans. The first went round to the left side of the diligence, and, having unhooked the iron shoe and placed it under the wheel,

wheel, as an additional security against escape, opened the door of the interior, and mounted on the steps. I could hear him distinctly utter a terrible threat in Spanish, and demand an ounce of gold from each of the passengers. This was answered by an expostulation from the Valencian shopkeeper, who said that they had not so much money, but what they had would be given willingly. There was then a jingling of purses, some pieces dropping on the floor in the hurry and agitation of the moment. Having remained a short time at the door of the interior, he did not come to the cabriolet, but passed at once to the rotunda. Here he used greater caution, doubtless from having seen the evening before, at Amposta, that it contained no women, but six young students, who were all stout fellows. They were made to come down, one by one, from their strong hold, deliver their money and watches, and then lie flat upon their faces in the road.

'Meanwhile, the second robber, after consulting with his companion, returned to the spot where the zagal Pepe lay rolling from side to side. As he went towards him, he drew a knife from the folds of his sash, and having opened it, placed one of his naked legs on either side of his victim. Pushing aside the jacket of the youth, he bent forward and dealt him repeated blows in every part of the body. The young priest, my companion, shrunk back shuddering into his corner, and hid his face within his trembling fingers; but my own eyes seemed spell-bound, for I could not withdraw them from the cruel spectacle, and my ears were more sensible than ever. Though the windows at the front and sides were still closed, I could distinctly hear each stroke of the murderous knife, as it entered its victim. It was not a blunt sound as of a weapon that meets with positive resistance; but a hissing noise, as if the household implement, made to part the bread of peace, performed unwillingly its task of treachery. This moment was the unhappiest of my life; and it struck me at the time, that if any situation could be more worthy of pity, than to die the dog's death of poor Pepe, it was to be compelled to witness his fate, without the power to aid him.

'Having completed the deed to his satisfaction, this cold-blooded murderer came to the door of the cabriolet, and endeavoured to open it. He shook it violently, calling to us to assist him; but it had chanced hitherto that we had always got out on the other side, and the young priest, who had never before been in a diligence, thought, from the circumstance, that there was but one door, and therefore answered the fellow that he must go to the other side. On the first arrival of these unwelcome visiters, I had taken a valuable watch which I wore from my waistcoat pocket, and slipped it into my boot: but when they fell to beating in the heads of our guides, I bethought me that the few dollars I carried in my purse might not satisfy them, and replaced it again in readiness to be delivered at the shortest notice. These precautions were, however, unnecessary. The third ruffian, who had continued to make the circuit of the diligence with his musket in his hand, paused a moment in the road ahead of us, and having placed his head

head to the ground as if to listen, presently came and spoke in an under tone to his companions. They stood for a moment over the mayoral, and struck his head with the butts of their muskets, whilst the fellow who had before used the knife returned to make a few farewell thrusts, and in another moment they had all disappeared from around us.

'In consequence of the darkness, which was only partially dispelled in front of the diligence by the lantern which had enabled me to see what occurred so immediately before me, we were not at once sensible of the departure of the robbers, but continued near half an hour after their disappearance in the same situation in which they left us. The short breathings and the chattering of teeth, lately so audible from within the interior, gradually subsided, and were succeeded by whispers of the females, and soon after by words pronounced in a louder tone; whilst our mangled guides, by groans and writhings, gave evidence of returning animation.

'Our first care, when thus left to ourselves, was to see if any thing could be done for our unfortunate guides. We found them rolling over in the dust, and moaning inarticulately, excepting that the conductor would occasionally murmur forth some of those sainted names whose aid he had vainly invoked in the moment of tribulation. Having taken down the light from the top of the coach, we found them so much disfigured with bruises and with blood that recognition would have been impossible. The finery of poor Pepe, his silver buttons and his sash of silk were scarcely less disfigured than his features. There happened to be in our party a student of medicine, who now took the lead in the Samaritan office of binding, with pieces of linen and pocket handkerchiefs, the wounds of these unhappy men.'

The wounded men were at length placed in a cart, and sent back slowly to Amposta, the mayoral showing some signs of returning sensibility, but the unfortunate Pepe evidently in his last agony. The diligence proceeded on its route, and stopped to breakfast at Vinaroz.

'The kitchen of the posada at Vinaroz offered a scene of unusual confusion. The hostess was no other than the mother of Pepe, a very decent-looking Catalan woman, who, I understood, had been sent there the year before by the Diligence Company, which is concerned in all the inns at which their coaches stop throughout the line. She had already been told of the probable fate of her son, and was preparing to set off for Amposta in the deepest affliction; and yet her sorrow, though evidently real, was singularly combined with her habitual household cares. The unusual demand for breakfast by fourteen hungry passengers had created some little confusion, and the poor woman, instead of leaving these matters to take care of themselves, felt the force of habit, and was issuing a variety of orders to her assistant; nor was she unmindful of her appearance, but had already changed her frock and stockings, and thrown on her mantilla, preparatory to departure.

departure. It was indeed a singular and piteous sight to see the poor perplexed woman changing some fish that were frying, lest they should be burnt on one side, adjusting and repinning her mantilla, and sobbing and crying all the while. When the man came, however, to say that the mule was in readiness, everything was forgotten but the feelings of the mother, and she hurried off in deep and unsuppressed affliction.'—pp. 101, 102.

This picture of a mother's affliction mingling with her habitual household cares is singularly touching, and, being drawn from fact, shows us the truth to nature of one of Scott's scenes in the 'Antiquary,' where a similar conflict takes place in the mind of the poor fisherman's wife who had lost her son—an exquisite touch, worthy of the great master that struck it off, and, indeed, only to be effected by a master hand.

We may as well add here the catastrophe of this tragical tale. From information received by the Lieutenant, after his arrival in Madrid, it appears that poor Pepe breathed his last about eight hours after the attack, and long before his widowed mother could arrive to close the eyes of her child. The mayoral lingered for about a week, and then shared the fate of Pepe. The three robbers were detected and taken into custody; two of them were townsmen, and all three acquaintances of Pepe, whom they had doubtless murdered to prevent discovery. We ourselves passed over the scene of the robbery between two and three years after the event: there were two crosses to mark the bloody spot. The mayoral and the zagal of our diligence, the successors of those who had been murdered, pointed to the crosses with the *sang froid* with which Spaniards, from long habitude, contemplate mementos of the kind. The mayoral showed the very place where his predecessor had been beaten to death. On our expressing horror at the detail he readily concurred, though he appeared more indignant at the manner in which the crime had been committed than at the crime itself. 'It is the ugliest thing (*lo mas feo*) that has been done in this neighbourhood for a long time past. Look you, sir, to shoot a man with a blunderbuss, or to stab him with a knife, is quite another kind of business; but to beat his brains out with a stone is to treat him, not like a Christian, but a dog!' It was evident that a frequent occurrence of such scenes had rendered the mayoral a critic in the art of murder.

After his dismal affair with the robbers, the Lieutenant pursued his journey to Madrid, meeting with no adventure of importance, though with a variety of pleasant incidents and characteristic personages, all which he describes with happy minuteness. In traversing the naked plains of La Mancha, he beheld the windmills

mistaken

mistaken of yore for giants by the 'Knight of the Sorrowful Countenance, and which still remain battling with the winds and domineering over the dreary waste, as in the days of Cervantes. He passed in sight of the village of Toboso, once graced by the presence of the gentle Dulcinea; but he looked in vain for the grove in which the pensive hero awaited the return of Sancho from his tender embassy. In fact, the early scenes of the knight's adventures, which our imaginations had been used to grace with sylvan and rural beauties, are all laid in the central provinces of Spain, on naked, cheerless plains, destitute of tree, or even shrub; and it shows the magic power of genius, that it can clothe such dreary landscapes with illusive charms to the eye of the traveller, and people them with the most amusing associations.

The author's account of his arrival, and his first sallying forth into the streets of Madrid, is full of lively and accurate picturing; and nothing can be better than his description of his language-master, Don Diego Redondo y Moreno, who may serve as the representative of a numerous class in Spain. Don Diego had been a clerk in the office of a minister of state under the constitution; but on the overthrow thereof had been displaced, on suspicion of liberal principles, and remained what is termed an *impurificado*.

'The reader is not, perhaps, aware that on the return of despotism in Spain, juntas of purification were established in all parts of the kingdom, before which all persons who had held offices under the abolished system were bound to appear and adduce evidence that they had not been remarkable for revolutionary zeal, nor over-active in support of the constitution, before they could be admitted to any new employment. Such as come out clean from this investigation, from being *impurificados*, or unpurified, become *indefinidos*, or indefinites, who are ready to be employed, and have a nominal half-pay. These indefinidos have long formed a numerous class in Spain, and now more so than ever. They are patient waiters upon Providence, who, being on the constant look-out for a god-send, never think of seeking any new means to earn a livelihood. They may be seen in any city of Spain, lounging in the coffee-houses, where they pick their teeth and read the gazette, but never spend anything; or else at the public walk, where they may readily be known, if they be military officers of rank, by the bands of gold lace which bind the cuffs of their surtouts of blue or snuff-colour, and by their military batons; or still more readily by the huge cocked-hats of oilcloth with which they cover their sharp and starved features.....

'Don Diego was spare and meagre, with coal-black hair and eyes, and swarthy features, that betrayed a mixture of Moorish blood; his dress had evidently assimilated itself to his fallen fortunes. His hat hung in his hand greasy and napless; his boots, from having long been strangers to blacking, were red and foxy, while his pea-green frock, which, when the cold winds descended from the Gaudarrama, served

served likewise as a surcoat, looked brushed to death and threadbare. He had, nevertheless, something of a supple and jaunty air with him, showed his worked ruffles and neckcloth to the best advantage, and flourished a little walking wand with no contemptible grace.'—p. 169.

We know the original of this most accurate picture, for it was our lot to pursue the study of pure Castilian under his instructions. Poor Don Diego! Nature had certainly intended him for a higher sphere, for he had a most gentlemanlike indolence and love of leisure, nor did ever *impurificado* await the dispensations of Providence with more inert resignation. As to his outward garb, it varied with his fortune: whenever an additional scholar or two made cash more plentiful, the pea-green threadbare gaberdine disappeared, he figured in somewhat of a fashionable suit, gallanted his wife to the Prado on Sundays, and even indulged in the occasional extravagance of a ticket to a bull-fight; but the least reverse of fortune sent his finery to the pawnbrokers, and again reduced him to the 'sere and yellow leaf.'

Under the guidance of Don Diego Redondo y Moreno, the Lieutenant sallies forth in quest of lodgings, and is conducted to the house of one Don Valentin, another of those indefinite or unpurified worthies, who have been ruined in Spain by the frequent reverses in politics. An amusingly characteristic sketch is given of his history and of his domestic establishment. As to his person, he was tall, gaunt, and bony; with a thin, wrinkled, sallow face, set off by black and bristly hair, and illumined by but a single eye. The Lieutenant dislikes his looks; abominates his long, stiff-backed boots, notwithstanding they are decorated with tassels; nor is he to be reconciled to the coarseness of his square-tailed coat and scanty pantaloons by a shirt and cravat elaborately embroidered: his dislike of the landlord extends to the house; he determines that he is not and will not be pleased with it, and is bowing his way out with all due courtesy, when, at the top of the narrow staircase, he is met full in the face by the daughter of mine host, Doña Florencia, just returning from mass.

'She might be nineteen or thereabout, a little above the middle size, and finely proportioned; with features regular enough, and hair and eyes not so black as is common in her country, a circumstance upon which, when I came to know her better, she used to pride herself; for, in Spain, auburn hair, and even red, is looked upon as a great beauty*. She had on a mantilla of lace, pinned to her hair, and

* So it has usually been in countries where the dark complexions predominate Witness the blue eyes and golden tresses of the classical poets of antiquity—and the yellow periwigs which the Roman ladies of the imperial times used to import from the banks of the Rhine and the Danube. See Professor Böttiger's '*Sabina*, or Scenes from the Toilette of a Roman Dame,'—one of the most valuable works of that equally learned and amusing author.

falling

falling gracefully about her shoulders, and a *basquiña* of black silk, trimmed with cords and tassels, and loaded at the bottom with lead, to make it fit closely, and show a shape which was really a fine one. Though high in the neck, it did not descend so low as to hide a well-turned ankle, covered with a white stocking and a small black shoe, bound over the instep by a riband of the same colour.

'As I said before, I was met full in the face by this damsel of La Rioja, to whose cheek the ascent of three pairs of stairs had given a colour not common in Madrid, and to herself not habitual. Her whole manner showed that satisfaction which people who feel well and virtuously always experience on reaching the domestic threshold. She was opening and shutting her fan with vivacity, and stopped short in the midst of a little song, a great favourite in Andalusia, which begins—

"O no! no quiero casarme!
Ques mejor, ques mejor ser soltera!"
"O no! I care not to marry!
'Tis better, 'tis better live single!"

'We came for a moment to a stand in front of each other, and then I drew back to let her pass, partly from a sense of courtesy, partly, perhaps, from a reluctance to depart. With the ready tact which nowhere belongs to the sex so completely as in Spain, she asked me in, and I at once accepted the invitation, without caring to preserve my consistency.'—pp. 190, 191.

In fine, the worthy Lieutenant, who, throughout his work, shows the susceptibility of a blue-jacket for female charms, beholds the whole establishment with different eyes now that it is graced by the presence of Doña Florencia. He finds the lodgings the very thing of which he was in search, and even more convenient than anything he had hoped to find. He at once takes possession of them, and during the whole of his residence in Madrid appears to have flourished under the single though guardian eye of Don Valentin and the gentle regards of Doña Florencia. She is a perfect picture of a Spanish girl: frank, warm-hearted, disinterested, uninstructed, yet intelligent; with a surpassing fondness for fine stockings and spangled shoes.

But it would be wrong to put the reader off with this individual portrait of a Spanish female, when we have a general picture of the Madrid beauty sketched off by our author with the practised pencil of a landsman, and the thorough devotion of a sailor.

'The *Madrileña* is rather under than above the middle size, with a faultless shape, seen to advantage through the elastic folds of her basquiña. Her foot, is, however, her chief care; for, not content with its natural smallness and beauty, she binds it with narrow bandages of linen, so as to reduce it to smaller dimensions, and to give it a finer form. Though her complexion be pale, it is never defiled by rouge. Her

Her teeth are pearly, lips red, eyes full, black, and glowing; her step is short and quick, yet graceful; and the restless play of her hands and arms, as she adjusts her mantilla or flutters her fan, is but a just index to the impatient ardour of her temperament. As she moves forward, she looks with an undisturbed yet pensive eye upon the men that surround her; but if you have the good fortune to be an acquaintance, her face kindles into smiles, she beams benignantly upon you, and returns your salute with an inviting shake of her fan in token of recognition. Then, if you have a soul, you may lay it at once at her feet, and are ready to become her slave for ever.'—pp. 302, 303.

The liberty of the Lieutenant must certainly have been in continual jeopardy during this long and adventurous land-cruize; and we doubt whether he has not been often captured and carried into port by these Salee rovers.

As our object is chiefly to exemplify our author's talent at sketching familiar pictures of life and manners, which we think quite peculiar and felicitous, we pass over, without notice, his discussions of public places, public institutions, and the other ordinary topics which abound in all books of travels, and on which he acquits himself very sensibly and creditably, but much in the usual style of tourists. We cannot, however, show equal indifference to the following description of his setting off from Aranjuez, attended by a ragged misbegotten boy named Jose, whom he had picked up as a *lacquey de place*. It was an outset that might rival one of the picturesque sallies of the Knight of the Woful Countenance and the Squire of all Squires.

'After being detained a day longer at Aranjuez than I had contemplated, for want of a conveyance, my little friend Jose at length procured me the means of reaching Toledo. Indeed, I was just thinking of the expediency of departing afoot, on the fourth morning of my absence from Madrid, when Jose knocked at my door, and told me that he had got a horse for me, and that he was to go along, to bring him back, on a borrico. I liked this arrangement well. So, paying my bill and packing up my sack, I sallied out into the courtyard, to commence my journey. I did not expect to be very splendidly mounted, but my astonishment and confusion were indeed great, on finding that I had to ride upon a miserable *rocin*, that had lost its hair by some disease, especially upon the tail, which was as long and as naked as the trunk of an elephant. The only flesh the animal had left seemed to have descended into the legs, and as for his hips, his backbone, and ribs, they were everywhere conspicuous, save where concealed by a huge packsaddle, stuffed with straw and covered with canvass. What made the matter still worse, the master of the beast, an old man in a brown cloak, held his hand before me, as I was approaching to take a nearer view, and told me that if it was *igual* to me, he would take the two dollars beforehand. I explained to the old man how very possible it was that his horse would not live to complete the journey; to which he

he replied, with some indignation, that he would carry me to *las Indias*, much more to Toledo. As he continued to hold out his hand with a resolute air, I dropped the required sum into it, and grasping the pack-saddle for want of a mane, I vaulted at once into the seat. The back of the poor animal cracked and twisted under the burthen, and as he gave some indications of a disposition to lie down, I drew forcibly upon the halter. Thus roughly handled, his neck bent backward like a broken bow, and, making retrograde steps, he backed full upon Jose, who, well pleased with the idea of so long an excursion, was drawn up behind, upon a little mouse-coloured ass, with the game-bag, which contained all my travelling equipage, hung round his neck and hanging from his shoulder. Three or four sound blows from the cudgel of Jose, accompanied by a kick under the belly from the master of the beast, corrected this retrograde motion, which being changed for an advance, we sallied out of the inn and took our way through the market-place, to the admiration of all Aranjuez.'—vol. ii. p. 15—17.

The departure of the Lieutenant from Toledo was in quite a different style. He took his seat in a *coche de coleras*, an antique lumbering vehicle, such as may be seen in Spanish pictures of the seventeenth century, and drawn by six mules. We give the description of his travelling companions in his own words, for the Lieutenant is always inspired when dame or damsel is to be sketched. In fact, the most experienced writer for the annuals could not have touched off a female groupe more happily.

'I was not the sole occupant of the coche. It was brimming full of young girls, who were going a short distance from the city, partly for the sake of the ride, but chiefly to take leave of one of their number, who was to keep on to Madrid, whither she was going to serve a *Condesa*. I soon found, from their conversation, that two of them were daughters of the old man. The eldest, a close-built, fast-sailing little frigate, with an exquisitely pointed foot, a brilliant eye, and a pretty arch face—not at all the worse for two or three pock-marks—was the newly-married wife of the zagal. The one who was now about to leave her home, for the first time, was a younger sister of the bride, and the rest were cousins and neighbours. They had all grown up together, and now, as they were whirled furiously down the hill side that leads away from Toledo, were as merry as crickets, laughing, giggling, and shouting to such of their acquaintances as they passed. By and by, however, we got to the bottom of the valley, and began to toil up the opposite ascent. The excitation of the moment was over, and they remembered, that at the top of the hill they were to part with Beatriz. Their laughing ceased, and the smiles passed from their countenances, a painful expression came instead, and, when the coach at length stopped, they were all in tears. Poor Beatriz! she cried and kissed them all; and when they got down from the coach, and left her all alone, she sobbed aloud, and was half ready to follow them.

'Margarita,

'Margarita, the elder sister, seeing poor Beatriz so much afflicted, begged her husband to let her go along and come back the next trip. Andres would not at first listen to the proposal, but fastened the door. When she began, however, to grow angry at the refusal, he took the trouble, like a thoughtful husband, to explain how inconvenient it would be for her to go without any preparations; if she had but spoken in the morning, or the night before, the thing would have been easily settled. All these reasons availed nothing. Margarita grew more and more vexed, until Andres was driven from his resolution. He slowly opened the door, saying, with a half-displeased air, "*Entre usted!*" Contrary to all reasonable calculations, she stirred not a step towards accepting the offer, and her embarrassment and vexation seemed only to grow greater, at thus losing the cause of her displeasure. By this time, the old man, who had thought it was all over when he had kissed the children, began to grow impatient, and gave the word of command. Away went the mules. Andres would not part in anger. He went to receive a farewell kiss from his wife; but Margarita turned away pettishly, striking her little foot on the ground, and shaking her head, as though she would have torn her mantilla. Without more ado, he left her to her ill-humour, and overtaking the coach, caught the left mule by the tail, and leaped to the wooden platform beside his father.

'Meantime, Beatriz and I put our heads out of the window; she from interest and affection, I from curiosity. The girls remained where we left them, throwing up their handkerchiefs, and sending after us a thousand kind words and well-wishes. Margarita alone stood motionless in the same place, with her head turned away. Gradually, however, she moved round to catch a sight of us; and when she saw that her husband was not looking at her, seemed to be sorry for what she had done; shook her fan at him fondly, and cried out at the top of her voice, "Until we meet, Andrew!"—"*Hasta la vista, Andres!*" But it was too late, he would not hear, and beating the mule nearest him with great energy, we were soon descending the opposite hill. The last I saw of Margarita, she had hid her face in her hands, and her companions were drawing round to offer consolation.'

We have given a tragical adventure with robbers during the Lieutenant's journey to Madrid. We now present, as a *pendant*, a comic account of another robbery, which took place on his route to Cordova.

'Leaving Madrilejos, we travelled on, through a solitary country, until we came to the venta of Puerto Lapiche, the very house in which Don Quixote watched over his armour and was dubbed knight errant in the beginning of his adventurous career. The conductor had taken his seat beside me in the rotunda, and we were yet talking over the exploits of that renowned hero, when our conversation was suddenly and unceremoniously interrupted by the discharge of muskets, the loud shouting of eager, angry voices, and the clattering of many hoofs.

Here, indeed, is an adventure, thought I.—O for Don Quixote to protect us!—In the next moment the diligence stopped, and on looking out at the window, the cause of this interruption became manifest.

'Our four guards were flying at a fearful rate, closely pursued by eight still more desperate-looking fellows, dressed in sheepskin jackets and breeches, with leathern leggings, and montera caps, or cotton handkerchiefs, on their heads. Each had four pistols at his saddle-bow, a steel sabre at his side, a long knife thrust through the belt of his cartouch-box, and a carabine, in this moment of preparation, held across his horse's neck in front of him. It was an animated scene this—such as I had frequently before seen on canvas, in Wouverman's spirited little pictures of robber broils and battle scenes, but which I had never before been so highly favoured as to witness in reality.

'Whilst this was going on in the road behind us, we were made to get down by one of the party who had been left to take care of us, and who now shouted in rapid succession the words, "*Ajo! a tierra! boca abajo, ladrones!*" As this is the robber formula throughout Spain, its translation may not be unacceptable to the reader. Let him learn, then, that *ajo* means garlic, and the remainder of the salutation, "To the ground! mouths in the dust, robbers!" Though this formula was uttered with great volubility, the present was doubtless the first attempt of the person from whom it proceeded: a youth scarce turned of twenty, and evidently a novice—a mere Gil Blas—at the business. We did not, however, obey him the less quickly, and took our seats as ordered, upon the ground, in front of the mules and horses, so that they could only advance by passing over us; for he was so much agitated that his musket shook like the spout of a fire-engine, and we knew full well that in such situations a frightened is not less to be dreaded than a furious man. Our conductor, to whom this scene offered no novelty, and who was anxious to oblige our visitors, placed himself upon his hands and knees, like a frog when he is about to jump, and asked if that was the right way. He took care, however, to turn his unpleasant situation to account, putting a huge watch into the rut of the road, and covering it carefully with sand. Some of the party imitated this grasshopper attitude, and Fray Antonio availed himself of the occasion and the devotional posture to bring up the arrears of his Paters and Aves.

'We had not been long thus, before the captain of the band returned, leaving five of his party to take care of the guards, three of whom stood their ground and behaved well. The first thing the captain did, when he rode among us, was to call to the conductor for his hat; after which, he bade him mount upon the diligence, and throw down whatever was there. He cautioned him at the same time to look around, and see if anything was coming—adding, with a terrible voice, as he half lifted his carabine, "And have a care!"—"*Y cuidado!*" The conductor quietly obeyed, and the captain having told us to get up and not be alarmed, as no harm was intended, called to us to put our watches and money into the conductor's hat, which he held out for the

the purpose, much in the ordinary way of making a collection, except that instead of coming to us, he sat very much at his ease upon his horse, and let us come to him. I threw my purse in, and as it had nine or ten silver dollars, it made a very good appearance, and fell with a heavy chink. Then, grasping the bunch of brass keys and buttons which hung from my fob, I drew out the huge watch which I had bought at Madrid, in contemplation of some such event, and whose case might upon emergency have served the purpose of a warming-pan. Having looked with a consequential air at the time, which it marked within six hours, I placed it carefully in the hat of the conductor. The collection over, the captain emptied purses, watches, and loose money, all together into a large leathern pocket which hung from his girdle, and then let the hat drop under his horse's hoofs.

'"*Cuñado!*"—"Brother-in-law!" said the captain to one of the worthies, his companions, "take a look into those trunks and boxes, and see if there be anything in them that will suit us."—"*Las llaves, señores!*"—"The keys, gentlemen!" "And do you, zagal, cast me loose those two horses on the lead: a fine fellow is that near horse with the saddle." The two persons thus summoned set about obeying with a very different grace. Our cuñado dismounted at once, and hitched his horse to the friar's trunk. He then took from the crupper of his saddle a little bundle, which being unrolled expanded into a prodigious long sack, with a yawning mouth in the middle. This he threw over his arm, with the mouth uppermost, and with a certain professional air. He was a queer, systematic little fellow this, with a meek and Joseph cast of countenance, that in a market-place would have inspired the most profound confidence. Having called for the owner of the nearest trunk, the good friar made his appearance, and he accosted him with great composure. "Open it yourself, padre: you know the lock better than I do." The padre complied with becoming resignation, and the worthy trunk-inspector proceeded to take out an odd collection of loose breeches that were secured with a single button, robes of white flannel, and handkerchiefs filled with snuff. He had got to the bottom without finding aught that could be useful to any but a friar of Mercy, and there were none such in the fraternity, when, as a last hope, he pulled from one corner something square, that might have been a box of diamonds, but which proved to be only a breviary fastened with a clasp. The trunk of the Biscayan came next, and as it belonged to a sturdy trader from Bilboa, furnished much better picking. Last of all he came to mine; for I had delayed opening it, until he had called repeatedly for the key, in the hope that the arrival of succour might hurry the robbers away, or at least that this double sack would fill itself from the others, which was certainly very charitable. The countenance of our cuñado brightened up when he saw the contents of my well-filled trunk; and not unlike Sancho of old, when he stumbled upon the portmanteau of the disconsolate Cardenio in the neighbouring

Sierra Morena, he went down upon one knee, and fell to his task most inquisitively. Though the sack was already filled out to a very bloated size, yet there remained room for nearly all my linen and summer clothing, which was doubtless preferred in consideration of the approaching heats. My gold watch and seal went in search of its silver companion; for Señor Cuñado slipped it slily into his side pocket, and though there be no secrets among relations, I have my doubts whether to this day he has ever spoke of it to his brother-in-law.

'Meantime, our female companion had made acquaintance with the captain of the band, who for a robber was quite a conscientious and conversable person. He was a stout, athletic man, about forty years old, with a weather-beaten face and long whiskers, which grew chiefly under his chin, in the modern fashion, and like the beard of a goat. He gave orders not to open the trunk of the lady, and then went on to apologise for the trouble he was giving us, and had well nigh convinced us that he was doing a very praiseworthy act. He said that if the proprietors of the diligence would procure his pardon, and employ him as escort, he would serve them three months for nothing—"*Tres meses de valde. Soy Felipe Cano, y, por mal nombre, el Cacaruco*"—said he—"I am Philip Cano, nicknamed the Cacaruco. No ratcatcher am I; but a regular robber. I have no other profession or means of bringing up a large family with any decency."

'In twenty minutes after the arrival of these unwelcome visiters, they had finished levying their contribution, and drew together to move off. The double sack of the inspectors was thrown over the back of one of the horses that had been taken from the diligence; for in this part of the country the leaders of the teams were generally horses. The horse now loaded with such a singular burden was a spirited animal, and seemed to understand that all was not right; for he kicked away among the guns and sabres of the robbers, until one of them, thus roughly handled, drew his sword to kill him, and would have executed his purpose, had he not been restrained by Cacaruco. Before the robbers departed, the postilion told Cacaruco that he had nothing in the world but the two horses, and that if he lost them he was a ruined man: he begged him, at least, to leave him the poorer of the two. After a short parley, the request was granted, and then they moved off at a walk, talking and gesticulating, without once looking back. We kept sight of them for near half an hour, as they moved towards a ravine which lay at the foot of a neighbouring mountain.

'We now commenced packing up the remnant of our wardrobes. It was a sorrowful scene. Here a box emptied of some valuable articles, and the shavings in which it had been packed driven in every direction by the wind; there another, which had been broken in by the butt of a musket, that had passed with little ceremony through the shade of an astral lamp; here shirts, and there waistcoats—and there a solitary pair of red flannel drawers; everywhere, however, sorrowful faces and plaintive lamentations. I tried to console myself, as I locked

locked my trunk, with reflecting upon the trouble I had found the day before in shutting it down—how I had tugged, and grated my teeth, and jumped upon it; but this was poor consolation. My little portmanteau, yesterday so bloated and big, now looked lean and flabby. I put my foot upon it, and it sunk slowly under the pressure. I now looked round for the robbers. They were still seen in the distance, moving away at a walk, and followed by the horse, upon which was mounted that insatiate sack, which would have touched the ground on either side, had it not been crammed so full as to keep it from touching the horse's ribs. There was a singular association of ideas between the fatness of the bag and the leanness of my trunk; and as I still stood with one foot on my trunk and turning my thumbs about each other, I set up a faint whistle, as a baffled man is apt to do. By a singular coincidence I happened to hit upon that very waltz in the Freyschutz, where the music seems to accompany the waltzers, and gradually dies away as they disappear from the stage; and that at a moment too when the robbers, having crossed a slight elevation, were descending into the hollow beyond. The *apropos* seemed excellent; so I continued to whistle, winding up as the heads of the robbers bobbed up and down, and just blew the last note as they sank below the horizon.'—p. 70—74.

We are tempted to make one more extract, which shows the worthy Lieutenant in a situation of more imminent jeopardy than any other page of his log-book. He had performed the journey from Cordova in one of those huge galeras or covered waggons, which, as they slowly toil across the naked plains of Spain, resemble great ships traversing the ocean. Among the motley crew of this ark was a Spanish curate, a handsome galliard priest of about thirty years of age, with whom the Lieutenant, with his usual facility, became very sociable. When they landed together in 'fair Seville's famous city,' the Lieutenant was for seeking an inn; but the provident priest, who had doubtless been accustomed to beat up that part of the country, recommended a *casa de pupilos*, or boarding-house; where they would find 'more comfort, more retirement, and, at the same time, *more society*.' A barber of Seville, with the proverbial promptness of his craft, pointed them out a house of the kind, kept by a widow lady, where they could not fail to be accommodated *a gusto*—that is, to their heart's content.

They accordingly approach a house, furnished in the delightful Andalusian style, with an interior court, and babbling fountain; they ascend a staircase, enter a saloon, the windows of which open on balconies, and are shaded by striped red and white awnings; and, for the rest, we leave the Lieutenant to tell his own story:—

'There were few ornaments here; unless, indeed, three young women—the two daughters and niece of the ancient hostess—who sat with

with their embroidery in the cool balcony, might be so esteemed. One of them was at least five-and-twenty; the next might be eighteen—a dark-haired, dark-eyed damsel, with a swarthy, Moorish complexion and passionate temperament. The niece was a little girl from Ecija, the native place of the whole family, who had come to Seville to witness the splendours of the holy week. She was just beginning to lose the careless animation, the simplicity, and the prattle of the child, in the suppressed demeanour, the softness, the voice and figure of a woman. She looked as though she might have talked and acted like a child a week or two ago in Ecija; but had been awakened to new and unknown feelings by the scenes of Seville. As for the Morisca, she touched the guitar and sang, not only with passion and feeling, but with no mean taste, for she went frequently to the Italian opera. The other two waltzed like true Andaluzas, as I had occasion to see that very evening.

'Such being the state of affairs, the curate and I decided that we would go no farther, and accordingly accepted the rooms that were offered us, and agreed to take our meals with the family. Nor did we afterwards regret our precipitation, for the house was in all things delightful. As for myself, it furnished me with a favourable opportunity of seeing something of those Sevillanas, of whose charms and graces, of whose sprightliness and courtesy, I had already heard such favourable mention. With these, and some other specimens which I saw of the sex, as it is in Seville, I was indeed delighted; delighted with their looks, their words and actions, their Andalusian Spanish, their seducing accent, and their augmentatives and diminutives, from *grandissimo* to *poquito* and *chiquiti-ti-ti-to*. Everything is very big or very little in the mouth of a Sevillana: she is a superlative creature, and is ever in the superlative.

'There is one thing, however, in my situation in this *casa de pupilos* which was new and singular, to say nothing of its inconvenience, and which may furnish a curious study of Spanish customs. This was the position of my bedchamber. It had a grated window looking on the street, and a door opening into the court-yard. Next it was a long room, running to the back of the building. This also was a bed-chamber, and the bed-chamber of the old lady and of the three ninas of Ecija, who slept on cots ranged along the room. But it may not be amiss to tell how I came by this information. Now it chanced that the partition wall betwixt my room and this next did not extend to the ceiling, nor, indeed, more than two-thirds of the way up, the remainder being left open to admit a free circulation of air, and keep the rooms cool; for Seville, in summer, is little better than an oven. This being the case, I could hear everything that was going on next me. We used to commend each other to God over the wall very regularly, every night before going to sleep, and presently I used to hear the old woman snore. The girls, however, would go on talking in a whisper, that they might not disturb their mother. In the morning again, we always woke at the same hour and with the customary salutations. Sometimes, too, I would

would be aroused in the dead of the night, and kept from sleeping for hours, just by the creaking of a cot, as one of my fair neighbours turned over; or may be on no greater provocation than the suppressed moan of a troubled dreamer, or the half-heard sigh of one just awoke from some blissful vision.'

We can readily imagine the anxiety of the reader to know how our modern Telemachus extricated himself from the perils of this island of Calypso, and we confess that we feel as mischievous pleasure in baulking his curiosity as did Yorick when he left untold the delicate dénouement of the affair of the corking-pins. If he wishes information on the subject, let him consult the book itself. In a word, we here take leave altogether of the Lieutenant, consigning him to the tender mercies of the fair Sevillanas, and the guardianship of his friend the curate—albeit that we vehemently suspect the latter of being very little of a Mentor.

Before concluding, we would again intimate to the reader, that though our extracts have been confined to personal adventures and travelling sketches, yet these volumes are by no means deficient in grave and judicious remark, and valuable information. The author has evidently tasked his erudition to intersperse his work with historical anecdote appertaining to the places visited; and in the latter part of the second volume there is an elaborate dissertation on the general state of Spain, containing much interesting and curious matter, the result of his reading and his observations. The worthy Lieutenant doubtless regards these recondite passages, which have cost him the most pains, as the most important parts of his work, and those most likely to give it weight and value with the world. He may be surprised and disappointed, therefore, should these pages meet his eye, at finding these, his more learned labours, unrecorded; while those lighter sketches and narrations only are cited which he has probably considered almost too trivial and personal for publication. Nothing, however, is easier and more common than to fill a book of travels with erudite information, the after gleaning and gathering of the closet; while nothing is more difficult and rare than to sketch with truth and vivacity, and at the same time with the air of a gentleman, those familiar scenes of life, and those groups and characters by the way-side, which place a country and its people immediately before our eyes, and make us the companions of the tourist.

We are sure that the extracts we have furnished will show our young American to possess this talent in no ordinary degree; and we think we can give him no better advice than, in any future work he may undertake, to let us have as much as possible of his personal adventures, and of the scenes and characters around him; assuring him, that when he is most egotistical he is most entertaining,

taining, and, in fact, most instructive. He belongs to a roving and eventful profession, likely to throw him into all kinds of circumstances and situations, conduct him to every country and clime, and afford an almost unlimited scope for his talent at narration and description. We anticipate, therefore, further and still more copious extracts from our gay and shrewd Lieutenant's log-book. May he long continue his cruizes by land and water; may he have as many adventures as Sindbad—and as happy an exit out of them; may he survive to record them all in a book, and we to have the pleasure of reviewing it!

ART. II.—*Memoirs of John Frederic Oberlin, Pastor of Waldbach, in the Ban de la Roche. Compiled from Authentic Sources, chiefly in French and German.* London. 8vo. 1830.

OBERLIN was one of those men who are so singularly favoured by Providence, as to find the particular station wherein there is the fullest employment for their peculiar talents, that employment being in entire accordance with their own inclinations also, and at the same time most beneficial to others, and consequently conducing most surely, and in every way, to their own great and enduring happiness. Had he been born a millennium earlier, he would have founded a monastery in some wilderness, and so planted the mustard-seed of civilization. Had he been contemporary with Hus or with Luther, he would probably have died at the stake. Now, as the pastor of a poor Protestant flock, in one of the wildest parts of France, he has led a life not less laborious, not less signally virtuous, and even more remarkable, than if it had been crowned by canonization or by martyrdom; more useful too in these times, because it affords an instance of heroic charity and enthusiastic zeal, keeping strictly within the bounds of order and duty, presenting thus an example, which, wherever imitable, may safely and profitably be imitated.

Oberlin was born at Strasbourg, on the last day of August, 1740. His father, who was a person of considerable attainments, held an office in the Gymnasium, which was founded in that city at the same time as the Lutheran University there, and intended as a preparatory school for it. He was much respected, though in straitened circumstances; and his hours of leisure were devoted to the instruction of his nine children. Those children were blest also with an excellent mother, who trained them diligently in the way that they should go. Their evening's amusement was to sit round the table copying drawings, which their father had made for them, the mother meantime reading aloud; and

and it seldom happened but that, when they were about to separate for the night, there was a general request for 'one beautiful hymn from dear mamma!' Luther, among the other works for which his name is ever to be held in veneration, composed such hymns, which, with others by some of his coadjutors and followers, are printed like prose, for the sake of sparing cost, (the verses being divided only by a mark,) and commonly bound up with the German Bible. Such evening songs from a mother's voice fix themselves ineffaceably in the memory and the heart; and we may imagine their effect in a family so trained, and affectionately attached to each other.

The father was the playmate as well as the preceptor of his children. He had a patrimonial estate near enough for him to take them thither for recreation one evening in the week during the summer months; and there he would fasten on an old drum, place his seven boys in a line, and acting the parts of serjeant and drummer at once, make them go through the military evolutions. This had almost given John Frederic a passion for a military life; he read of battles and of sieges, and by the acquaintance which he displayed with them, and probably still more by the inclination which that acquaintance manifested, he attracted the attention of some officers, and obtained their leave to join the soldiers in their exercises. But he broke off this perilous pursuit, when his father, having destined him for a learned profession, told him it was time to leave off child's play, and betake himself to serious study. Happily, his temper was not more ardent than it was docile; he had also an example to encourage him in his elder brother, who was then pursuing his studies with distinction at the University, and afterwards became eminent as an antiquary and philologist.

In due time he resolved upon devoting himself to the ministry. While he was a student in the theological class, a certain preacher, Dr. Lorentz by name, excited what in the language of the present day is called *a great sensation*, by his sermons; they were powerful and popular; probably, also, they were in no slight degree enthusiastic, for when Madame Oberlin, having been greatly impressed by the preacher, entreated John Frederic, who was her favourite son, that he would accompany her to hear him on the following Sunday, his superiors warned him not to go, and he had some hesitation as to which he should disobey. He went, however; was delighted with the strain of preaching, became a constant hearer of Lorentz, and is supposed to have been thereby strengthened in his religious resolutions. More to confirm them, at the age of twenty, 'he solemnly renewed his baptismal consecration to God by a formal covenant,' according to a practice which

which has been transmitted by the Puritans to the Dissenters, and recommended by Dr. Doddridge, who was always a good man, but not always a discreet one. ' Do not form such a purpose,' says Doddridge, ' only in your heart, but expressly declare it in the divine presence. Do it in express words ; do it in writing ; set your hand and seal to it, that on such a day, of such a month and year, and at such a place, on full consideration and serious reflection, you came to this happy resolution, that whatever others might do, you would serve the Lord. Present yourself on your knees before God, and read it over deliberately and solemnly ; and when you have signed it, lay it by in some secure place, and make it a rule with yourself to review it, if possible, at certain seasons of the year.' Oberlin's covenant, though differing but slightly from the form which Doddridge has furnished, is transcribed by the authoress of this volume as ' displaying a remarkable union of glowing zeal and lively faith with humility and self-distrust.' An evident approbation of the practice is implied, and it is not observed with how much more sobriety and wisdom our church has provided for such a renewal in its Order of Confirmation : for assuredly, ' a solemn act of self-dedication to God,' as this is entitled, is of the perilous nature of a religious vow, and that mind must be nicely regulated which would not be brought by it into danger of presumptuousness on the one hand, or of despair on the other. Presumptuousness, indeed, there is in the very thought of drawing up, and signing and sealing, ' a covenant transaction' with the Almighty,—renouncing by such an act and deed ' all perishable things,'—presenting it to Him as in His immediate presence,—calling upon Him to enter it in His book, and bidding Heaven and Earth bear witness !

Happily, there were no melancholy ingredients in Oberlin's constitution, and if at any time there were any in his belief, his strong nature and cheerful spirit speedily expelled the unwholesome alloy. He began life with exemplary prudence, taking a just estimate of his own character, as well as a just view of his own situation. As soon as his studies were completed he entered into holy orders, fixing his course by that irrevocable step ; but for seven years he undertook no pastoral charge, waiting, it is supposed, till he should find himself mature for the duties of such a charge, and till one should offer suited to his humble and yet aspiring desires—humble, inasmuch as he neither wished for worldly wealth nor honours ; aspiring, because he desired to devote himself with all his heart and with all his soul and with all his strength to the service of his fellow creatures and of his heavenly Father : meantime he employed himself in private teaching, and became domestic tutor in the family of M. Zeigenhagen, then

then a distinguished surgeon at Strasbourg. There he acquired some knowledge of surgery, and some acquaintance with other branches of the healing art, acquirements which he afterwards found peculiarly useful. Meantime, his amiable disposition, his lively talents, and his blameless life, won for him, in a remarkable degree, the general good opinion of his townsmen; an instance of this, sufficiently remarkable in every point of view, is related by his biographer.

'An honest tradesman, relying on the power of his faith, came to him one day, and after a long introduction, informed him, that a ghost, habited in the dress of an ancient knight, frequently presented itself before him, and awakened hopes of a treasure buried in his cellar; he had often, he said, followed it, but had always been so much alarmed by a fearful noise, and a dog which he fancied he saw, that the effort had proved fruitless, and he had returned as he went. This alarm on the one hand, and the hope of acquiring riches on the other, so entirely absorbed his mind, that he could no longer apply to his trade with his former industry, and had, in consequence, lost nearly all his custom. He, therefore, urgently begged Oberlin would go to his house, and conjure the ghost, for the purpose of either putting him in possession of the treasure, or of discontinuing its visits. Oberlin replied, that he did not trouble himself with the conjuration of ghosts, and endeavoured to weaken the notion of an apparition in the man's mind, exhorting him at the same time to seek for worldly wealth by application to his business, prayer, and industry. Observing, however, that his efforts were unavailing, he promised to comply with the man's request. On arriving at midnight at the tradesman's house, he found him in company with his wife and several female relations, who still affirmed that they had seen the apparition. They were seated in a circle in the middle of the apartment. Suddenly the whole company turned pale, and the man exclaimed, "Do you see, Sir, the count is standing opposite to you?" "I see nothing." "Now, Sir," exclaimed another terrified voice, "he is advancing towards you." "I still do not see him." "Now he is standing just behind your chair." "And yet I cannot see him; but, as you say he is so near me I will speak to him." And then rising from his seat, and turning towards the corner where they said that he stood, he continued, "Sir Count, they tell me you are standing before me, although I cannot see you, but this shall not prevent me from informing you that it is scandalous conduct on your part, by the fruitless promise of a hidden treasure, to lead an honest man, who has hitherto faithfully followed his calling, into ruin—to induce him to neglect his business—and to bring misery upon his wife and children, by rendering him improvident and idle. Begone, and delude them no longer with such vain hopes."

'Upon this the people assured him that the ghost vanished at once. Oberlin went home, and the poor man, taking the hint which in his address

address to the count he had intended to convey, applied to business with his former alacrity, and never again complained of his nocturnal visitor.'—p. 36—38.

No ghost was ever more easily laid; but supposing the story to be accurately related, Oberlin's presence of mind is not more remarkable, than that the whole company should have concurred in affirming, that they saw an apparition which was invisible to him.

In the year 1766 the chaplainship of a French regiment was offered him; his old military predilections accorded with such a service, and he saw in it a prospect of great and extensive usefulness, alike gratifying to his sense of duty and his consciousness of a power which would enable him to govern the minds of men. So he determined upon accepting it, left M. Ziegenhagen's family in consequence, took for his lodging a little apartment up three pair of stairs, and then entered upon a preparatory course of reading.

At this time a curacy in the Ban de la Roche or Steinthal (*Stonedale*) became vacant—a mountainous canton in Alsace, forming part of the western ramification of the Haut Champ, or Champ de Feu, which is an isolated range, detached by a deep valley from the eastern boundary of the chain of the Vosges mountains. The whole district comprises about 9000 acres, of which more than a third are covered with wood, 2000 are in natural pasture, 1500 employed in meadow or garden land, and as many more ploughed for rye, oats, and potatoes. It consists of two parishes; Rothau is one; the other, which had now become vacant, comprised three churches, and the five hamlets of Fondai, Belmont, Waldbach, Bellefosse, and Zolbach, inhabited almost exclusively by Lutherans. One privilege the inhabitants possessed in common with the other Alsacians,—that entire liberty of conscience to which men are entitled by the law of nature and of right reason, and which, having been warranted to them when Alsace was incorporated with France, had not been violated, not even when the resolution was taken and acted upon of exterminating Protestantism from all other parts of the kingdom. The Lutherans owed this to their numerical strength, and to the neighbourhood of Germany, not to any other principles of policy in the French Government, nor to the royal faith of Louis le Grand. Their turn would have come, if Marlborough had not frustrated his projects, and thereby saved Europe from the yoke.

But the benefit of that privilege had long been, as it were, in abeyance among the Lutherans of the Ban de la Roche. Their unhappy district had suffered during the thirty years' war, and in subsequent wars had been almost laid waste, so as to be scarcely habitable,

habitable, there being no road from one place to another. From eighty to an hundred families gained a scanty subsistence there, but they were destitute of all the comforts of civilized life; indeed, the condition in which they existed at so short a distance from a city like Strasbourg, might be referred to as a proof of the low state of European civilization. That scandalous benefices produce scandalous clergy was a remark made before the time of Luther; and the Reformation has certainly not diminished the evil which was thus complained of. The forms of religion had been kept up among them so far, that they knew they were Christians and of the Lutheran church, but wherefore they were one or the other, their pastors seem either to have thought it impossible that they should be taught, or unnecessary that they should know. Bishop Percy has observed, that it might be discerned whether or not there was a clergyman resident in a parish, by the civil or brutal manners of the people; he might have thought that there never had resided one in the Ban de la Roche, if he had seen the state of the inhabitants when M. Stouber went thither to take possession of the cure in the year 1750. He, who entered upon it with a determination of doing his duty like a conscientious and energetic man, began first by inquiring into the manner of education there; and asking for the principal school, he was conducted to a miserable hovel, where there were a number of children 'crowded together without any occupation, and in so wild and noisy a state, that it was with some difficulty he could gain a reply to his inquiries for the master.'

'"There he is," said one of them, as soon as silence could be obtained, pointing to a withered old man, who lay on a little bed in one corner of the apartment. "Are you the schoolmaster, my good friend?" inquired Stouber. "Yes, sir." "And what do you teach the children?" "Nothing, sir." "Nothing!—how is that?" "Because," replied the old man, with characteristic simplicity, "I know nothing myself." "Why, then, were you instituted schoolmaster?" "Why, sir, I had been taking care of the Waldbach pigs for a great number of years, and when I got too old and infirm for that employment, they sent me here to take care of the children." '—p. 9.

The children were evidently sent to this school for no other reason than that they might be 'kept out of harm's way,' while their mothers were employed in laboriously earning a miserable subsistence. The schools in the other villages were no better, though the schoolmasters might be either not so candid, or not so conscious of their own ignorance. If not swineherds, they were shepherds—an occupation which, though more poetical in sound, is not, in reality, a whit more refined. In summer they followed their

their flocks over the mountains, and in winter taught the children to read what they could not understand themselves; for the language of the canton is a *patois*, upon which Oberlin's elder brother has published a curious essay: it seems to be the old dialect of Lorrain, preserved there in its rudeness, and not intelligible at first either to French or Germans, by ear or eye. When, therefore, the schoolmaster taught the children to read in a French elementary book, or in the fragment of a French bible, they themselves could only catch the meaning of some of the words, and guess at the rest, or pass them over without any such useless exertion of intellect.

Stouber's first business was to provide competent schoolmasters; and here, at the outset, an unexpected difficulty presented itself: the office had fallen into contempt, the occupation had become disreputable, and none of the respectable inhabitants would allow any one of their sons to become so poor a thing as a schoolmaster. 'Well, then,' said he, 'we will have no schoolmasters; but let me select some of the most promising of our young men, and make them Regents of the Schools.' This good man knew what a magic words carry with them to the multitude; and by accommodating his language to the vanity of his parishioners, won them presently to his will. His next step was to draw up a primer for their use. A Strasbourger was at the expense of printing it; and the same benevolent person presented Stouber with a thousand florins (about 83*l.*), to distribute the interest annually among those teachers whose pupils made most progress. Bounty is like living water, to be found in most places by those who know how to look for it;—and even this little and contingent addition to salaries which of necessity were very small, was no trifling benefit. The prefect of Strasbourg gave him leave to take as much wood from the surrounding forests as he might want for constructing a log school-house. There still remained the difficulty of introducing his spelling-book; for those who had learning enough to perceive that it contained whole pages of unconnected syllables, and who knew that there must be some meaning in them, if they 'had wit enough to find it out,' concluded that there was either heresy concealed there or magic. In Alsace, happily, at that time he was in no danger of being burnt for either; and the very persons who entertained this strange suspicion were so far from obstinately retaining it, that when they saw how, by means of the spelling-book, little children were enabled to read, the elder brothers and sisters, and even the parents themselves, desired to be instructed also; so that a system of instruction for adults was introduced on part of the Sunday, and in the long winter evenings. As soon as Stouber considered his people to be in a proper

proper state for reading the Scriptures, he sent for fifty French bibles from Basle, and had them bound each in three parts, that they might be more widely distributed. Here, too, an unexpected objection was to be overcome. The people knew nothing more of the Bible than that it was a large thick book; and this must have been matter of tradition among them, like their belief, Stouber's predecessor not having possessed a bible himself for upwards of twenty years. When, therefore, they saw a thin book instead of a thick one, it was not without difficulty that they were made to understand the reason of this difference, and to acquiesce in it. Gradually, however, Stouber had the satisfaction of seeing that his labours among these rude and ignorant people were not in vain. After six years' residence he was removed to the market-town of Barr, on the other side of the Vosges; and his successor appears to have been an incompetent person, careless of his duty. The living became vacant again after four years, and Stouber was then moved in conscience to quit 'a very profitable and respectable living in a civilized part of the country, and return to the Ban de la Roche.' Old and young from all the hamlets went out to meet him, and bid him welcome with tears. He then laboured among them with great and encouraging success for about six years more, when losing a young and beloved wife, he accepted the station of pastor to St. Thomas's, in Strasbourg; but feeling himself bound in duty to provide a successor who would not neglect his flock, he thought at once of Oberlin, with whose character he was well acquainted.

Accordingly he found out his lodging, a little room on the third story. Opening the door, he saw a small bed in one corner of the room, covered with brown paper hangings. 'That would just suit the Steinthal,' said he to himself; and he rallied Oberlin, who was lying on the bed, and suffering from a violent tooth-ache, upon the fashion of his curtains. 'What, said he, 'is the use of that little iron pan that hangs over your table?' 'It is my kitchen,' replied Oberlin: 'I dine every day with my parents, and they give me a large piece of bread, which I bring back in my pocket. At eight o'clock I put it in that pan, sprinkle it with salt, pour a little water on it, and set it over my lamp; then I go on with my studies till ten or eleven, when I generally begin to feel hungry, and relish my supper.' Stouber told him he was just the person whom he wished to find, and proposed to him the vacant living. To Oberlin this was a tempting offer; but he would not accept it till he could fairly clear himself from his pendant engagement for the chaplainship, and till he was convinced that no candidate for preferment, who had a prior claim, would accept the cure. These points were soon decided: there was a candidate for the regimental

regimental office—none for so poor a benefice as that of the Ban de la Roche. His parents were more likely to encourage than to dissuade him from this change of purpose; but they wished him to take a wife with him to his parsonage; and Oberlin, who 'was easy on the subject,' consented, on condition that as he did so in deference to their wishes, they should find him one. The mother had worldly wisdom enough to think that as there was no predilection on his part, the value of a good wife would not be diminished if she brought a good fortune with her, and she persuaded him to try his chance with the daughter of a rich brewer's widow. She had received a confidential hint that he would probably succeed there, though Oberlin had never visited at the house, and appears not even to have known the intended lady by sight. His docility did not arise wholly from indifference in this matter, but from a presumptuous and dangerous practice, which ought not to have been noticed in the life of so good a man without some cautionary comment, lest it should seem to be intended for an example. It was his practice, we are told, from early youth, whenever his reason proved an insufficient guide, 'then to wait for some intimation from Providence;' so, on this occasion, he 'prayed that God would be pleased *to reveal his will* to him, and *to direct him in his judgment* whether this *marriage would be likely to conduce to his happiness*, by the manner in which the mother should receive him.' To make the matter clear, he resolved, if the mother should herself make the proposition, he would 'regard it as a sign of providential approbation,' and marry the lady; but if no such sign were given him, he would consider it his duty to draw off without mentioning the subject. With this determination, Cœlebs in search of a wife set forth upon his expedition, reached the widow's door, and rang the bell. He was admitted. The mother received him courteously, and even called her daughter down, 'whose appearance, however, did not particularly please him;'—if it had, he might probably have been led to infer that his own inward feeling was a sufficient token, and that he had been under a strange delusion in thinking such an outward one as he had appointed could, in the ordinary course of things, have been granted him. But the matter was at once settled. 'They sat down, talked of a pretended cause of the visit, and of the weather, and of the news about the town.' These topics being exhausted, 'a silence succeeded; the parties looked at each other in some surprise, and then looked down again.' In about two minutes he made his bow, 'opened the door, shut it again and departed,' leaving mother and daughter at a loss to conjecture the cause of such a visit;—and thus ended all thoughts of a rich bride in that quarter.

His

His next matrimonial tentative ended in a manner more creditable to his judgment, and not less so to the characteristic decisiveness of his conduct. The lady was the daughter of his former schoolmaster: to the father he was 'warmly attached;' for the daughter, 'a young woman of an agreeable disposition,' he 'entertained a cordial esteem.' But here, too, reversing the usual order in such affairs, it was Oberlin who gave consent, and his parents who made the choice. Matters proceeded so far, that a preliminary marriage-contract was drawn up. A wealthier suitor then presented himself: the young lady, whose family preferred this more advantageous offer, hesitated, repented, withdrew from her contract with Oberlin,—then, after a few weeks, hesitated and repented again; and a note was written by her father to Oberlin, expressing a wish that the connexion might be renewed. Oberlin went to his house immediately, but not on the wings of love: he gave him back the note, saying that he was accustomed to follow the intimations of Providence, and considered what had occurred as an intimation that the proposed marriage would not tend to the happiness of either party. He desired, therefore, that what had passed might be forgotten, and that the two families might continue upon the old terms of cordial good-will, as though no overtures had ever been made.

Here ended the search, and Oberlin, more to his own satisfaction than that of his good and considerate mother, entered upon his cure, and took possession of the parsonage 'in single blessedness.' That parsonage is described as 'a tolerably commodious building;' and, in the view which accompanies the description, it appears to be more so than most parsonages in England. 'It had a court-yard in front, and a good garden behind, and stood in a delightful situation, very near the church, surrounded by steep dells clothed with wood, and by rugged mountains, the tops and sides of which were partially covered with pines, and a few other straggling trees.' His mother went with him to arrange his domestic establishment, and then left him there with his younger sister, Sophia, in charge of it. About a year afterwards, Madeleine Witter, a friend and relation of the family, came to visit Sophia, and remained some weeks at the parsonage. She was the daughter of a professor in the University of Strasbourg, but had lost both parents at a very early age. Her understanding was good, and her mind highly cultivated; but it is added that, 'though deeply imbued with religious principles,' she was at this time 'more expensive and worldly in her habits than her cousin Frederic, and their dispositions did not entirely harmonize.' Circumstances, however, did more for Cœlebs now than his mother had been able to accomplish with all her foresight and manœuvres. The time of Madeleine's departure drew nigh—a day was fixed for

it; and only two days before that appointed one, Oberlin heard a voice within him, which whispered, 'Take her for thy partner!' We are told that he resisted the call, and said in reply to it, almost aloud, 'It is impossible—our dispositions do not agree!' 'Take her for thy partner!' said the secret voice again;—and that 'the wish was father' to that voice no one will doubt, though Oberlin did not confess it to himself, and, perhaps, did not even suspect it. 'He spent a sleepless night; and in his prayers the next morning solemnly declared to God, that if He would give him a sign, by the readiness with which Madeleine should accede to the proposition, that the union was in accordance with His will, he would cheerfully submit to it, and consider the voice he had heard as a leading of Providence.'

The delusions which minds in a feverish state of devotional excitement practise upon themselves are seldom so harmless as in Oberlin's case. On a former occasion, he had asked for a most unreasonable sign; that upon which he now fixed would show that his affections were in as strange a state as his imagination, if self-deception, to a degree which may almost be termed voluntary, were not apparent in his manner of proceeding. The tenour of his prayer must imply that he was about to make a proposal of marriage without feeling any predilection for the person to whom it was made; and that he bound himself to fulfil the engagement, if it should be accepted, only because in so doing he should be submitting to the will of Providence; and thus solemnly engaging in that fanatical prayer to do, on this special consideration, what, in the supposed predicament, he could not, without breach of honour and faith, violation of feeling, and deserved loss of character, have left undone. The biographer, who mentions the particulars of his various courtships 'merely because they are so thoroughly characteristic,' and interposes nothing like one warning word concerning the perilous enthusiasm there exemplified (though such warning is especially needful for that class of readers to whose hands the book was most likely to find its way), proceeds to relate that, after breakfast the same morning, Cœlebs found the young lady sitting in a summer-house in the garden—it was a late spring or early summer, in a lovely scene; and we may suppose in such lovely weather as makes a summer-house inviting. Losing as little time in preliminaries, as in what is called *shilly-shallying*, he placed himself beside her, and began what the biographer terms a conversation, though it consisted in one pithy speech:—'You are now about to leave us, my dear friend. I have had an intimation that you are destined, by the Divine Will, to be the partner of my life. If you can resolve upon this step, so important to us both, I expect you will give me your candid opinion about it before your departure.'

This

This new method of courtship proved a short way to matrimony: it allowed Miss Witter eight and forty hours for deliberation. Ὠκείαι χάριτες γλυκερώτεραι; instead of lessening the grace of her acceptance by delaying it, she 'rose from her seat, and blushing as she approached him, placed one hand before her eyes, and held the other towards him: he clasped it in his own,' and thus the decision was made. (Shall we not have this scene in one of the next year's annuals?) Madeleine had formed a resolution never to marry a clergyman; but such resolutions are more fragile even than lovers' vows. Whatever she might think of his revealed intimation—which, if she entirely believed it, left her no choice—her own course was sufficiently indicated by inclination. And she was in no danger of being deceived in her estimate of his character, and consequent expectation of happiness in a married state, for having known him familiarly as a kinsman from their childhood, she knew his moral energy and his sterling worth, as well as his enthusiasm and the eccentricities to which it led. Their marriage speedily followed; and, while it lasted, it was happy even to the full measure of their desires. 'Mrs. Oberlin became an invaluable assistant to her husband in all his labours of beneficence; tempering his zeal with her prudence, and forwarding his benevolent plans by her judicious arrangements.' Hers was a sober spirit. In her 'covenant'—for Oberlin's opinion and example induced her, as might be expected, to draw up for herself an 'act of renewal of her baptismal alliance'—she calls herself a sinner, who felt neither shame, nor grief, nor horror, for her sins: she wonders at her own presumption, 'poor worm of earth,' in thus, with her extreme coldness, consecrating herself to the Lord;—'Saviour!' she exclaims, '*je ne vois que du mal en moi: je suis d'autant plus malade puisque je ne sens pas même ma maladie.*'

Had there been more sympathy between them here, there would have been less fitness in their union; for, as a worldly-minded husband might have secularised and deadened her heart, so might a wife of enthusiastic religious feelings have excited him to go beyond the bounds of possible utility in the ardour of his benevolent zeal. But they were so well assorted, that the natural disposition of each tended to counteract the besetting sin of the other, and both were thus guarded against the errors into which they might else not improbably have fallen; the temperature of her devotion was raised;—the fever of his enthusiasm was kept down (it might easily have reached a delirious height); his faithful helpmate performed her full part in all the endeavours which he made for bettering the condition of his flock, and Oberlin's marriage became a blessing to them as well as to himself.

'Confident,' says his biographer, 'that strength would be afforded if rightly sought, Oberlin resolved, when he entered on

his cure, to employ all the attainments in science, philosophy, and religion, which he had brought with him from Strasbourg, to the improvement of the parish and the benefit of his parishioners.' There seems reason to suppose that, before his marriage, he had attempted too much at once, and acted in a manner which kindled opposition instead of conciliating good will. We are told that the persons over whom Stouber had gained an influence silently acquiesced in his projects, but that a very determined spirit of resistance soon manifested itself among others; and that, supposing old practices to be always safe, and new ones to be as certainly pernicious, they resolved not to submit to innovation. But the sort of resistance which they projected could not have been provoked by any of Oberlin's economical innovations; these, as will presently be seen, were judiciously introduced, and so evidently intended for general and tangible good, that they could not have raised an angry spirit in those by whom they were disapproved. Some rash interference with their customs,—some premature attempt at restoring discipline, where it had long been totally disused—may be suspected; otherwise, uncivilized and even brutal as the people might be, they would never have formed a plan for waylaying their new minister and inflicting upon him 'a severe personal castigation.' Oberlin happily received warning; and

'Sunday being fixed upon for the execution of this attempt, when the day arrived he took for his text those words of our Saviour, in the fifth chapter of St. Matthew:—"But I say unto you, that ye resist not evil; but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also;" and proceeded from these words to speak of the Christian patience with which we should suffer injuries, and submit to false surmises, and ill usage. After the service the malecontents met at the house of one of the party, to amuse themselves in conjecturing what their pastor would do, when he should find himself compelled to put in practice the principles he had so readily explained. What then must have been their astonishment, when the door opened, and Oberlin himself stood before them! '"Here am I, my friends," said he, with that calm dignity of manner which inspires even the most violent with respect; "I am acquainted with your design. You have wished to chastise me, because you consider me culpable. If I have indeed violated the rules which I have laid down for you, punish me for it. It is better that I should deliver myself into your hands, than that you should be guilty of the meanness of an ambuscade." These simple words produced their intended effect. The peasants, ashamed of their scheme, sincerely begged his forgiveness, and promised never again to entertain a doubt of the sincerity of the motives by which he was actuated, and of his affectionate desires to promote their welfare.'

Stouber encouraged him by his letters when he seemed to be disheartened, and to fancy himself less equal to the difficulties of

of his situation than his predecessor had been. 'You have more influence over others,' said he, 'than I have; and this, provided you fear no one but God, and guard against forming too many schemes, will render you in truth more useful than I have been.' Oberlin was of a disposition to profit by this encouragement, which, being tempered with salutary caution, operated less as a stimulant than as a tonic. Many who supposed themselves able to sway the minds of men, have discovered too late their miserable self-delusion when put to the proof, but no one ever possessed the power without being conscious of it. In the consciousnes of such power, Oberlin began his measures for civilizing the people, as one who rightly perceived that by bettering their social condition he should promote their moral, and thereby prepare a way for their spiritual, improvement. All the roads belonging to the Ban de la Roche were impassable during the greater part of the year; and the only mode of communication from the greater part of the parish with the neighbouring towns was by stepping stones over the Bruche, a stream which, having its sources in these mountains, falls into the Ill before it reaches Strasbourg. It was thirty feet wide at the crossing place; but in winter, the way is said, in the book before us, to have been along its bed;—those who know what mountain-streams are in winter may suspect some error here in the compiler. Being thus insulated, as it were, in their own valley, the inhabitants had no vent for their produce, had there been a surplus to dispose of; they had accustomed themselves in consequence to be contented with a bare and wretched subsistence; they had not even the most necessary agricultural instruments to aid them in obtaining this, and were without any means of procuring them. This was their state when Oberlin assembled them, and proposed to open a communication with the high road to Strasbourg by blasting the rocks, constructing a solid wall to support a road about a mile and a half in length along the banks of the Bruche, and building a bridge across that river near Rothau.

The peasants were astonished at such a proposal; they looked upon it as utterly impracticable, and all began to excuse themselves on the score of having as much private business on their hands as they could get through. They talked of difficulties, and raised objections, to which Oberlin replied by reminding them, that they were shut up in their own villages nine months out of the twelve; whereas, if this road were made, and the river bridged, they would at all times have an open intercourse with the neighbouring district; they would always have a market for their produce,—they might then supply themselves with many most useful things of which they now felt the want, and they would have the means

means of providing comforts for themselves and their children ; and he concluded by saying, let those who see the importance of all this come and work with me ! and with that, shouldering a pickaxe, off he set with a faithful servant, to begin the work. The effect of his speech and of his example was such, that the peasants are said not only to have desisted from their opposition, but with one accord to have hastened for their tools, and then followed him. He appointed to each his task, reserving for himself and his man the most difficult or dangerous places. This spirit spread through the whole parish ; implements were wanted for the number of willing hands ; he procured them from Strasbourg, and, as expenses accumulated, he obtained funds through the exertions of his friends. The Bank of Faith answers all demands that are made upon it by true and generous enthusiasm. Walls were erected to support the earth wherever it was likely to give way ; mountain-torrents, which had hitherto inundated the meadows, were diverted into courses, or received into beds sufficient to contain them ; a neat wooden bridge, which at this day, though fifty years have elapsed, still bears the name of *Le Pont de Charité*, was thrown over the Bruche ; and at the commencement of 1770, a year and half after Oberlin's marriage, the whole task was completed, and a communication with Strasbourg opened.

Road and bridge making, which in our times have been brought to the highest point both of beauty and perfection by Mr. Telford, were among those arts that were well nigh lost at the breaking up of the Roman empire ; they might have been wholly so, had not a necessary work of this kind occasionally been undertaken, sometimes by a saint, sometimes by the devil, according to circumstances rather of place than time ; the devil was Pontifex Maximus among the mountains : a single saint or a convent took that office, together with the charge *viarum curandarum* upon the line of some highway. Oberlin, perhaps, was not aware that more than one good man has obtained his apotheosis in the Romish kalendar by works like that which he had the ardour to undertake, and the happiness to accomplish. He looked as little for any reward in earthly honours as they had done ; but he had that reward also at last ; and immediately he was abundantly rewarded by the success of his endeavours, and the increased influence over his parishioners which he obtained by it. They now experienced the benefit of his zealous exertions for their welfare, and cheerfully engaged in his next project,—that of forming roads between the four villages of his parish, which were till this time in a state of savage separation. The spirit of well-directed industry that had thus been raised, made the Steinthal a lively and an animating scene : ' The pastor, who on the Sabbath had directed their attention with that earnestness and warmth wherewith

wherewith his own soul was filled, to 'the rest that remaineth for the people of God,' was seen on the Monday, with a pick-axe on his shoulder, marching at the head of two hundred of his flock.

Such was the uncivilized state of the parish, and, indeed, of the adjacent country, that tools and implements of husbandry could not be purchased, nor even repaired, at any nearer place than Strasbourg; two days, therefore, must be spent in going thither and returning; and as the same causes which had hitherto kept the people in barbarism had kept them poor, they had no money for such emergencies. Oberlin's whole income did not exceed a thousand francs; but if ever man was 'passing rich with forty pounds a-year,' he was so. 'Spend, and God will send,' seems to have been his maxim,—not in the spendthrift, reckless, and senseless use of the saying, but in the spirit of one who believed that he who hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord. He stocked a warehouse in Waldbach with these articles, and gave the purchasers credit; and he established a sort of lending fund, under the strict regulation that those who did not punctually replace the loan on the prescribed day were to lose, for a certain time, the privilege of borrowing from it again. These things could not have been done without assistance from his friends in Strasbourg; but Christian friends will never be wanting to such men for such objects. His next measure was to select some of the handiest of the elder boys, and send them to Strasbourg, there to learn the respective trades of carpenter, mason, glazier, cartwright, and blacksmith; these, when they returned to the Steinthal, trained up others, and their earnings circulated in the parish, which was another advantage gained. Most of their habitations were wretched cabins, quarried in the rocks, or burrowed in the sides of the mountains: comfortable cottages were now erected under Oberlin's superintendence, and cellars constructed deep enough to preserve their potatoes from the frost.

Potatoes (there called *quemattes*, or *cruattes de terre*) were then their staff of life. It seems incredible, what is here given as the account which old men assured Oberlin they had received from their fathers, that, till the year 1709, the people of this canton subsisted chiefly upon wild apples and pears. The sufferings which they endured that year from famine made them, it is said, perceive the necessity of providing for their subsistence, instead of trusting, like savages, to the spontaneous production of the soil; so they cleared part of the forest, and introduced potatoes. These had so far degenerated, through careless cultivation, that fields which had formerly produced from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and fifty bushels, now yielded only from thirty to fifty; and the people imputed this to the exhaustion of the soil, instead

instead of to their own neglect: there was, indeed, this apparent ground for their complaint, that the rains had washed away the soil in many places, and they had taken no means either to prevent this or to repair the mischief. Oberlin procured seed from Lorraine, Switzerland, and Holland, and instructed the people, from 'Parmentier's useful work,' in the culture of this root. He had acquired a thorough knowledge of botany during his residence in M. Ziegenhagen's family; and thus he was able to make them acquainted with the properties of such of those indigenous plants as could be used for food, for physic, or for any of the useful arts. The names of some of them, says the authoress to whom the public are indebted for this volume, will excite surprise, accustomed as we are to pass them by unnoticed;—chickweed, dandelion, buttercup, dead nettles, pimpernel, plantain, and corn-cockle, are in the list: it might have been useful if it had distinguished which of these weeds were used for physic and which for food, any mistake in such cases being less agreeable than likely. He taught them also to make a sort of wine, called *piquette*, from the wild cherry, the juniper, the dog-rose (the hip, and not the flower, is probably intended), &c., to distil a spirit from elderberries, and extract oil from beech-nuts.

He tried to raise sainfoin, but this plant requires a deeper soil than covers the rocks and sandstone of the Steinthal. That soil agrees with potatoes; and this root succeeded so well, under a good system of culture, that it furnished them not only with a sufficient store for home consumption, but with a surplus, which became, and has continued to be, a profitable article of exportation. Dutch clover, also, which he introduced, succeeded well, and flax, which he raised from seed from Riga. One of his favourite maxims was, 'let nothing be lost;' and nature was never followed more carefully in observance of this principle than by Oberlin. He taught his people not only how to manage their manure in the best manner, but to convert leaves, rushes, moss, and cones from the pine forest into a compost; and he paid children a certain price for tearing up old woollen rags and cutting old shoes into pieces for the same purpose. Never was there a more practical utilitarian; nothing escaped his indefatigable attention, and nothing was beneath it; and the manner in which he induced his parishioners to profit by his lessons, shows a degree of patient prudence which is seldom found connected with so much ardour and enthusiasm. Ignorant people are never more obstinate in ignorance than when any attempt is made to improve those practices in husbandry which they have learnt from their fathers. They acknowledged Oberlin's genius as a road-maker; but they could not believe that their pastor, who had spent all his life in Strasbourg, could understand the management of fields and

and gardens so well as themselves. Being well aware of this, he prepared a practical lesson, without giving them any cause to suspect it was intended for their instruction. There were two gardens belonging to the parsonage, each crossed by a frequented foot-path; one of these, which was noted for the poverty of its soil, he converted into a nursery, where, having well prepared the ground, he planted slips of apple, pear, plum, cherry, and walnut-trees; in the other he dug trenches, four or five feet deep, in which he planted young fruit-trees, and surrounded them with such soil as he considered best adapted to them. In this work, a favourite and intelligent servant, the same who had been his aide-de-camp in road-making, was his sole assistant. The trees flourished in the course of their sure growth,—this being a work which, when well performed, is liable to no casual disappointment. The people, as he expected, could not help observing this, and wondering at the difference between the state of their pastor's garden and of their own; and at length they questioned him, to his wish, how it was that such fine trees had been made to grow in such an unfavourable soil? Oberlin, according to his custom of connecting every incident with religious considerations, first directed their thoughts to Him 'who causeth the earth to bring forth her bud,' and who 'crowneth the year with his goodness.' He then reminded them that all the benefits of nature were not gratuitously bestowed on man, and explained to them that this was one of those cases in which, according to their labour, would be their reward. Those who wished to follow his example—and it was soon generally followed—were supplied with young trees from his nursery; grafting became a favourite employment, when he had instructed them in it; gardening a favourite recreation. 'The very face of the country underwent a complete change; for the cottages, hitherto, for the most part, bare and desolate, were surrounded by neat little orchards and gardens; and, in place of indigence and misery, the villages and their inhabitants gradually assumed an air of rural happiness.'

Having thus been the Vertumnus and Bacchus of the Ban de la Roche, he next became its Triptolemus. He represented to the farmers that they might obtain a double advantage by stall-feeding their cattle, and converting their least productive pastures into plough lands; for thus they might raise grain for themselves instead of purchasing it, and would have an increase of butter, which they might export. The nature of the country presented a serious objection to one part of this plan; for there was much work for the pickaxe before the plough could be employed, and in many places rocks were to be blasted, and soil to be carried thither. Except, indeed, in the cost of labour, little else was sacrificed in the experiment, some of the grass lands being cultivated to so little purpose,

purpose, ' that it is said the wife could carry home in her apron all the hay her husband had mown in a long morning.' Oberlin, as usual, put in practice what he advised. The plan answered his highest expectations, and was followed with good success; and in the eleventh year of his ministry, Oberlin formed an Agricultural Society in the parish which he had found almost in a savage state. The pastors of the neighbouring towns, and some of his other friends, assisted it by becoming members. He connected, or, in later language, affiliated it with that at Strasbourg, whereby he obtained the communication of periodical works; and the Strasbourg society placed two hundred francs at the disposal of this auxiliary body, to be distributed among those peasants who should most distinguish themselves in planting nursery grounds and grafting fruit trees.

Stouber had been apprehensive that the ardour with which Oberlin engaged in these pursuits would deaden his devotional feelings, and that such occupations would imperceptibly (being of the earth) tend to render him earthly. But what was thus deemed dangerous, proved, on the contrary, Oberlin's best preservative, by diverting into other channels part of that always ebullient enthusiasm, which, if it had been expended wholly in the spiritual part of his office, would probably have led him beyond all bounds of utility and of prudence, and frustrated, by its excess, its own desires. Neither his mind nor body would have possessed at any time, still less would they have retained so long, their perfect sanity and peculiar vigour, if there had not been this well-tempered union of temporal beneficence with religious zeal,—if there had been less application to common concerns,—if earth had not exacted from him her rights, and he had not engaged in ordinary affairs with extraordinary earnestness. All went on well, because even when in one way he offended some, in another he conciliated all; and because his thorough benevolence, which everybody felt and everybody acknowledged, prevented or allayed any hostile feeling that his attempts at introducing an enthusiastic practice, or a stricter discipline than they chose to submit to, might excite. The projects which he engaged in were so many safety valves for his fervent spirit; and most fortunate it was that so much of it was thus carried off, that an active mind continually devised useful and salutary employment for itself, and that a cheerful disposition made even his eccentricities instrumental to his own happiness, and to the good of all who were within the reach of his influence. These projects had this further beneficial effect, that they kept him within his own proper sphere: imaginations and practices which were harmless there, would have led him into temptation, and might too probably have caused evil to himself and others, if he had fancied himself called by Providence to a wider

wider scene of action; for, while arrogating to himself little merit for all the manifest good that he had done—and professing, with indubitable sincerity, that he had no other merit than that of obedience to the will of God—he frequently added to that profession the perilous assertion, that God was graciously pleased to manifest His intentions to him, and had always given him the means of executing them. The English biographer, though she censures some of his opinions as fantastic and erroneous, seems not to have perceived that 'this way madness lies.' And she relates, not as a reprehensible practice, but as an instance of 'his dependence upon his heavenly Father,' that he ordered 'all the events of his life, in which he felt any difficulty in deciding, by lot; for this purpose he kept a box, having two little tickets, with *oui* upon the one, and *non* upon the other, in his pocket; and this "*oui*-and-*non*-box," with prayer, he was continually in the habit of using.'

One comfortable consequence of this superstitious practice was, that, whatever he did, he was always perfectly satisfied that he had committed no error in doing it. A remarkable proof of this was given, when having formed some of his people into what he called, κατ' ἐξοχην, the Religious Society, he found it necessary to break up the association about eighteen months after its commencement. 'It appears,' says his English biographer, 'to have been violently opposed, and spoken against, by some persons in the parish, which induced Oberlin, in the supposition that the scandal of the bad prevailed over the advantage of the good, to put it down;' and the address which he circulated on this occasion is praised, not for its unction alone, but for its 'boldness in reproving sin, and prudence in preventing any just cause of censure.' This address affords reason to believe, that if Oberlin's zeal had been wholly directed toward spiritual concerns, his parish would have been rendered by it a scene of discord and evil passions. His aim, he says, being to bring souls to Christ, and to unite them together in Him, he had established this society for that purpose; had wished that all his parishioners might, by degrees, associate themselves with it, and had often publicly invited them. Some had complied; more than an hundred and fifty had been friends to it, and attended the meetings to listen to what was going forward there. But some had declared themselves enemies; some had calumniated it, without understanding, or wishing to understand, its purport, though the church doors were open, and they had an opportunity of remaining to see what passed. And some had calumniated it against their consciences; they had said that he placed sentinels at the doors, to prevent those who were not members from entering. This, he said, was a downright falsehood. Mentioning, therefore,

fore, several individuals of consideration in the parish, who, though not members, had frequently been present at these meetings; and affirming that no meeting had ever been held without some witnesses, he asked if they have had the hardihood to invent such falsehoods respecting us, as they now refuse to acknowledge, how much greater may they have invented? 'Your gracious Lord,' said he, 'earnestly desires that you should all be true Christians, such as the gospel pourtrays, and such as I have endeavoured to make you, whether through this society, or through any other means. But, on account of some atrocious calumnies respecting it, I am come to the resolution of abrogating its name and external form,—which I can do the more easily, because Christianity does not consist either in names, or in external forms,—I abrogate it, then, to-day; *and I abrogate it, as fully assured of God's direction in doing so, as I was assured of his direction in its establishment.*'

Independent of this particular assurance,—which is as likely to have been drawn from the yes-and-no-box as from the dictates of prudence,—he assigns various reasons for dissolving the society; but part of his address would not be intelligible, if the society had been instituted only, as the volume before us says it 'seems to have been,' 'for the purpose of prayer and religious conversation.' Prayers in the church could have given rise to no 'atrocious calumnies,' if they had been held in an unexceptionable manner, and at seasonable hours: something, therefore, like love-feasts and watch-nights may be suspected to have formed a part of their usages; and these, however devoutly intended, however innocently performed, afford a reasonable ground of offence, because they are indiscreet and dangerous. In Oberlin's rubrics of the society it is said, 'the superintendents are the overseers, whom the members choose from among themselves. Not only the superintendents, but also all the members ought to watch over each other for good; to exhort and to warn each other.' Here something appears like the Methodistic classes and bands,—that system of interference and interrogation which every husband should prohibit, as he tenders the peace of his family; and all parents, as they value the morals of their children. Having attempted to introduce things so objectionable in themselves, the best thing which Oberlin could do was to desist, as he did, from the attempt; and there can be no better proof of his general wisdom, and of the high estimation in which he was deservedly held, than that no permanent ill will should have been produced on this occasion, and that his utility should not have been in any perceptible degree diminished by it.

Stouber's school-house, which was the only regular one in the five villages, had been constructed of unseasoned wood; Oberlin found

found it in a ruinous state; nor could he have persuaded the overseers of the commune to repair it, unless he had formally engaged that no part of the expense should fall upon the parish funds. Some money he collected among his friends at Strasbourg; and with this, though far from sufficient for the purpose, he began, 'for neither personal considerations, nor the fear of being unable to meet contingent expenses, ever deterred him from putting into execution schemes of usefulness. He had an unbounded confidence in the goodness of his heavenly Father; and was convinced, as he often said, that if he asked for anything with faith, and it was really right that the thing should take place, it would infallibly be granted to his prayers.' Too much of such faith is better than too little; and Oberlin never acted upon it to a dangerous extent. In this case, as in that of the roads, there was a present and tangible good; the building was completed 'without material injury to his own slender finances:' in the course of a few years a similar one was erected in each of the other four villages, the inhabitants coming voluntarily forward, and taking the trouble and cost upon themselves.

Dr. Johnson somewhere notices the reformation of a parish in a very savage state, (as too many parishes still are,) by the civilizing influence of a decayed gentlewoman, who came among them to teach a petty school. It is to be regretted that he did not obtain the details and preserve them; they would have formed as valuable a paper as any in the Rambler. One of the most notable things in a poor and dull allegory of Bunyan's age is, an invasion of the whole country of Nonage by Apollyon, who, the more fully to accomplish his intentions in occupying it, resolves 'that a great part of the weak and feeble inhabitants should be tutored by Mrs. Ignorance.' Accordingly, he accosts that personage in these words—'My dear cousin and friend, I have a great number of pretty boys and girls for you to tutor and bring up for me,—will you undertake the charge?' 'Most dread and mighty Apollyon,' she replies, 'you know I never yet declined any drudgery for you which lay in my power.' Apollyon, then, after complimenting her upon what she had already done for the advancement of his kingdom and greatening his power in the world, turns to his associate, and says, 'Noble Peccatum, this gentlewoman, Madam Ignorance, is your child, your natural offspring, your own flesh and blood; therefore, I charge you to help and assist her in this great work; for I should be glad if she had the education of all the children in the whole world.' Peccatum will keep his ground when he dares not show his face,—and was, no doubt, sometimes found poaching in the Ban de la Roche; but as for Madam Ignorance, Oberlin fairly cast her out of his parish. Perhaps education was never

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in any other place made so general, nor, in many useful respects, carried so far, as by this extraordinary and most exemplary pastor.

'As Oberlin had observed with concern the disadvantages to which the younger children were subjected, whilst their elder brothers and sisters were at school, and their parents busily engaged in their daily avocations, he laid down a plan for the introduction of *infant schools* also; probably the very first ever established, and the model of those subsequently opened at Paris, and still more recently in this country. Observation and experience had convinced him, that, even from the very cradle, children are capable of being taught to distinguish between right and wrong, and of being trained to habits of subordination and industry; and, in conjunction with his wife, he therefore formed *conductrices* for each commune, engaged large rooms for them, and salaried them at his own expense. Instruction, in these schools, was mingled with amusement; and whilst enough of discipline was introduced to instil habits of subjection, a degree of liberty was allowed, which left the infant mind full of power of expansion, and information was conveyed which might turn to the most important use in after life. During school hours, the children were collected on forms in great circles. Two women were employed, the one to direct the handicraft, the other to instruct and entertain them. Whilst the children of two or three years old only were made at intervals to sit quietly by, those of five or six were taught to knit, spin, and sew; and, when they were beginning to be weary of this occupation, their conductrice showed them coloured pictures relating to Scripture subjects, or natural history, making them recite after her the explanations she gave. She also explained geographical maps of France, Europe, or the Ban de la Roche, and its immediate environs, engraved on wood for the purpose, by Oberlin's direction, and mentioned the names of the different places marked upon them; in addition to this, she taught them to sing moral songs and hymns. Thus she varied their employments as much as possible, taking care to keep them continually occupied, and never permitting them to speak a word of *patois*.

'With minds thus stored and trained by discipline, the children, when arrived at a proper age, entered what may be called the public schools, and the masters were relieved and encouraged in their duties (which, in such a situation, were sufficiently arduous) by the progress they had already made. Reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, the principles of agriculture, astronomy, and sacred and profane history, were regularly taught in the higher schools; but, although Oberlin carefully superintended the whole proceedings, he reserved for himself, almost exclusively, the religious instruction of this large family. Every Sunday the children of each village, in rotation, assembled at the church to sing the hymns they had learned, to recite the religious lessons which they had committed to memory during the week, and to receive the exhortations or admonitions of their common father.'—p. 6—9.

Oberlin's

Oberlin's first object was to ground young people well in their Christian faith,—thus laying his foundation on the rock: his next was to give them that kind of instruction which might render them most capable of enjoying a country life. Part of their school exercises was to extract from the best authors short essays on agriculture and the management of fruit trees; these they committed to memory, and were examined in them at the yearly examination. They were taught to know as well the properties and uses as the names of plants; and, in summer, were allowed to ramble in search of those with which they had become thus scientifically acquainted in their winter lessons. The Ban de la Roche is so rich in plants, that it contains about a seventh part of the whole known French Flora; and they pursued this study with the more delight, because they formed botanical gardens of their own in little spots of ground which their parents allotted them for this useful and salutary amusement. They were taught, also, to draw the flowers from nature, in which some are said to have succeeded remarkably well; and sometimes an appropriate text from scripture was written upon the drawing, and thereby pleasurably infixed in their minds. Before they received religious confirmation, they were expected to bring a certificate from their parents, that they had planted two young fruit trees, in a spot described. The first fruit from these trees was presented to Oberlin, and the day on which that offering was made was a festival. A similar custom prevailed in the neighbouring parts of Germany, where no farmer was allowed to marry till he had planted and was 'father of a stated number of walnut trees, that law being inviolably observed,' says Evelyn, 'for the extraordinary benefit which the trees afford the inhabitants.' What the Germans thus provided for by a wise law, Oberlin required as an act of religious duty, bringing that great principle into action on all occasions. Late in autumn he addressed his parishioners thus:—

'Dear Friends,—Satan, the enemy of mankind, rejoices when we demolish and destroy; our Lord Jesus Christ, on the contrary, rejoices when we labour for the public good.

'You all desire to be saved by Him, and hope to become partakers of His glory. Please him, then, by every possible means, during the remainder of the time you may have to live in this world.

'He is pleased when, from the principle of love, you plant trees for the public benefit. Be willing, then, to plant them. Plant them in the best possible manner. Remember, you do it to please Him.

'Put all your roads into good condition; ornament them; employ some of your trees for this purpose, and attend to their growth.'

The march of intellect has never proceeded so rapidly to the music of *Ça ira*, as it did to Oberlin's psalm tunes. He made his pupils better while he made them wiser; strengthened their moral

moral nature while he enlarged their understandings; and blending affability, and kindness, and hilarity with all his instructions, won their affections, and through them first the good will of their parents, and finally the reverential and filial love of a whole happy population. *Cher papa* was the appellation by which all his parishioners called him; his labour among them was so greatly prolonged, that they who learnt so to call him in their childhood continued so to do in their own old age. The extraordinary change which his efforts produced had the effect of putting larger means at his disposal; his Strasbourg friends increased their subscriptions, and endowments were added,—which, it is observed, were lost at the revolution. He was thus enabled to have a certain number of useful books printed for his parishioners; to procure an electrical machine, and other philosophical instruments; to award prizes, both for masters and scholars; and to put in circulation various works upon various branches of useful knowledge, which were sent round from house to house, each village retaining them for three months at a time. Among the productions of his own press was an Almanack, cleared of all that superstitious and otherwise exceptionable matter with which the popular Almanacks of every country used to be accompanied. This he presented to his parishioners. The Germans, he told them, had private Almanacks, divided by ruled lines into a number of partitions, in which the names of the individual members of the family were written, with a little space below for inserting some notice of the manner in which the day had been passed: he had prepared this after the same manner for their use. The Strasbourg children, said he, are accustomed to find their baptismal names in their Almanack, and to celebrate the days on which they are recorded. You may do the same with yours; they will all be found there. Oberlin did not think a good custom was to be rejected because it had been abused to the purposes of superstition. This is characteristic of his true liberality; another item in his advice is characteristic in another way. The fathers and mothers of large and numerous families, said he, are often puzzled to find pretty baptismal names to distinguish their children from those who bear the same family name. Henceforth, if they only consult this New Almanack, they will soon be enabled to decide. They would also find in it, he told them, the signification of many names of foreign derivation, which he was often asked to explain. Finally, he concludes—if it affords you any gratification, look up to your Heavenly Father and say, 'Thy goodness, O Lord, has crowned me with blessings; permit me to thank thee for them; and do Thou strengthen, by whatever means it may please Thee to employ, the feeble faith of thy too feeble child.'

In the sixteenth year of his marriage Oberlin lost his wife, with whom

whom he had lived in uninterrupted happiness. She died almost suddenly, leaving him with seven out of nine children, the youngest only ten weeks old. Nothing in his life is more characteristic than his behaviour on this occasion. The first information so overpowered him, for it was wholly unexpected, that he was unable to give utterance to his feelings, and remained awhile as if in a state of melancholy stupor; he then fell on his knees, and returned thanks to God that his beloved partner was now beyond the reach or the need of prayer, and that her Heavenly Father had crowned the abundance of his mercies towards her, by giving her so easy a departure. They had prayed, in the joint prayer which he composed upon their marriage, that they might always have death before their eyes, and always be prepared for it; 'and if it be a thing,' they added, 'which we may ask of thee, oh grant that we may not be long separated one from another, but that the death of one may speedily, and very speedily, follow that of the other.' The composure with which he bore her loss, though not produced by an expectation that this part of their prayer was about to be granted, was certainly affected by it, for to such a persuasion he had wrought himself. Accordingly, six months after her death he composed an address to his parishioners, and laid it aside to be delivered to them after his own, as his dying charge. After briefly stating when and where he was born, when he entered upon his cure, the time of his marriage, and the number of his children, 'two of whom,' he said, 'have already entered paradise, and seven remain in this world,' he named the day on which his wife, although in apparently good health, had been taken from him.

'Upon this occasion,' he proceeded, 'as upon a thousand others in the course of my life, notwithstanding my overwhelming affliction, I was upheld, by God's gracious assistance, in a remarkable manner. I have had all my life a desire, occasionally a very strong one, to die, owing, in some degree, to the consciousness of my moral infirmities, and of my frequent derelictions. My affection for my wife and children, and my attachment to my parish, have sometimes checked this desire, though for short intervals only. I had, about a year since, some presentiment of my approaching end. I did not pay much attention to it at the time, but, since the death of my wife, I have frequently received unequivocal warnings of the same nature. Millions of times have I besought God to enable me to surrender myself with entire and filial submission to his will, either to live or to die; and to bring me into such a state of resignation, as neither to wish, nor to say, nor to do, nor to undertake anything, but what He, who only is wise and good, sees to be best. Having had such frequent intimations of my approaching end, I have arranged all my affairs, as far as I am able, in order to prevent confusion after my death. For my

dear children, I fear nothing; but, as I always greatly preferred being useful to others to giving them trouble, I suffer much from the idea that they may occasion sorrow or anxiety to the friends who take charge of them. May God abundantly reward them for it! With regard to the children themselves, I have no anxiety, for I have had such frequent experience of the mercy of God towards myself, and place such full reliance upon his goodness, his wisdom, and his love, as to render it impossible for me to be at all solicitous about them. Their mother was, at a very early age, deprived of her parents, but she was, notwithstanding, a better Christian than thousands who have enjoyed the advantage of parental instruction. Besides this, I know that God hears our prayers; and ever since the birth of our children, neither their mother nor I have ceased to supplicate Him to make them faithful followers of Jesus Christ, and labourers in his vineyard. And thou, O my dear parish! neither will God forget nor forsake thee. He has towards thee, as I have often said, thoughts of peace and mercy. All things will go well with thee. Only cleave thou to Him, and leave Him to act. Oh! mayst thou forget my name, and retain only that of Jesus Christ, whom I have proclaimed to thee. He is thy pastor; I am but his servant. He is that good master, who, after having trained and prepared me from my youth, sent me to thee, that I might be useful. He alone is wise, good, almighty, and merciful; and as for me, I am but a poor, feeble, wretched man.' —p. 319—322.

The strength of this illusive hope of death, for hope it was, continued not merely to console but to exhilarate him, till time produced insensibly its sure though slow effect. 'It might be said,' says his English biographer, 'that he had not ceased to live in the society of his Christian wife whom he had lost. Every day he devoted whole hours to holding communion with her, in those abstracted frames of mind which make us almost imagine ourselves in the presence of those whom we love. A speedy reunion in the mansions of our Father's house was one of his most cherished desires; 'I hope,' he would often say, 'that the world in which God will reunite me to my beloved wife will soon open to me!' This was not a transitory feeling; but the practice of devoting whole hours to this communion with the departed was one in which it is not possible that he should long have persisted, because, sensible as he was of the value of time, and putting all his time to the best and wisest use, he must soon have perceived that to indulge in it would be a sin.

The management of the widower's household and the care of his children was undertaken by Louisa Schepler, 'a sensible, pleasing-looking young woman, of mild and gentle manners,' and then about three and twenty years of age. She had lived eight years in Oberlin's service; and from this time, refusing all offers of

of marriage, she devoted herself to the service of his family rather as a friend than a servant. It is stated, by an oversight in these memoirs, that she was an orphan, and that she never would accept any salary; the double error is made apparent by a note which she addressed to Oberlin on the first day of 1793.

'"Dear and beloved Papa,—

"Permit me, at the commencement of the new year, to request a favour which I have long desired. As I am now really independent, that is to say, as I have no longer my father nor his debts to attend to, I beseech you, dear papa, not to refuse me the favour of making me your adopted daughter. Do not, I entreat you, give me any more wages; for, as you treat me like your child in every other respect, I earnestly wish you to do so in this particular also. Little is needful for the support of my body. My shoes and stockings, and *sabots*, will cost something, but when I want them I can ask you for them, as a child applies to its father.

"Oh! I entreat you, dear papa, grant me this favour, and condescend to regard me as your most tenderly attached daughter.

"Louisa Schepler."

'The humble request was acceded to, and Louisa was ever afterwards considered as one of Oberlin's own children.'—pp. 126, 127.

No particulars of Oberlin's life are noticed for nine years after his wife's death. His English biographer could only learn, from one who generally spent a few weeks every year in the Ban de la Roche, that he 'found the different intellectual, religious, and moral engines always at work, with more or less energy, and practical alterations and improvements always going forward.' During the revolution, he was, 'like the rest of the clergy, deprived of his scanty income.' That income was probably derived from some collective fund for the maintenance of the Protestant clergy. To supply its failure, the heads of the parish agreed to make an annual collection of 1400 francs for him, by going from house to house; but their utmost exertions during the year 1789 could not raise 1150, and in the ensuing year not so much as 400, and during those years these sums constituted nearly his whole revenue, for no fees were received. He used to say, his people were born, married, and buried free of expense, as far as their clergyman was concerned. In the former of those years he was cited before the Supreme Council of Alsace, upon a charge of having induced his parishioners to enlist in the Emperor Joseph's service; the court not only acquitted him, but expressed its regret that one, whose time was so beneficially employed, should have been called from his sphere of utility upon such an accusation. Evidently it was altogether groundless: Oberlin's hopes and feelings were with the revolution. What good man was there who, if he were not mature in years and wisdom, did not, at its commencement, hope that

some great improvement in human affairs was about to be effected; that an end would be put to the enormities of civil and ecclesiastical usurpation; that the abuses of existing systems would be abated; and that the institutions of society, which hitherto had added more or less in every part of Christendom to the miseries of life, would thenceforth be mainly directed towards improving the moral and intellectual condition of mankind?

During the reign of terror, the Ban de la Roche alone, it is said, seemed to be an asylum of peace in the midst of war and carnage. Revolutionary madness appears not to have spread its infection widely among the people of Alsace, who are described as being remarkable for their industry and love of order, for their hereditary simplicity of habits, their probity, their respect for the laws, and their sense of duty. These, however, did not save them from revolutionary miseries; for though M. Graffenauer, in his *Topographie Physique et Medicale* of Strasbourg, says that that city preserved its tranquillity in the most troubled times of the Revolution, and that the factious and seditious failed there in all their projects, it suffered its full share of horrors under a handful of revolutionary tyrants, who established what they called *la Propagande Révolutionnaire.* Marat, said one of these miscreants, 'called for only 200,000 heads; should a million be required let them be struck off!' 'No compassion for the suspected!' said another; 'it is a measure of necessary rigour to exterminate them. Did not Herod massacre all the infants in his kingdom?' In this spirit of impious atrocity the revolutionary propagandists began their circuit with a travelling guillotine, and put whom they pleased to death. The consequence was, that nearly 50,000 Alsacians are said to have taken refuge in Germany; that wolves multiplied in the forests of the Vosges, and became a serious evil in parts of the country where they had not been known for ages; and that, (the physical fact is worthy of notice,) among other diseases which distress of mind produced among the quiet members of society, and especially among women, cancers became remarkably frequent and continued so in the next generation.

During these dreadful times, when every kind of worship was interdicted, and when almost all men of learning, talents, and property in Alsace were imprisoned, Oberlin was allowed 'to continue his work of benevolence and instruction unmolested;' even while his brother, the professor, was in prison. His house became a retreat for many of different persuasions and of distinguished rank, from Strasbourg and its environs, whom he received cordially, without regarding the danger to which he exposed himself. This safety seems to have been owing in part to the extreme poverty of his parish, which offered no temptations to rapacity; in part

part, perhaps, to that respect, which even wickedness sometimes involuntarily renders to eminent virtue; partly, also, to Oberlin's enthusiasm in the national cause. His eldest son Frederic entered the army as a volunteer, and was one of the first who were killed; this loss he bore, not with that lightness or elasticity of mind which, after it has given way to the first emotions of passionate sorrow, flies from all painful thoughts; nor in the spirit of that hard and hardening philosophy, which, submitting with sullen strength of pride to what is irremediable, tells us that, *quidquid ex universi constitutione patiendum est, magno excipiatur animo: ad hoc sacramentum adacti sumus, ferre mortalia; nec perturbari his quæ vitare nostræ potestatis non est.* Oberlin's resignation was of a different and happier kind; it was an entire submission to that Providence, which, having made all things in goodness, ordereth them in mercy: to the will of that Providence he made his own will conform, as far as is possible for human infirmity; and, regarding death as the passage to a state of immortality, had, in his Christian belief, a consolation which no human philosophy can impart.

His youthful predilection for a military life and his national feelings rendered him, perhaps, not insensible to the thought, that his son had fallen in what he deemed a just and glorious cause. 'It is pleasing,' says his biographer, 'to see how a Christian minister could meet the difficulties of times like these; and how one of Oberlin's courage and aptitude could make the circumstance of so alarming a period bend to his aim of profiting those committed to his charge.' And to exemplify this, she produces a paper, which he addressed in 1794 to the younger members of his flock; 'wherein he took advantage of the actual state of the government to teach what "true republicans should really be."'

'I desire,' said he in this address, 'that the numerous members of the French Republic should be animated by truly republican sentiments. I wish them to understand that public happiness constitutes private happiness, and that every individual ought therefore to endeavour to live for the public good; and to remember that his actions will only secure the favour and love of God, according to the motives from which they are performed.

'We are republicans, when we neither live, nor act, nor undertake any thing, nor choose a profession or situation, nor settle in life, except for the public good.

'We are republicans, when from love to the public we endeavour, by precept as well as by example, to stimulate our children to active beneficence; and seek to render them useful to others, by turning their attention to such pursuits as are likely to increase the public prosperity.

'We are republicans, when we endeavour to imbue the minds of our

our children with the love of science, and with such knowledge as may be likely, in maturer life, to make them useful in the stations they are called to occupy; and when we teach them to "love their neighbours as themselves."

'Lastly, we are republicans, when we preserve our children from that self-interested spirit, which, at the present day, seems to have gained more ascendancy than ever over a nation, whose people have, indeed, sworn to regard each other, and to love each other as brethren, but the greater part of whom care only for themselves, and labour for the public good only when they are compelled to do so. Ah! far from us be this infernal spirit, as anti-republican as it is anti-christian.

'Oh, may you, my young friends, be counted henceforth among the active benefactors of your country.

'Oh, may you render yourselves worthy of this honourable title, by endeavouring to devote to the public good and to the general happiness, your strength, your abilities, your leisure, and your talents; and by dedicating to this purpose all your attainments in knowledge, philosophy, and science.'—p. 143—145.

He concluded this address by praying for the prosperity of the republic and of all true republicans. In that prayer there can be no doubt that Oberlin was sincere, and this remarkable paper affords proof of what his political opinions at that time were, as well as of the 'aptitude' wherewith he thus blended his civil and religious admonitions. But these opinions must have been the chief human cause of his security in those times. A person who was then residing at Walbach says, that he once saw 'a chief actor of the revolution in Oberlin's house; and that he seemed in that atmosphere to have lost his sanguinary disposition, and to have exchanged the fierceness of the tiger for the gentleness of the lamb.' Was this terrorist St. Just? He was on a mission at Strasbourg, and, unlike his other missionary exploits, what he did there was to check the terrorists in their murderous course, and send the most guilty of them to Paris; there to suffer by that guillotine, to which he himself soon, and most deservedly, followed them. St. Just has left an atrocious name in history; but before a course of revolutionary action made him so deep in blood, that sin in necessary consequence plucked on sin, there were parts of his character which might have brought him in sympathy with Oberlin; and his last visitations of humanity, his last opportunities of grace, may have been during the short breathing-time of blood which this visit afforded him. That Oberlin was a zealot in the national cause appears by the curious fact, that in the course of five and twenty years, limited as his means were, he bought up all the assignats which had been brought into the Ban de la Roche and some of its environs. He feared that their depreciation, being a breach

breach of public faith, 'would bring a curse upon France, and diminish the confidence which the people ought to have in their government;' therefore he deemed it his duty to remedy the evil as far as his individual power could go: so every year he publicly offered such articles as were most useful, in exchange for this otherwise worthless paper. On the back of one bill is this superscription in his writing, dated 1798: *Ainsi, graces à Dieu, ma nation est encore déchargée d'une manière honnête de cette obligation de* 125 *francs.* 'The redemption of thousands of assignats,' says one of his admirers, 'was not too great an object to be conceived and begun by the poor pastor of the Ban de la Roche.' That admirer does not seem to have perceived, that the money which he expended upon this freak of patriotic conscience, or conscientious patriotism, might have sufficed for permanently endowing some of his own useful institutions, for which contributions are now, at this time solicited, lest they should fall to decay.

That same friend, in the same spirit of indiscriminating admiration, relates that Oberlin 'would have believed it displeasing to God, in the remembrance of whose presence he habitually lived, to have written a word, or even a single letter, without care.' 'The formation of a single letter was not too small an object to claim the attention of this true servant of God.' 'He thought it his duty to give every letter its due honour.'—Such is human nature! Love degenerates into fondness and folly; and veneration in like manner passes into superstition, till absurdities are, as it were, canonized, relics enshrined and worshipped, and things which should be characterized as either peculiarities or weaknesses, are held up as proofs of genius or of holiness. But it is equally unwise, and far less excusable, to fix our attention upon the specks which may be found in the least imperfect character, and seek in them an excuse for withholding our admiration from what is great, and good, and excellent. Oberlin may be extolled where he deserves no commendation, but no praise can be above his real deserts. With all his national enthusiasm, it required no common prudence to remain at his post during the worst years of the Revolution, and when its worst principles had made a formidable inroad into his own sequestered parish. It appears not only that his churches were closed, but that, in the brutal spirit of revolutionary impiety, the monuments in the churchyard at Walbach, close to his own dwelling, were destroyed. Among them was one which bore this epitaph—

During three years of marriage
Margaret Salomé, wife of G. Stouber,
Minister of this parish,

Found

Found at the Ban de la Roche, in the simplicity of a peaceable
And useful life,
The delight of her benevolent heart; and in her first confinement,
The grave of her youth and beauty,
She died August 9, 1764, aged 20 years.
Near this spot
Her husband has sown for immortality all that was mortal;
Uncertain whether he is more sensible of the grief of having lost
Or the glory of having possessed her.

It might seem to argue a great and deplorable depravation that the people should have suffered this monument to be demolished, in a village where the elders remembered the benefits which they had received from Stouber, and from the wife to whose memory it was erected, and where the younger part of the population must have been taught to think of them as their benefactors. The most charitable supposition is in this case the most probable;—that they were visited by a band of itinerant terrorists, and that their pastor instructed them to offer no resistance, but to bend before the storm, till it had passed over. He was a man, who, if he had been called upon to suffer martyrdom, or do what he knew to be evil, would have 'stood to his tackling;' but he may well have deemed it his duty to reserve himself for better times, and have thought it no sin not to oppose what he could not prevent. What gave him most anxiety during these years, was the diminution of his means of doing good: the almost total failure of his usual supplies must, indeed, have left him and his household dependent wholly upon their own labour for actual subsistence; and this may account for the 'most extraordinary and serious illness' which is said to have been at that time brought on him by over exertion, and from which his constitution never thoroughly recovered. His mind in delirium took the same course as in health, and he was perpetually calling upon poor Louisa Schepler to bring him thousands and thousands, for the furtherance of his benevolent plans.

The book before us says, 'it appears to have been owing to the extraordinary interposition of Providence that he and his family were watched over and cared for in so peculiar a manner.' The blessing of Providence was with them, and no measure of human prudence was ever omitted on his part. Oberlin's habits of life were so simple, so strictly frugal, that nothing but his beneficence could possibly be curtailed; a bare subsistence, which was all that he required for himself and his household, his fields and gardens would yield to their united labour: but as soon as such a scheme became feasible, (and this appears to have been either after St. Just's mission to Strasbourg, or after Robespierre's overthrow, which

which speedily ensued,) he announced his intention of taking ten or twelve pupils. 'The children of several foreigners of distinction were soon committed to his charge; (no doubt, from the neighbouring parts of Germany, for his dwelling-place would be looked upon then as a place where there was the most likelihood of their remaining in safety;) and thus he became once more in the receipt of an income which enabled him to indulge in his wonted course of doing good. Before this time the schools which he had established were in such repute, that girls of the middle ranks were sent to him from distant parts; and to have been a scholar of Pastor Oberlin was considered as a testimonial of sound principles, sound instruction, and gentle manners. Upon the re-opening of the churches in the ensuing year, he declared to his flock, that he was willing to serve them from thenceforth without any fixed salary; every one, he said, knew the way to the parsonage, and might bring his share to what amount he pleased, and at whatever time; and if they brought nothing, he should consider it was only for want of ability to do so. He desired that they would contribute in the same manner to the payment of the schoolmasters, and bring what they could afford for this, or other charitable purposes, to him, in the form of goods, provisions, or money. Louisa assisted him in the distribution of what was thus contributed. He kept an exact account of every expenditure, 'and was never known to owe so much as a single sous to any person.' One of his maxims was, that we ought to avoid debt as we would the devil.

Zeal and goodwill will tax themselves to a greater amount than any legislature can venture to impose. Oberlin's people were induced, it is said, by his example, to put aside weekly a portion of their earnings for pious uses, and were thus always able to second his intentions. He himself had been one day so impressed when reading the laws concerning tithes in the Books of Moses, that he resolved from that moment to observe them, and devote three tithes of all he possessed to the service of God and the poor. For this purpose he kept three boxes, on each of which the appropriate texts of the law were written. The contents of the first were assigned to the building and repairing of churches and schools, to the support of *conductrices*, the purchase of Bibles and religious books, and anything 'connected with divine worship and the extension of our Redeemer's kingdom.' The second was for the improvement of the roads to the churches and schools, and for all works of public utility; for the schoolmasters and churchwardens; for the little expenses incurred when he became a Godfather; for Sunday dinners to the poor of his other parishes; for what the poor of that wherein he resided expended

expended when they invited those of the other villages; and for the repairing of injuries. The third box, which contained the third tenth every three years—that is, a thirtieth every year, was for the service of the poor, and for compensation of losses by fire.

One who visited him about this time gives this interesting account of his house and household :—

'We found the worthy pastor in his morning gown; it was plain, but whole and clean. He was just on the point of concluding a lecture; his pupils had, like their master, something soft, indeed almost heavenly, in their look.

'The house stands well, and has, from the garden side, a romantic view; in every part of it that kind of *elegance*, which is the result of order and cleanliness, prevails. The furniture is simple; yet it suggests to you that you are in the residence of no ordinary man; the walls are covered with maps, drawings and vignettes, and texts of Scripture are written over all the doors. That above the dining-room door is, "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness; for they shall be filled." And over the others are texts enjoining love to God and our neighbour. The good man implicitly follows the divine command to write them over the door-posts. On our first entrance he gave us, each, as a welcome, a printed text, "Abide in me, and I in you," "Seek those things which are above," &c. His study is a peculiar room, and contains rather a well-chosen, than numerous, selection of books in French and German, chiefly for youth. The walls are covered with engravings, portraits of eminent characters, plates of insects and animals, and coloured drawings of minerals and precious stones; it is, in short, literally papered with useful pictures relative to natural history and other interesting subjects.' . . . .

'It is surprising to witness the sound sense, refinement, and superiority of mind, evinced by these simple peasants; the very servants are well-educated, and are clothed with that child-like spirit, which is one of the truest tests of real religion. One of them, who is a widow, made many good remarks to us on the duties of married life. "In order to introduce and preserve domestic peace," said she, "let us turn to Him who is peace."

'I am writing this at his table, whilst he is busy preparing leather gloves for his peasant children. His family are around him, engaged in their different avocations; his eldest son, Frederic, is giving a lesson to some of the little ones, in which amusement and instruction are judiciously blended; and the *cher Papa*, without desisting from his employment, frequently puts in a word. He took me this morning into his work-shop, where there is a turner's lathe, a press, a complete set of carpenter's tools, also a printing-press, and one for book-binding. I assisted him in colouring a quire of paper, which is intended for covers of school-books. He gives scarcely anything to his people but what has been, in some measure, prepared by his own or his children's hands.

'He

'He will never leave this place. A much better living was once offered to him—"No," said he, "I have been ten years learning every head in my parish, and obtaining an inventory of their moral, intellectual, and domestic wants; I have laid my plan. I must have ten years to carry it into execution, and the ten following to correct their faults and vices."' . . . .

'Yesterday, I found him encircled by four or five families who had been burnt out of their houses; he was dividing amongst them articles of clothing, meat, assignats, books, knives, thimbles, and coloured pictures for the children, whom he placed in a row according to their ages, and then left them to take what they preferred. The most perfect equality reigns in his house;—children, servants, boarders,—are all treated alike; their places at table change, that each in turn may sit next to him, with the exception of Louisa, his housekeeper, who of course presides, and his two maids, who sit at the bottom of the table. As it is his custom to salute every member of his family, night and morning, these two little maids come very respectfully curtseying to him, and he always gives them his hand and inquires after their health, or wishes them good night. All are happy, and appear to owe much of their happiness to him. They seem to be ready to sacrifice their lives to save his. The following reply was made by one of his domestics, on his questioning her about her downcast looks during some trivial indisposition: "I fear, dear Papa, there will be no servants in heaven, and that I shall lose the happiness of waiting upon you."'—p. 130—134.

Oberlin might well reply, with earnest emphasis, to a question concerning his happiness, *Ja, ich bin glucklich*—Yes, I am happy! 'Words,' says the writer, 'seldom uttered by an inhabitant of this world; and they were so delightful from the mouth of one who is a stranger to all the favours of fortune—to all the allurements of luxury, and who knows no other joys than those which religion and benevolence impart,—that we longed to live like him, that we might participate in the same happiness.' But it was using words without consideration, to say that Oberlin was a stranger to the favours of fortune: what man ever was more highly favoured with everything necessary for his well-being and entire contentment? With full employment for his extraordinary activity, and sufficient success to encourage and reward it;—with health and wealth (in the true sense of that word)—with peace of mind and joyousness of disposition—with a lively faith, and a sure and certain hope of happiness hereafter,—nothing was, or could be, wanting to his happiness here.

Only at one time in his life did he feel any wish to go out of his own little sphere, and that was in the early days of his ministry, when he heard that for two years a (German?) pastor had been in vain sought for to undertake a vacant cure in Pennsylvania. Thinking it would be more easy to supply his own parish, than to find

find a minister willing and qualified for this foreign charge, he offered himself, with his wife's acquiescence; but while he was expecting further directions, the war in America began, and prevented their departure. From that time he rejected all offers of preferment. 'Some persons,' said he, 'think it a merit in me to have refused more considerable cures than this; but you,' addressing himself to a military officer, 'if your general had given you a post to defend, would you quit it without positive orders?' And, as if a simple answer to that question implied of necessity an assent to the inference which he drew from it—'Well,' he continued, 'God has confided this flock to my care, and why should I abandon it? Where could I find better parishioners, or more grateful hearts?' He acted rightly, though his reasoning was inconsequent; and it is to be wished that they who reason better on this subject, would act as well. Years must have elapsed before Oberlin could have acquired the same ascendancy over a new parish, which he had so deservedly attained among his old parishioners, and he was now beginning to enjoy the reputation to which he was so amply entitled. His name became known in England soon after the institution of the Bible Society; and, in consequence of that society's inquiries, he was early in correspondence with it, and proved, as might be expected, one of its most active and energetic co-operators. The donations which he received from the British Society were so well bestowed and so judiciously applied, that his parish discharged its obligation in due time to the general cause, and with large increase; and more Bibles, by means of Oberlin, than of any other individual, were dispersed in France, wherein, of all countries, the influence of the Bible is most needed.

The population of the Ban de la Roche increased under Oberlin's care from eighty or one hundred families, which he had found there, to some three thousand souls. Agriculture, and the branches of labour connected with it, could no longer afford employment for the inhabitants. An invalid captain, whom the pastor had relieved, and who had learned to plat straw for his own subsistence, introduced this useful occupation among them; they were taught to knit also (that it should be needful to teach this, shows the extreme rudeness of their former state), and to use dyes extracted from the plants of the country. Oberlin succeeded likewise in persuading them to spin cotton by hand; he encouraged this by giving prizes to the best spinners, in addition to their wages; and in one year this brought into the parish, from one manufacturer, 32,000 francs. Weaving followed, and was likely to prosper, when the march of intellect brought machinery into some of the neighbouring villages, and both spinners and weavers

weavers were then reduced to great distress. In 1813 things were at the worst. M. Legrand, of Basle, who had been a member of the Swiss Directory, remedied this evil, by persuading his two sons to remove their manufactory of silk ribbons from the Upper Rhine to the Steinthal; and as the allies, in their first invasion, took possession of the workshops, the sons removed accordingly, without hesitation or delay. This manufacture appears to have brought with it no evil, because the ribbon-looms were distributed in the houses, so that the children remained with their parents; while, in the Legrands, it brought to Oberlin the best of neighbours, and assistants, and friends. The ex-director (how immeasurably happier than in the days of his political elevation!) lived there with his wife, his two sons, and his sons' wives, under the same roof, but each pair in its own dwelling; and an English lady who visited them says, that 'so comfortable and complete a house and family could rarely be met with in any country.' Employment having thus been secured for the population, the visitations of Providence seem to have been the only affliction which either Oberlin or his people endured from that time. They suffered scarcity in the years 1816 and 1817—the effect of most unfavourable seasons—and then, as on a former occasion, the potatoes, which Oberlin had introduced, preserved them from perishing; and the knowledge which the parishioners had acquired from him of the nature and properties of every indigenous plant is said to have proved at that time most useful to them, in preventing or relieving 'many distressing diseases.' He himself was for some time the general physician in his parish; he had learned how to open a vein during his abode with M. Ziegenhagen, and had also made himself acquainted with the routine of the profession in ordinary cases. When the great increase of population increased his other duties, he transferred this part of his functions to his son Charles, and to a young man whom he had sent to study at Strasbourg. Whatever may have been the success of Oberlin's medical practice, he succeeded in relieving his parishioners from a chronic lawsuit of more than eighty years standing. It was concerning the right of the forests, which covered the greater part of the mountains,—this right was contested between the peasantry of the Ban and the *seigneurs* of the territory; and, as the revolution, which swept away so many feudal rights, left this subsisting, the long litigation had impoverished both parties, and had greatly impeded the improvement of the district. It was so great an evil, that Oberlin placed over one of his doors this inscription—'O God, have mercy on the Steinthal, and put an end to the lawsuit!' At length the prefect of the Lower Rhone, M. de Lezay Marnesia, who knew and loved Oberlin, requested him

him to bring about an accommodation, by persuading his parishioners to abate their pretensions, and consent to an agreement which would be advantageous to both parties. Without the sanction of the prefect's authority, Oberlin knew it would be impossible to effect this, and therefore had never before attempted it. He undertook it now, warmly but wisely, pressing upon his parishioners, in private, the policy of thus adjusting so costly a dispute, and urging upon them, in public, the exercise of that Christian charity which suffereth long, and seeketh not its own, and beareth all things. His advice was followed: a compromise was made to the satisfaction and benefit of both parties; and the pen with which the prefect signed the definitive agreement was, at his suggestion, presented by the mayors in deputation to their pastor, with a request that he would suspend it in his study, as a trophy of the victory which his habitual beneficence had, under the blessing of God, enabled him to gain over old animosities and angry feelings. He often said, that the day on which that pen was used was one of the happiest of his life.

For his exertions at these times, and for the great and manifest improvements which he had made in the condition of the Ban de la Roche, Louis XVIII. sent him the ribbon of the legion of honour; and the Royal Agricultural Society voted him a gold medal. When Count François de Neufchâteau proposed this vote, he said, 'If you would behold an instance of what may be effected in any country for the advancement of agriculture and the interests of humanity, friends of the plough and of human happiness, ascend the Vosges mountain, and behold the Ban de la Roche!' His benevolent exertions were thus acknowledged in his own country; while the religious principles from which those exertions proceeded, and by which they were sustained, made his character more highly as well as more justly appreciated among that—not inconsiderable—part of the British public to whom his name was known. There was nothing to disturb the evening of his days, except some domestic losses. A married daughter, whom he dearly loved, died in 1809, leaving two children, who soon followed her to the grave. His son, Henry Gottfried, also died in 1818; but he had been a sufferer during his whole life, and though he was a most exemplary and useful member of society, his release was considered by his family as a dispensation of mercy. Oberlin addressed the people over his grave, and spoke tenderly and familiarly of him, as having only preceded them a little way on their pilgrimage, soon to be overtaken, and rejoined, for ever, by those whom he had left behind. To himself, then in his seventy-eighth year, this was a near as well as a consolatory prospect. In all other respects he was singularly fortunate

fortunate in his children; none of them departed from the way in which they had been trained up, and most of them were settled near him. One daughter, who married M. Graff, a missionary, and went with him to the banks of the Volga, returned with her husband and children to her father's house, where M. Graff relieved him of part of his duties. Another was married to a clergyman, and settled at Barr. His son Charles, upon whom the medical practice devolved, was in orders also, and took his father's church at Rothau. Thus surrounded by his children and grandchildren, and in the midst of an industrious, a contented, a moral, an intelligent, and religious people, who were indebted to him for all the comforts and advantages which they enjoyed above any of the other peasantry of France, the old man was as happy as he deserved to be.

There was—almost we may say—a visible blessing upon him, as well as upon his labours. Up to the age of fourscore, age had taken little from his strength, little from his activity, nothing from his intellectual powers, nothing from his enthusiasm, nothing from his hilarity. In this he resembled Wesley; and, like him, the outward man was such as a stranger would have expected and desired to find him. His countenance was finely expressive of acuteness and vivacity, his stature a little below the mean height, but there was a natural dignity in his manner, which even from strangers would have excited attention and commanded respect. His deportment was 'grave, but affectionate; condescending, but in the highest degree gentlemanly;' and it had that true courtesy which arises from benevolence. He never passed any of his adult parishioners without pulling off his hat, and saying something kind to them; nor any of the children without shaking them by the hand, or showing some sign of good-natured recognition. When he went out he always wore a cocked hat and the red ribbon of the legion of honour. As he took the churches by turns, when he went from Waldbach, one of the inhabitants of the hamlet in which he was to preach brought a horse for him, on which he mounted in his ministerial attire, wearing a large beaver and a flowing wig. His sermons were composed with great care; and if he could not, for want of time, write them out at length, he made at least a 'tolerably just outline,' and committed that scrupulously to memory, according to the general practice in his country. But he would add or alter while delivering the discourse, and sometimes changed the subject altogether, if he saw that another was better suited to the circumstances of his auditory. He carefully preserved a colloquial plainness in these discourses, drew largely upon natural history for illustration, which his people were perfectly

fectly capable of understanding, and he frequently introduced biographical anecdotes of persons distinguished for their piety. His favourite topics were the love of God as our Father, the freeness of the Gospel, the willingness of our Lord and Saviour to receive all who come to him in sincerity, the necessity of grace, and the sure efficacy of prayer. His Sunday congregation was averaged at about six hundred persons; but on Friday he had a German service for those (about two hundred in number) to whom that language was more familiar than French. He laid aside all form at these meetings, and 'seemed less like the minister of an extensive parish, than like a grandfather surrounded by his children and grandchildren, to whom he was giving suitable instruction.' He used to make the women knit stockings during this service, for their poorer neighbours, not for their own use; it was a work of charity, and needed not, he thought, either distract their attention or diminish their devotion. When he had for some little time read and expounded the Bible to them, he would often say, Well, children, are you not tired? Have you had enough? and if they said enough for one time, he would leave off; though the more frequent reply was, 'No, papa, go on; we should like to hear a little more.'

But his instructions were not confined to the church, and the schools, and these regular times of assembling; he visited every cottage in his parish, and conversed with the inhabitants, and kept a private register of the state of every family. He circulated among them a series of questions—to which he required written replies—whether they regularly attended places of religious instruction, ever passed a Sunday without employing themselves in some charitable work, or themselves or their children wandered in the woods seeking wild fruit during the hours of divine service. Do you, he asked, send your children regularly to school?—Do you watch over them as God requires that you should do?—And is your conduct toward them, as well as your wife's, such as will ensure their affection, respect, and obedience? Are you careful to provide yourselves with clean and suitable clothes for going to church in? Do those who are so provided employ a regular part of their income in procuring such clothes for their destitute neighbours, or in relieving their other necessities? Do you give your creditors reason to be satisfied with your honesty and punctuality? When the magistrate wishes to assemble the commonalty, do you always assist him as far as is in your power; and if it be impossible for you to attend, are you careful to inform him of your absence, and to assign a proper reason for it? Do the animals which belong to you cause no injury or inconvenience to others?—Guard against this,

this, for it would be as fire in tow, and a source of mutual vexation. Do you keep a dog, unless there be an absolute necessity for keeping one? Do you punctually contribute your share toward repairing the roads? Have you, in order to contribute to the general good, planted upon the common at least twice as many trees as there are heads in your family?—have you planted them properly, or only as idle and ignorant people would do, to save themselves trouble? Are you frugal in the use of wood, and do you make your fires in as economical a manner as possible? Have you proper drains in your yard, for carrying off the refuse water? Are you, as well as your sons, acquainted with some little handicraft work, for your spare moments, instead of letting them pass away in idleness? Nothing by which their well-being could be promoted was too trifling for his attention—no saving too minute for his husbandry, and for the economy of time. He had in his own house a box in which to deposit every morsel of litter which could be consumed in the stove; and he seemed to consider it a point of duty as well as of perfect neatness and economy, that all refuse matter of whatever kind should be returned as earth to earth.

The Romanists from the neighbouring parishes frequently came to hear him preach. *Oui*, said one of them, *nous sommes Catholiques, nous autres à Schirmeck; néanmoins, cela ne nous empêche pas d'entendre quelquefois le bon pasteur de Walbach. Souvent il nous fait tous pleurer à chaudes larmes.* 'Are you a Catholic?' said Oberlin, to a gentleman of that so-called faith who visited him; 'if you are a Christian, if you believe in the utter depravity of human nature, in the necessity of repentance, and, whilst adoring God, pray to Him to crown your efforts for becoming better, we are of the same religion. All the forms and ceremonies which different sects have added to our Saviour's law are of little importance.' His English biographer admits that he carried this kind of liberality too far, and was, perhaps, too ready to 'embrace in the arms of Christian charity some whom he would have found deficient in the fundamental doctrines of our reformed religion.' She thinks, also, that 'some of the most evangelical doctrines of the Gospel do not appear so prominently in the Memoir of his Life as could be wished;' but for this (imaginary) defect she accounts by saying that it may be attributed, in some degree, to the nature of the subject, 'in which the *fruits* of true religion, rather than its doctrines, are exhibited; in which the active, laborious pastor, placed in very peculiar circumstances, and called to very unusual duties in the discharge of his high office, is brought before the reader's notice, rather than the more retired Christian, in his secret walks with God.' She has deemed it 'necessary, for the sake of biographical faithfulness, to observe that,

upon some points, he certainly held very fanciful and unwarranted notions, more particularly upon those relating to a future state.' He imagined that there was an exact relation between our state here and the very mansion which we shall enter hereafter; and this he supposed he had so accurately ascertained, by the help of types drawn from different parts of the temple, (beginning with the outer court of the sanctuary, and ending with the holy of holies,) and from passages in the Revelations, that he drew a map of the other world, and printed it, and hung it up in his church. An engraving of this map ought to accompany the Life of Oberlin, who, it is worthy of observation, has in this harmless fancy gone but a little further than Milton. 'He held the doctrine of an intermediate state, which he supposed to be one of continual improvement; and likewise believed that we shall become progressively holy in heaven.' In this opinion, which the authoress calls fanciful and mistaken, they who allow any weight to authority in such speculations will neither condemn Oberlin for holding a new nor an heretical tenet. 'He *seemed* to hope' that at some almost indefinite period, the blood which was shed for the *whole* world should avail for the salvation of the whole human race; and in this meaning he understood the text—that as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall *all* be made alive. In coming to this conclusion, if it were more than a hope, (a hope in which all would concur,) he deduced from the scriptures rather what he wished to find there than what is certainly to be found. He thought that many of the Mosaic laws ought to be retained, though the ceremonial be rejected, the object being the glory of God and the good of man. This has given occasion to an odd parallel between Oberlin and Moses—had he dreamt of any such resemblance, his warm imagination might have been dangerously inflamed by it.

He was a zealous phrenologist, as well as physiognomist. Having cut for one of his English visitors his own profile (prefixed to this Memoir), he wrote this description of his own character, to accompany it:—

'A strange compound of contradictory qualities. I do not yet exactly know what I am to make of myself. I am intelligent, and yet possessed of very limited powers:—prudent and more politic than my fellow-clergymen; but also very apt to blunder, especially when in the least excited. I am firm, yet of a yielding disposition; and both of these, in certain cases, to a great degree. I am not only daring, but actually courageous; whilst, at the same time, I am often in secret very cowardly. I am very upright and sincere, yet also very complaisant to men, and in a degree, therefore, insincere. I am a German and a Frenchman; noble, generous, ready to render service, faithful, very grateful,—deeply affected by the least benefit or kindness, which is ever after engraven on my heart; and yet, again, flighty and indifferent. I am irritable to a formidable degree. He who

who treats me generously soon gains the ascendancy over me ; but opposition creates in me an astonishing degree of firmness, especially in matters of conscience. I have a lively imagination, but no memory, properly speaking. The histories which I have taken pains to impress on my mind remain with me, but dates and the names of persons I often forget the next day, notwithstanding all the pains I have taken to remember them. I used to speak Latin fluently and even elegantly, but now I cannot utter three or four words together. I make selections from books, and instruct others in some branch of science for a long time ; but a few years after, my scholars, even if they know nothing more than what I taught them, may in their turn become my teachers, and the books from which I made extracts (with the exception of those of a certain description) appear wholly new to me. I habitually work my way through my studies till I obtain clear ideas ; but if I wish to penetrate deeper, everything vanishes before me. I have a great talent for removing difficulties in order to render everything smooth and easy to myself, and to everybody else. I am so extremely sensitive, tender, and compassionate, that I can find neither words nor expressions corresponding to my feelings, so that the latter almost overpower me, and occasion me acute pain. I am always busy and industrious, but also fond of ease and indolence. I am generally quick in resolving, and equally so in executing. I have a peculiar esteem for the female sex. I am a very great admirer of painting, music, and poetry, and yet I have no skill in any of them. Mechanics, natural history, and so forth, constitute my favourite studies. I am very fond of regularity, and of arranging and classifying, but my weak memory, added to constant employment, renders it difficult to me. I am given to planning and scheming, and yet endeavour, in my peculiar way, to do things in the best manner. I am a genuine soldier, but I was more so before my bodily powers were so much weakened ; I was formerly anxious to be the foremost in danger, and the firmest in pain, but have now lost that desire. From my childhood I have felt a longing and preponderating desire for a higher state of existence, and therefore a wish for death. I am the greatest admirer of military order and subordination, not however in a spirit of slavery, but of that noble, affectionate attachment which compels the coward to show courage, and the disorderly to be punctual. I feel no obstinacy or disinclination to yield to strong internal conviction, but, on the other hand, a fervent, heartfelt joy in yielding to both great and small, high and low, gentlemen and peasants, children and servants, and thence a willingness to listen and an inclination to suffer myself, if possible, to be convinced. But when I feel no conviction I can never think of yielding. I am humorous and a little witty or satirical, but without intentional malice.'—p. 220-223.

Characteristic as this is, it contains rather the confession of an ingenuous mind, than the self-eulogy of a conceited one. None are so ready to censure others for egotism as those who, in their own feelings, are most intensely egotistic. If Oberlin was not unwilling to speak of himself and of what he had done, it was in

the pure simplicity of his character; few, we are assured, 'could be more truly humble, or disclaim with more sincerity all merits of their own.' And although it were absurd to suppose that he could be insensible of his own deserts towards his fellow-creatures, or of the distinction which he had obtained in his own and other countries, it may be believed that every individual in his parish thought far more highly of their pastor than he did of himself. To his parishioners the visit of a deputy from the Bible Society must have appeared like the arrival of an ambassador from some foreign power.

Old age came gently on this venerable man. His strength failed, so that he no longer left his home, except for urgent motives; but his body was not bent, neither were his senses dulled; he devoted more time than he had done during his more active years to composition, and the last essay on which he was engaged was for the purpose of giving a more cheerful and consolatory picture of old age than Cicero. At length, in the eighty-sixth year of his age, he was seized with shiverings and faintings; fit succeeded fit during four days; on the fifth morning he lost his speech; he was still able to take off his cap, join his hands, and raise his eyes for the last time toward heaven, 'his countenance beaming the while with faith, and joy, and love;' he then closed them for ever, and soon afterwards departed in peace.

'During the four days that intervened between his decease, and the simple and affecting ceremony which consigned his remains to their last home, heavy clouds rested on the surrounding mountains, and the rain poured down in incessant torrents: this circumstance did not, however, prevent the inhabitants of the Ban de la Roche, of all ages and conditions, nearer or more remote, from coming to pay a last tribute of respect to the remains of their "Cher Papa," whose venerable countenance they were permitted to see through a glass lid, which, under the direction of Mr. Legrand, covered the coffin, which was placed in his study.

'Early in the morning of the day fixed on for the interment, the clouds cleared away, and the sun shone with its wonted brilliancy. As they left the house, the president of the Consistory of Barr, the Rev. Mr. Jaeglé, placed the clerical robes of the late pastor on his coffin, the vice-president placed his Bible upon it, and the mayor affixed to the funeral pall the decoration of the Legion of Honour. At the conclusion of this ceremony, ten or twelve young females, who had been standing around the bier, began to sing a hymn in chorus, and at two o'clock the procession took its departure, the coffin being borne by the mayors, elders, and official magistrates. In front of it walked the oldest inhabitant of the Ban de la Roche, carrying a cross, which Louisa had given him, to plant on the tomb, and on which the words *Papa Oberlin* were engraved in open letters.

'So numerous was the concourse of people assembled on the occasion, that the foremost of the train had already reached the church of Foudai,

Foudai, where the interment was to take place, before the last had left the parsonage, although the distance was nearly two miles. The children of the different schools formed part of the melancholy procession, chanting, at intervals, sacred hymns, selected and adapted for the occasion. At the moment of their approaching the village, a new bell, presented by Mr. Legrand in commemoration of this day of general mourning, was heard to toll for the first time, and to mingle its melancholy sound with that of all the bells in the valley. The burying ground was surrounded by Roman Catholic women, all dressed in mourning, and kneeling in silent prayer. On arriving at the church, the coffin was placed at the foot of the altar, and as many persons entered as the little edifice would contain, though more than three-fourths of the company had to remain in the churchyard and the adjoining lanes. Notwithstanding the pressure of so immense a multitude, the utmost order and solemnity prevailed. Several females, who could find room no where else, sat down on the steps of the altar, leaning with melancholy affection against the coffin, as though anxious to cling to the very ashes of one whom they had so much revered and loved. Many distinguished individuals were present on the occasion, and several Roman Catholic priests, dressed in their canonicals, took their seats among the members of the Consistory, and evidently participated in the general grief. Mr. Jaeglé then mounted the pulpit, and commenced the service by reading a manuscript of Oberlin's, dated 1784, and found among his papers after his death.'—p. 315—318.

He had recommended Louise to his children in a paper written some years before his death, charging them both individually and collectively to be to her, as far as their means, situation, and opportunities permitted, all that she had been to them. They offered her an equal share of the little property he left; this she refused, requesting only that she might remain an inmate of the family, and be allowed to add the honoured name of Oberlin to her own. This excellent woman had soon an opportunity of showing still further her noble disposition. A 'reward of virtue,' which the *Académie Française* annually distributes, in pursuance of a bequest by M. de Monthyon, was awarded to her; it amounted to 5000 francs, and she appropriated nearly the whole to benevolent purposes, chiefly among the poor of the Ban de la Roche—who, we are told, are *still in extreme want*. Poor we might expect to find them, but not in *this* degree of poverty; and if the expression is not too strong, some explanation of the causes which make them so is to be desired, that it may be seen wherein the system of their little commonwealth is defective, or what evils have crept into it.

Be this as it may, no man has ever left behind him a more remarkable example in his station than Oberlin. And how greatly might the condition of any country be improved, wherein that

that example should be imitated, as far as it is wisely imitable, which in many places it must be in many points, and in most places, if not every where, in some! Would the propagandist of what is termed useful knowledge learn a portion of his religious zeal; would they who have that zeal learn something of his enthusiasm for bettering the temporal condition of the lower classes, taking into consideration that the poor have bodies to be cherished and minds to be nurtured, as well as souls to be saved—both would find those exertions successful, which are now too often vainly, or worse than vainly, directed, because they are not thus conjoined; for, (in the words of our incomparable South,) 'it is the same spirit and principle that purifies the heart and clarifies the understanding.' Let it not be supposed that the heart can be enlightened if the understanding is left in darkness, nor that the intellectual part of man can be healthy while his moral nature is unsound.

But it is more especially to the clergy that these memoirs hold forth a beautiful example. They see in them what Oberlin effected, under greater difficulties than any which they can meet with in Great Britain, as great perhaps as could be found any where in Ireland; and notwithstanding some eccentricities of character, and some errors of even a dangerous kind, he overcame all obstacles by Christian benevolence—by that charity which seeketh not her own, 'beareth all things, believeth all things, endureth all things;' for that charity never faileth. Even the heathen philosopher can tell us, that the wildest animals are to be tamed by kindness; how much more then, as he argued, may this be affirmed of man! *Ingratus est adversus unum beneficium? adversus alterum non erit: duorum oblitus est? tertium etiam eorum quæ exciderunt memoriam reducet. Is perdit, qui cito se perdidisse credit. At qui instat, et onerat priora sequentibus, etiam ex duro et immemori pectore gratiam extundit. Non audebit adversus multa oculos attollere; quocunque se convertit, memoriam suam fugiens, ibi te videat; beneficiis tuis illum cinge.* This was the course which Oberlin pursued, from a higher motive than philosophy can supply, a motive which no failure can abate or disappoint—the love of God. Philanthropy may be chilled, may be soured, may be perverted, may change its nature, even as it may vaunt itself, and be puffed up, and be easily provoked; men may deceive themselves with it, as easily as they deceive others, and more perilously: but he who loves the Lord his God with all his heart, and with all his soul, and with all his strength, is safe; of necessity he will then love his neighbour as himself; thus we are commanded to do, and 'on these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets.'

ART.

Art. III.—1. *Popular Specimens of the Greek Dramatic Poets.* Vol. I. 12mo. London. 1830.

2. *The Frogs of Aristophanes.* Oxford. 1828.

3. *Aristophanis Ranæ; ex Recensione* Gulielmi Dindorfii. Lipsiæ. 1824.

WHEN we, who now address the reader, belonged to what is usually termed the rising generation, the rage for sentiment and the German drama was at its highest noon of phrenzy; every eye was dropping its tear at the tomb of Werter, and the most moral and tender bosoms were repining at the harsh laws which forbade the putting of a poniard to a neighbour's throat, or even appropriating his purse after the most approved manner of Schiller's bandits. Had intensity of feeling ever indicated duration of purpose, the league between the Public and the then leaders of its opinions must have been eternal: fortunately, like the friendships of the fair Matilda Pottingen, it proved to be little more than a sudden thought which had struck the party most concerned; the very children gradually sickened of these absurdities, and men whose beards had two years growth in them, became suddenly impatient to make a transfer of their affections and adhesions. A glorious band of English poets sprung up, and divided among them at once the rational admiration and the genuine enthusiasm of their countrymen. The spirit of Wordsworth, strong in gentleness, would alone have been sufficient to mark a new era in the classical literature of Europe; Coleridge, 'most musical, most melancholy,' grafted all that was wildly noble in the German school on the sterling stock of original genius and English taste; Southey poured out his rich mind in strains of solemn and majestic gracefulness;—

'High in the breathless hall The Minstrel sate;'—

and a not less daring hand arose to sweep the strings of a still deeper, though a far narrower, shell. Sun succeeded sun, and year rolled on upon year, and still the public mind was found 'imprisoned in Elysium.' But the daintiest cates will at last cloy, and the most powerful stimulants cease to operate; and those who observed the times shrewdly, became aware that the reign of genius and imagination had reached its height—and fall. The general stomach longed for homelier food. 'Let me have Facts,' said the Public, and facts were furnished forthwith. Did a minister (Home or Foreign) rise in his place in the House of Commons? it was with the averages of the last ten years in his hands, and the inferences to be derived from such valuable data. 'The inferences may be right, or they may be wrong,' said the Public; 'but, at all events

events, here are facts.' Instead of the brilliant sarcasm, the classical allusion, 'the wit, the logic, and the tart reply,' to which we had once been accustomed, the leader of opposition rose, in his turn, with the labours of six hard-working clerks in his pocket, and after a little monitory prologue, proceeded to submit to the House his dull, but necessary, details. The House laughed, and the Public saw that arithmetic has its blunders as well as the more abstruse and uncertain subjects of opinion; but still,—here were facts. 'Nay,' said a band of cunning adventurers, 'if facts be what you want, we will lead you a distant dance in search of them: follow your leaders.' And the leaders were followed. Away went the Public to east and to west, and to north and to south; to Chili, to Panama, to Potosi; to the bowels of the earth, to the depths of the sea, to the confines of the air, and all in search of facts. The wilder the scheme, the more implicitly was it embraced; or, if a doubt existed, the cunning projector had but to utter the magic word,—'the fact is,'—and all opposition ceased. At home, or abroad, it was equally the rule; the man of facts was everywhere predominant. Hence, Encyclopædias abounded, Mechanics' Institutes became rife, Societies for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge sprung up in every street; names that were never meant to be seen beyond the parish registers, or as endorsements to a one-pound note, thrust themselves upon the public eye, and all, of course, were communicators of facts: facts upon brewing, facts upon baking, facts upon dog-feeding, facts upon the dry-rot. The Public, spectacle on nose, stood before the mighty feast, and gradually assumed that air of whimsical perplexity which belongs to a person who sees an array of meats before him, of which he feels bound in honour to partake, but who doubts whether his digestive organs will carry him safely through the operation.

We, whose office it is, under pretence of leading the public mind, very often implicitly to follow it, must be confessed to have played our part in this sober drama. Article upon article has appeared in this Journal, drier, no doubt, to light and inconsiderate minds, than the remainder biscuit after a seven years' voyage; but all, we venture to say, rich in information, and pregnant with facts. The wrinkles of geology and pathology, and archæology, and other sciences, equally delectable in their contents, and equally mellifluous in their nomenclature, have been ploughed into our pages; and heaven knows how many young poets, and wits, and scholars have been frighted from their propriety by the stern and rugged features which this once smiling journal has gradually assumed. But this cannot, must not

not always last: great as is our love and reverence for the Public, we cannot consent to plant hairs of untimely grey on our head, in its service—(men of our stamp must of course wish to witness personally that interesting fact of the Falls of Niagara dropping into the arms of Lake Erie, a feat which the utmost good wishes of the contracted parties will not be able to effect, as the geologists assure us, under a period of 35,000 years)—like the little Tirynthian boys, we must have our occasional laugh, or fairly break down under those severe duties which 'the march of intellect' has imposed on all those who presume to take a part in the direction of the public mind.

Our readers have long been familiar with one little elixir which we occasionally employ for the purpose of recruiting our spirits, when spent and wasted in the public service. Our stock is far, very far from being exhausted: but, under 'existing circumstances,' it is evident that the contents of the Blessed Bottle, as Rabelais speaks, must not often approach our lips, and that it would be a dereliction of prudence to depart from that system of collecting facts, which, in spite of our present levity, we consider to be the most important, if not the most legitimate, of our functions. But the works before us appear to admit of a little holiday, which we have not for a long time allowed ourselves, and which we are determined not to lose; and, therefore, for one brief moment—dry facts to the winds!

It is possible that our own pages may sometimes make the reader feel that the pulpit is not the only privileged place for dealing out sermons and homilies, and that a double course of religious instruction is thus surreptitiously forced upon them. The practice is at all events countenanced by high antiquity, and more particularly by that ingenious people, to whose rules, in all matters at least which concern the intellect and taste, we are so fond of appealing. What were the sermons delivered to the Greeks initiated in the Eleusinian Mysteries, which, as Isocrates assures us, were calculated to promote an improvement of morals in this world, and to excite better hopes in the next, and were consequently 'the thing of which human nature stood principally in need,'* it is now impossible to say: little more is known of them than the two barbarous words with which they concluded, *Conx*, *Ompax*,† and which come with as little recommendation as the 'well-bred whisper' which dismissed the worshippers from the house of prayer in the days of Cowper; but with the beautiful and sublime lessons of morality and religion, which proceeded from the tragic stage, that other

* οὐ πρῶτον ἡ φύσις ἡμῶν ἐδεήθη. Panegyr.

† See Warburton's Divine Legation, book ii., sect. 4.

and

and more attractive pulpit of antiquity, all who lay claim to any share of decent education, feel and own themselves bound to be more or less acquainted. To supply those whose occupation, and still more those whose sex precludes them from studying those interesting remains of antiquity in the original language, and to which the higher literature of the day of course so often refers, is the professed object of the first of the publications named at the head of these pages. It consists of the tragedies of Æschylus, adapted rather than implicitly adopted from the spirited translations of Potter, and preceded by such preliminary matter, as was thought sufficient to give a general view of the Greek theatre, and its essential differences from the modern stage, while the dramas themselves are accompanied with such short notes, as, without withdrawing the reader's attention too much from the text, may enable him to catch its meaning without interruption of the feelings or the interest. To convey at once through the eye a strong impression of what was thought a strong and marked characteristic of the Greek tragedy, and without a perpetual reference to which it ought never to be read or judged, the volume has been lavishly embellished with the admirable designs of Flaxman, whose pencil has almost done for the outer form of these productions, what the profound learning and fine taste of the Schlegels have effected in seizing the true genius and spirit of the inner form of Greek tragedy. The title of the second piece sufficiently explains itself; and though at first sight it might appear to be placed somewhat arbitrarily where it stands, the course of our observations will tend to show that no two productions could more properly be classed together, or were more calculated to throw a mutual light on each other.

There is, perhaps, no want of charity in suggesting that the object of the frequenters of theatres among ourselves (and the attractions of the press and the musical instrument-maker have, we believe, considerably diminished their numbers) is as much to escape from the dull monotony of domestic life, as to supply any cravings of the intellect and the taste; and hence the necessity of strong stimulants,—the stronger, the more attractive. The monotony of domestic life no more existed among the ancient Greeks, than its charms. Those judicial and legislative duties and investigations, which among us are (*as yet*) confined exclusively to a few and those few among the higher and more educated classes of society, and even with them occupying only a certain portion of the year, were among the Greeks the property, we might almost say the patrimony, of the great mass of the people. The displays of eloquence, and the strong appeals to the passions, which, even under the calmest forms, must necessarily enter into these exertions

tions of the intellect, and which to us come so animating and spirit-stirring, even when filtered through journals, gazettes, and newspapers, were to them fresh, palpable, tangible enjoyments: the common, daily, hourly food of life. From the battle of words in the general assemblies and the courts of law, and from the conflicts of advocates and orators, rhetoricians and statesmen,—how warmly contested, and with what ardour listened to, and amid what transports of every passion that can agitate the human mind, abundant testimony has been left us,—the common Greek was perpetually hurried to occupations of a more serious kind,—to handling the rudder and the oar,—to grasping the shield and the spear,—and to all those conflicts by land and sea, which made war a game, not merely of occasional occurrence between nation and nation, as among ourselves, but, as Plato assures us, of town against town, of village against village, and house against house. The elements of excitement, it is clear, existed already more than enough in Athens, and it was not necessary for the stage to add to them. On the contrary, a noble repose, which, holding the already existing excitements in balance, should lead to a calm mental review of the causes and consequences of those excitements, thus purifying the sources of action, and leading to a course of action nobler in itself, and more properly adapted to the high functions which the customs and institutions of their country had laid upon the spectators,—such gentler exhibitions of the passions as, lifting up the veil from the human bosom, should show the nest of vultures which it fostered, and which, on the least encouragement, were ready to spring and prey upon the very vitals—and, though into strains addressed to a people brave by nature, and warriors by necessity, the clarion and the spirit-stirring trumpet necessarily entered, yet those tones, touched

> 'to the sound
> Of instrumental harmony, that breathed
> Heroic ardour to advent'rous deeds,

rather than inspired a blind enthusiasm or savage ferocity;—such, it appears to us, are the elements of amusement, which a judicious mind would have selected for the hours of Greek relaxation; and such was the form in which Greek tragedy, as conceived by its first great father and creator, if we are not mistaken in our judgment, did actually invest itself.

Throwing itself into a remote antiquity, it drew from thence a race of men,—kings, warriors, sages, prophets,—whom the Greek imagination had long been accustomed to consider as beings indued with higher powers of body and mind than themselves; it invested them, by artificial means, with a corresponding loftiness of stature, and a voice *non humana sonans:* it exhibited them under

under the power, but not under the weaknesses of human passion: it threw around them sometimes, indeed, the embellishments of a valour so captivating and brilliant,* that modern chivalry in its fairest form might have found its cradle therein, but more often, and with greater propriety, solemn strains, which, like the Doric flutes of Milton,

> 'instead of rage,
> Deliberate valour breathed, firm and unmoved.'

But above all, it was careful that in beings thus regarded with awe, and whose language and feelings were intended to keep up the highest moral tone in the public mind, no unguarded word or movement, no familiar household term or action should occur to break the spell, or tempt the spectators' minds to leap the eternal barriers which were meant to stand between themselves and those creatures of another and a nobler day. Their movements were grandeur; their repose was dignity: how gracefully and consistently observed is evident from that style of Greek statuary (unquestionably deduced from the noble spectacles of the stage) on which the world has ever since been content to gaze, hopeless of competition even at the hands of a Canova, a Chantrey, or a Westmacott,—and to that statuary the mind of the reader must ever recur, if he wishes to have on his mind the best and most faithful impression of the Greek tragic stage.

But—

> 'From time's first records the diviner's voice
> Gives the sad heart a sense of misery.'—Æsch. *Agamem.*

Though these beings might escape the weaknesses, common analogies told the spectator that they could not be exempt from the miseries and ills to which man is born, as surely and as inevitably 'as the sparks fly upwards.' Hence the exhibitions of fallen greatness among the Greek dramatists, and the affecting spectacle of old and princely houses 'fallen from their high estate,' and plunged in misery, sometimes by their own weakness or guilt, but more frequently by the operation of causes over which they had no control. The inference was unavoidable; it pointed to a still higher race of beings, in whose hands were the issues of things, and who dealt, as their pleasure led them, their several portions of good and ill to mankind. And if these inferences had failed to strike the spectators themselves, the *Chorus*, that great representative of the human race and of its higher state of feelings on all the great points of morality and religion, was ever at hand to point them out. In measured strains and slow, and in

* See more particularly the drama of 'The Seven Chiefs against Thebes.'

language

language which, in the odes of Æschylus at least, bears, for solemnity and dignity, no very distant resemblance to some of the finest parts of the inspired writings, they alluded to the mutability of human things; they pointed to national blessings and calamities as the inevitable consequences of national crimes and virtues; they justified the ways of God to man, and argued on the impotence * of man to escape from His unerring laws; they drew beautiful pictures of the happiness of upright men; or, as representatives of the avenging Furies, they spoke in language almost as appalling as that which shook the Roman governor on his tribunal, when a mightier than Æschylus reasoned of 'righteousness, and temperance, and judgment to come.'

Such appears to us the form in which, more from design than accident, Tragedy grew out of the hands of its great father, on whose name must wait eternal reverence and honour; and though ill sufficient, under any advantages of translation, (the most complete, perhaps, of all literary disguises being that which a Greek drama assumes when clothed in modern verse or prose,) to supply the demands which the changes of modern times have created, it must be confessed to have been admirably adapted to the times for which it was composed. If any confirmation of this opinion be wanted, it will be amply found in that particular drama of the great comic poet which stands at the head of our pages, and which, in truth, has been placed there for the very purpose.

The office of a professional wit must, no doubt, to many persons appear a very light and pleasant task—mere summer's work, like that of the worthy Ichabod Crane. We cannot bring ourselves to view the matter in quite so easy a light. The creation of real wit we conceive to be almost as serious an operation of the mind, as the investigation of the binomial theorem or fluxional calculus, and that these are no laughing matters to encounter, some amongst us have known by pretty hard experience. However tumultuous or spontaneous the process by which witty ideas first enter the creator's mind,—often, we presume, as much to his own surprise as to the delight of those who subsequently benefit by them,—the pleasurable feelings attendant on these first workings of genius gradually subside, and the longer and more important part of the operation is left almost exclusively for the judgment to effect—to arrange, to apply, to compress, to enlarge; to watch

* See more particularly the noble chorus *μηδάμ' ὁ πάντα νέμων*, &c. (Prom. Vinct. v. 534,) in the most remarkable of all the dramas which the genius of Æschylus has left us, a drama which seems made up of confused fragments, through whatever channel derived, of some of the greatest truths announced in Scripture; — a division in heaven—a fallen race—and an intermediate agent between heaven and earth, suffering pain and torture, and that with most heroic fortitude, evidently in consequence of his interposition in favour of mankind.

the

the nice points of time when its topics will be most acceptable, and the still nicer point when they have ceased to be either attractive or effective. Hence the most thoughtful and sagacious of mankind are often found in that very class of men who, at first sight, might appear to have their thoughts least under control, and to differ from their fellow-creatures only in the flow and exuberance of their animal spirits; and hence in the light writings of dramatists may often be traced evident perceptions of causes and consequences which escape the eye of the sage and the philosopher;*—and such was pre-eminently the case with the illustrious person to whom we have just referred. Whatever the drawbacks which custom had laid on the comic department of the drama, and which custom most imperatively demanded as its due, the sagacious mind of Aristophanes saw that the real force of the *tragic drama* lay in those forms and rules which the great father of the stage had in his own person exemplified, and that any departure from those rules must, in the then state of society, be attended with very serious danger. The guilt of such a departure is laid, in his own peculiar manner, but most strongly and most pointedly, at the door of Euripides; and the justice of the accusation is, in its main points, admitted by Plato; and the admission is the more remarkable, because the accusation of Aristophanes is followed by another charge, that the aberrations and unfitness which the poet, in spite of his powers, was displaying for his office, (and a higher, more exciting, and more important one it never fell to the lot of the man of letters to discharge,) arose out of his growing intimacy with Socrates, and the modes of thinking and expression which such companionship had impressed on his mind. In what sense and under what limitations this second charge is to be understood, may possibly form the subject of another and more serious inquiry: we shall content ourselves for the present with saying, that such are the notions which we have formed of the great comic poet's sagacity and integrity,—formed from no careless or ordinary perusal of his writings,—that we speak the deepest convictions of our souls when we say that we do not believe a single falsehood, willing or unwilling, is to be traced within them.

To stop the further ravages which a false, affected, and most

* It might be added—of the statesman. Had the ministers of the first James and Charles attended to the pictures of Puritan wisdom, humility, and benevolence, drawn for them by Ben Jonson, Rowley, Middleton, Cartwright, Randolph, Mayne, and others of our old dramatists whom we could name, what a convulsion might have been spared or modified! But no; unless Wisdom wear a solemn face, she is too often mistaken for Folly, listening to the mere sound of her own bells;—and yet, more political truth is often flashed on the eyes by one jocose epistle of Lavinia Ramsbottom, or a single slap-dash page in the Noctes Ambrosianæ, than by the heavy lucubrations of a whole year's lumbering journals.

seductive

seductive poetry was making,—to pluck from the fire what little portion of virtue and honesty could be found in a state which all the great contemporary writers (such portions of them excepted as, for obvious reasons, are usually read in schools and colleges) concur, directly or indirectly, in representing as in a state of almost complete demoralization, moral and political, national and individual,*—to bring back the tragic drama to its true, legitimate, and, at that period, invaluable functions,—and to throw himself upon the suffrages of the best and most enlightened portion of his countrymen as to the correctness and soundness of the views which we have endeavoured, however feebly, to develope, was evidently the object of that drama of Aristophanes which, from causes that will soon appear, has ever been known by the title of 'The Frogs.' How deeply the author had its accomplishment at heart will be seen in the extraordinary pains which he has bestowed on the working up of the drama; but before we attend to its outer form, we must be allowed to give a short explanation of the fable of the piece. For this a very few words will suffice.

Utterly dissatisfied with the race of living tragedians in Athens, Bacchus, the patron and presiding genius of the Greek stage, determines upon a descent into the lower world, for the purpose of bringing up from thence his favourite poet, Euripides, recently deceased. After a short colloquy with Hercules, who, having accomplished this journey more than once, was supposed to be well acquainted with the roads, inns, and such other accommodations as travellers are most anxious about, the Wine-god, not quite at ease about the difficulties which he has been prepared to encounter, starts upon his journey, attended by a slave to carry his baggage. Passing over all intermediate adventures, we shall rest a short time with our travellers in those blissful abodes where he meet the souls of the Initiated, enjoying that repose and happiness to which their virtuous conduct in life had entitled them. A

* Had we the whole or anything like half of the writings of antiquity, this would have been a matter of self-evidence; but the earlier Christians destroyed whatever they thought might tend to contaminate the minds of their rising youth. It was only by the zealous efforts of St. Chrysostom, that a small portion of the Aristophanic writings has come down to us. We hesitate not to say, that half the writings of the holy Fathers might have perished, with infinitely less loss to the world, and to Christianity itself, than this invaluable relic: it is, indeed, a most important leaf in the mighty volume of the human mind. Without it, democracy might have played her wildest freaks unquestioned; or, with habitual falsehood, have even challenged the voice of antiquity as in her favour; and the dark colours in which St. Paul has drawn the state of the moral world antecedent to the introduction of Christianity, might have passed for a false or overcharged picture, the offspring of spleen or bile, of an highly excited imagination or a willing delusion. The few remaining comedies of Aristophanes have sufficed to put both these matters on their proper footing.

bright

bright sun shines above their heads, a purer air invests their frames, the beautiful meadows around them are fresh with roses; and to press these roses in the dance, and to pass the intervals between in conversations which pass alternately 'from grave to gay,' forms the entire occupation of these fortunate beings. Out of these *mystæ*, or Initiated persons, are formed, with a propriety which our preceding remarks have made obvious, the true and legitimate *Chorus* of the piece;—the other Chorus, which has sorely puzzled the critics, and to which we shall advert more fully hereafter, being, in fact, a mere extravaganza—a merry coinage of the poet's brain—a little *purpureus pannus* in short, which might have been spared, but which nothing but the demerits of the version, which we shall presently attempt, would make any reader wish to see excluded from the place where it stands. Bacchus and his attending Chorus now move onward; and after some pleasant adventures, which the severest puritan, we imagine, could hardly witness with muscles unmoved, our travellers arrive at the court of the monarch of Erebus. They could hardly have left Athens itself in a state of greater commotion and excitement, than they find the realms of the infernal monarch—the occasion being as follows: It had long been the established custom at the court of Pluto (an easy, quiet, good-natured sovereign, ill fitted, apparently, to keep in order the turbulent spirits about him) that, among all those who practised the nobler arts, one should be selected for his pre-eminence, and a daily table found him, with a chair of state near the person of the monarch himself, so long as this pre-eminence in his art, whatever it might be, remained undisputed; but the claims of a successful rival restored the beaten champion at once to the use of his feet, and to getting his daily rations where he could. The chair of Tragedy had long been in the possession of Æschylus; but the moment that brought Euripides to the shades, brought also an eager, restless, self-satisfied aspirant for this seat of honour. He immediately assembled around him the thieves, cutpurses, parricides, and housebreakers, who formed, according to Aristophanes, the οἱ πολλοὶ of the place, and proceeded to make what, in the language of the day, was termed an *epideixis*;* i. e. an exhibition or display of his talents and acquirements. His syllogisms, antilogisms, and twists and turnings, and other sophistic arts, had their usual effects upon his hearers: they absolutely maddened with delight (ὑπερεμάνησαν); and had the theatrocracy† subsisted below ground as well as above, the

* ἐπιδείκνυτο τοῖς λωποδύταις, κ. τ. λ. The word is familiar to the readers of Plato, and to those conversant with the language of the sophists of the day.

† A term invented by Plato to express the violence which the populace had gradually proceeded to carry into their theatrical as well as political divisions.

new

new comer would certainly have been voted into the chair by acclamation; but the hot republicans were now under a curb, which, though much too gentle for their stubborn mouths, it was still in vain for them to champ against; Pluto, with something like the wisdom and propriety which should belong to legitimate monarchy, decides that an affair of so much importance shall be settled, not by the caprice of the multitude, but by the voice of some more competent authority; and the arrival of the presiding god of the drama happens very fortunately, as offering a judge of their claims to which neither party could possibly object. The trial of skill accordingly commences, Sophocles, who, with characteristic modesty, had declined to enter the lists against Æschylus, standing by, and professing his determination to hazard a contest, if Euripides should prove the victor. The wiser views and bearings upon each point as they arise are, of course, put into the mouths of the *Chorus*, the head of the Wine-god, as we may infer from the vacillations of his judgment, having apparently too many of his own cups within it to form a very clear conception of the case. The trial terminates, as might be imagined, in favour of Æschylus; and the venerable bard, after bequeathing the vacant chair to Sophocles, with a strict injunction not to allow a moment's intrusion into it by his 'false and crafty rival,' leaves the lower world under a salute of fine old heroic hexameters from the delighted and triumphant Chorus, the metre being probably selected in compliment to the poet's known regard and reverence for his mighty predecessor, Homer.*

Such was this earliest specimen of a 'Rehearsal;' and whether we look to the whim, the wit, the nice discernment of character, and delicate perception of poetic language, sentiment, and metre, which are thrown with most profuse and lavish hand throughout, we question whether in *matter* we shall ever look upon its like again; in *manner* we may rest assured that we never shall. As a piece of mere language, 'The Frogs' is utterly without a parallel in the old world, (even the speeches put into the mouths of Agathon and Aristophanes himself by Plato, exquisite as they are, can hardly be put in comparison with it,) and in the new it has met with but a single rival—the 'Faust' of Goethe. Splendid, however, as that production is in diction and varied as it is in metre, yet when the drama of Aristophanes stood forward in its living strength and power—in its creations of new terms or singular combinations—in its ever-changing variety of metres and juxtaposition of ideas, that play into each other like the coruscations of light,—the 'Faust,' powerful as it is, must have appeared by its

* Æschylus, in reference to the Homeric writings, used to say, that he had been to a great feast, and brought away some of the scraps.

rival's side almost as mere a *mortuum caput* as the speeches of a sucking economist by the side of those of Demosthenes.

That such a production should have remained a sort of Ulysses' bow for translators to try their powers upon, more certainly to the credit of their boldness than their success, is not to be wondered at. It has been rendered into English verse, by the Rev. Mr. Dunster, and more lately into prose by some member of the University of Oxford. It has received an Italian dress from the illustrious Alfieri, a literary curiosity, which, we regret to say, has never yet come under our notice; and in Germany, besides the translations of Conz and the admirable Voss, there exists a more recent version, to which too much praise cannot be given, by M. Welcker. Fully master of all the peculiarities of his author, M. Welcker translates him with all the accuracy of a perfect scholar, and comments upon him with all the fire and feeling of a poet; while an extensive acquaintance with the fine arts enables him to throw that light upon his author which books could never furnish, and which is only to be gained in the galleries of the opulent and the tasteful, amid marbles and vases, and the other exquisite remains of antiquity. But this particular drama is also known to have occupied for many years the attention of an English scholar, whose labours, if once given to the public, would presently throw into the shade the efforts of all his predecessors, whether foreign or domestic, whether in verse or prose. If ever a translation, brought to the utmost perfection which a modern dress can give it, is to be produced, it must proceed from the hand of Mr. Frere. His fine scholarship and still finer genius—his rich stores of keen and pointed wit—that mixture of playfulness and power which his pen possesses, and which are so strikingly characteristic of the author of the 'Frogs'—and we might add, that diplomatic experience, which must make him so well know the value, and often give a poignant and even personal zest to the observations of a writer so deeply political as Aristophanes—all these qualifications preeminently mark out Mr. Frere as the person who, as the phrase has long run, may yet make Aristophanes our own. But Mr. Frere, with all the powers, is said also to possess somewhat of the indolence of genius; and this is not the only case in which a reputation, which should have concentrated on his own head, has been suffered to play round that of others. Is there a tithe of the readers of Beppo and Don Juan who know from whom the style of those two poems is borrowed, or who are aware that there are charms (we allude not to mere moral ones) in which the imitations (confessedly superior upon the whole) must be allowed to yield to the exquisite original?

But

But till Mr. Frere shall fairly put his shoulder to the wheel, the work must be left to inferior labourers; and we, perhaps, may be allowed to try our hands among the rest.

What was the real chorus of this powerful drama (and with what singular propriety and ingenuity it was selected, supposing our theory to be correct), the reader has already seen: it is one, however, of a very different description, which has given a title to the drama itself. One of the temples or theatres appropriated to the service of Bacchus in Athens, and in which the scenic performances of the old Greeks took place, was situated near a part of that metropolis usually called 'The Marshes;' and those who know by experience what tenants such places commonly harbour in more southern climates, will think it not impossible that the representations of the stage, and more particularly in theatres which were generally without a roof, were occasionally disturbed, to the great annoyance of the dramatists, by the noisy vociferations of these more ancient and legitimate Lords of the Marshes. One of them, at all events, was a man not to be offended with impunity by biped or quadruped; and wherever the foes of Aristophanes were to be found,—above ground or below—on land or water,—he had shafts both able and willing to reach them. In his descent to the lower world, the patron of the stage is accordingly made to encounter a band of most pertinacious and invincible frogs, and the gradations through which the mind of Bacchus runs, after the first moments of irritation have subsided—from coaxing to bullying—from affected indifference to downright force, are probably a mere transcript of the poet's own feelings under similar annoyances. We never of course dreamed of applying the strict rules of translation to an author, whose writings set all ordinary rules at defiance; but we confess that we feel less than ordinarily anxious to have the following version tried by any of the old copies, and still less by a text, which the sound and excellent scholarship of Dindorf has brought, we are persuaded, as nearly to the state under which it first left its author's hands, as existing MSS. can now possibly bring it. We are not at present breathing the air either of Christ Church meadow or Trinity gardens; and if our version of a piece of mere pleasantry, which involves nothing in it beyond a moment's laugh, should be so happy as to satisfy the 'general reader,' we shall affect 'for the nonce,' to know nothing of the objections which more scientific persons, the students of the brilliant Hermann, and acute Reisigius, might be disposed to make to our arrangement of this little extravaganza.

Scene, the Acherusian Lake. BACCHUS *at the oar in Charon's boat;* CHARON;—CHORUS OF FROGS; *in the back ground a view of Bacchus's Temple or Theatre, from which are heard the sounds of a scenical entertainment.*

Semi-chorus. Croak, croak, croak!
Semi-chorus. Croak, croak, croak!
(*In answer, and with the musician octave lower.*)
Full Chorus. Croak, croak, croak!
LEADER *of the Chorus.* When* flagons were foaming,
And roisterers were roaming,
And bards flung about them their gibe and their joke;
The holiest song
Still was found to belong
To the sons of the marsh, with their
Full Chorus. Croak, croak.
LEADER. Shall we pause in our strain,
Now the months bring again
The pipe and the minstrel to gladden the folk?
Rather strike on the ear
With a note strong and clear,
A chaunt corresponding of—
Chorus. Croak, croak!
BACCHUS (*mimicking.*) Croak, croak! by the gods I shall choke,
If you pester and bore my ears any more
With your croak, croak, croak!
LEADER. Rude companion and vain,
Thus to carp at my strain;
(*To Chor.*) But keep in the vein,
And attack him again
With a croak, croak, croak!
Chorus (*crescendo.*) Croak, croak, croak!

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* The comic performances of the Athenians were usually brought out at a festival of Bacchus, which lasted for three days. The first of these was devoted to the tapping of their wine-casks; the second to boundless jollity (Plato specifies a town, but not Athens, every single inhabitant of which was found in a state of intoxication on one of these festivals), and the third to theatrical exhibitions in the temple of the patron of the feast. In this state of excitement it will be easily imagined that some coarser ingredients were required by the clever but licentious rabble of Athens, to whom these representations were more particularly addressed, besides the better commodities of rich poetry and wit; and hence the deformities which have been so much complained of in the writings of Aristophanes. Let us not, however, be unjust to the poet. That he saw and lamented these demands upon his better feelings—that he abridged them in his own dramas, and censured their excess in his predecessors and contemporaries, abundant evidence has been left us in his few surviving comedies. After all, deep as these offences were, an English reader, who is not thoroughly acquainted with his own dramatic literature even as it existed in the reigns of Elizabeth and James, will perhaps be surprised to hear that the offences of Aristophanes, under his many circumstances of extenuation, hardly exceed in quality or quantity those exhibited by *Christian* writers, with no palliation but such as the human passions are pleased to make for themselves, and for which Popery, we ought perhaps to add, had previously shown, as it ever does shew, too easy an indulgence.

BACCHUS

BACCHUS (*mimicking.*) Croak, croak! vapour and smoke!
Never think it, old Huff,
That I care for such stuff,
As your croak, croak, croak!
Chorus (*fortissimo.*) Croak, croak, croak!
BACCHUS. Now fires light on thee,
And waters soak;
And March winds catch thee
Without any cloak!
For within and without,
From the tail to the snout,
Thou'rt nothing but croak, croak, croak!
LEADER. And what else, captious Newcomer, say, should I be?
But you know not to whom you are talking, I see:
(*With dignity*) I'm the friend of the Muses, and Pan, with his pipe,
Holds me dearer by far than a cherry that's ripe:
For the reed and the cane which his music supply,
Who gives them their tone and their moisture but I?
And therefore for ever I'll utter my cry
Of—
Chorus. Croak, croak, croak!
BACCHUS. I'm blister'd, I'm fluster'd, I'm sick, I'm ill—
Chorus. Croak, croak!
BACCHUS. My dear little bull-frog, do prithee be still!
'Tis a sorry vocation—that reiteration,
(I speak, on my honour, most musical nation,)
Of croak, croak!
LEADER (*maestoso.*) When the sun rides in glory and makes a bright day,
Mid lilies and plants of the water I stray;
Or when the sky darkens with tempest and rain,
I sink like a pearl in my watery domain:
Yet, sinking or swimming, I lift up a song,
Or I drive a gay dance with my eloquent throng—
Then hey bubble, bubble!
For a knave's petty trouble,
Shall I my high charter and birth-right revoke?
Nay, my efforts I'll double,
And drive him like stubble
Before me, with—
Chorus. Croak, croak, croak!
BACCHUS. I'm ribs of steel, I am heart of oak!
Let us see if a note
May be found in this throat
To answer their croak, croak, croak!
(*Croaks loudly.*)
LEADER. Poor vanity's son!
And dost think me outdone,

With

With a clamour no bigger
Than a maiden's first snigger?
(*To Chorus.*) But strike up a tune,
He shall not forget soon
Of our croak, croak, croak!
Chorus. (*Croak, with a discordant crash of music.*)
BACCHUS. I'm cinder, I'm coke,
I have had my death-stroke;
O, that ever I woke
To be gall'd by the yoke
Of this croak, croak, croak, croak!
LEADER. Friend, friend, I may not be still:
My destinies high I must needs fulfil,
And the march of creation—despite reprobation—
Must proceed with—(*To Chor.*) my lads, must I make application
For a—
Chorus. Croak, croak, croak
BACCHUS (*in a minor key.*) Nay, nay—take your own way,
I've said out my say,
And care nought, by my fai',
For your croak, croak, croak!
LEADER. Care or care not, 'tis the same thing to me,
My voice is my own and my actions are free;
I have but one note, and I'll chant it with glee,
And from morning to night that note it shall be—
Chorus. Croak, croak, croak!
BACCHUS. Nay then, old rebel, but I'll stop your treble,
With a poke, poke, poke;
Take this from my rudder—(*dashing at the frogs*)—and that from my oar,
And now let us see if you'll trouble us more
With your croak, croak, croak!
LEADER. You may batter and bore,
You may thunder and roar,
Yet I'll never give o'er
Till I'm hard at death's door,
—(This rib 's plaguy sore)—
Semi-Chorus. With my croak, croak, croak!
Semi-Chorus (*diminuendo*). With my croak, croak, croak—
Full Chorus (*in a dying cadence*). With my croak—croak—croak!
(*The Frogs disappear.*)
BACCHUS (*looking over the boat's edge.*)
Spoke, spoke, spoke!
(*To Charon.*) Pull away, my old friend,
For at last there's an end
To their croak, croak, croak.
(*Bacchus pays his two obols, and is landed.*)

If

If our offhand efforts have been little able to catch, in the preceding dialogue, any portion of that buoyant spirit which carries the author on all occasions so easily over his ground, that ἀπνευστὶ movement of the intellect, which, like a fleet courser's speed, seems almost to bring its starting-place and goal into the same point, we may reasonably doubt about our success in other attempts, where, to more serious difficulties on our own parts, must be added no inconsiderable difficulties on the part of such readers as have found neither time nor opportunities for penetrating into the peculiarities of ancient literature. But we should ill discharge our duty to the author of a drama like the Frogs, if we contented ourselves with noticing only the lighter sallies, which were meant merely as traps to engage the attention of the spectators, and shrunk from at least one attempt to convey to the reader some notion of the weightier passages, which were intended to enlighten the judgment of the poet's hearers.

It has been already hinted against whom, and against what revolution in the tragic drama of his country, the main satire of the Frogs is directed. That high notion of a true poet in the just and legitimate exercise of his powers, which every man of feeling and intellect will most studiously endeavour to keep alive in himself, as of a being set apart from others by his rare endowments, and leaving wits and warriors and scholars, and even philosophers and statesmen, to occupy but a subordinate place in the scale of humanity, had reached a stature and dimensions in the mind of Aristophanes, which minds of the keenest and loftiest feelings will never surpass, however they may differ from him in the mode in which the convictions of their feelings may exhibit themselves. From this high vantage-ground he saw the poet Euripides precipitating himself in a manner as disgraceful to himself, as it was humiliating to his art, and dangerous to the community. That very pathos in which he most excelled, whatever triumph it may have gained him in later times over the rough sublimities of Æschylus, and the polished majesty of Sophocles, was, as we have seen, a deep sin against the dramatic art, constituted as it then was, and on principles which ought ever to have been most sedulously maintained. So powerful, however, were his general talents, and so much less was he the possessor of his mighty genius than possessed by it, (and the importance of the distinction was we believe first noticed by a living poet and philosopher of the first eminence, Mr. Coleridge,) that had not the dread of the muse of Aristophanes hung over him, and of that searching wit which makes men shrink into themselves and question their inmost thoughts to see whether they are fit to abide its fiery ordeal—had not these salutary terrors hung over him, we doubt whether the infidelity of Voltaire would have soared a higher

higher flight than that of Euripides, or whether the seductive pages of Rousseau had been fraught with more mischief than the dramas of this false ornament of the Grecian stage; master as he was of every pass and avenue to the softer passions, and gifted beyond his compeers with that sophistic eloquence which knows how to dress up either side of a question in its most advantageous colours. But he quailed, as he well might, before that vigilant mind, which ever hung upon his rear, and that exuberant and fruitful genius, which, though generally delighting to clothe itself in the most playful and good-humoured garb, could, when occasion required, deal out shafts as keen and barbed as satire ever drew from her sharpest quiver; that genius which not merely led captive at its wheels the delighted crowds of theatres, but may be traced colouring the thoughts and influencing the language of some of the mightiest minds among his contemporaries and successors,—from the philosopher in his closet to the statesman in the general assembly,—from the sublime speculations of Plato to the bold and energetic harangues of Demosthenes. But to descend from these generalities into remarks more adapted to make the spirit of our next version intelligible.

Of these aberrations in the poet's mind, so fatal to his own fame, and so much more fatal to the morals and virtues of his contemporaries, the originating cause may perhaps be traced to what was, in the first instance, his misfortune and not his crime, but on which, in justice to the writers of the Old Comedy, as it was termed, we must be allowed a few words. In all governments, where the general will is the law, and where that will is perpetually influenced by the speeches or writings of individuals, nothing seems more fair (however unpalatable the investigation may occasionally prove) than that the pretensions of every one who aspires to occupy something more than an ordinary prominence in the public eye, should be closely sifted and scrutinized, that it may be distinctly ascertained under what circumstances, and from what points of view, his peculiar opinions have been formed, and a clue thus found whether these claims are the offspring of vanity, presumption, and self-interest, or the better workings of an honest mind, anxious to throw into the common stock the best fruits of those rich endowments which nature has bestowed, or of that sound and wholesome intelligence which fair labour and industry have gradually achieved. It must be owned that in Athens this inquisition was of the most searching nature. The finest wits of the day made it their peculiar business to provide this favourite repast for the sovereign multitude; and the great *Demos* himself, when in his comic theatre, was little else than the master-gaoler in Jeremy Bentham's Panopticon, his eye upon every

every surrounding chamber, and his mind master of the words and actions, and even almost of the very thoughts of its occupant. In compliance with this established custom, the name of Euripides seldom occurs in the pages of Aristophanes, without a blow at his birth, which was in truth of the humblest description; the illustrious author of the Medea, the Hippolytus, the Phœnissæ, and the Alcestis (and creations more splendid never leaped from the brain of man), having been, it appears, neither more nor less than the son of a mere cabbage-woman, or little retailer of pot-herbs. No person, with a soul above the size of a needle's point, would have dreamed for one brief moment of alluding to such a circumstance in the history of such a man, but that to this taint of birth and of earlier connexions and associations may be ascribed (such at least was evidently the opinion of Aristophanes) no small portion of those scenic changes which the tragedian began at an early period to attempt, and which, in spite of every effort directed against him, he brought to too successful a termination; and of those more fearful aberrations of which it forms no excuse to say, that they refer almost exclusively to the poet's own times, and that what was poison to them, may be found delightful and even innoxious food to us. Of what nature these changes were, and by what steps they were brought to their successful close, we shall now proceed to inquire, abstaining as much as possible from those incumbrances of erudition which may be as much misplaced on some occasions, as they are important, and, in truth, invaluable in others.

Till the time of Euripides, the language of the Greek tragic stage had been distinguished from that of ordinary life by a line as broad as that which now lies between the prose and poetry of the Italian language: a distinction so marked, as the fairer portion of our readers well know, as almost to constitute two different tongues. It was the delight of Euripides to break down this barrier between himself and his audience,—to discard the strong Homeric diction of the earlier stage, as rough, forsooth, old-fashioned, and obsolete; to introduce in its stead the most familiar terms and homeliest imagery of 'week-day life;' and apparently to give to many of these words acceptations and forms of meaning which they had not previously borne; sources of mischief which those only who have taken a somewhat enlarged view of literature, and have traced the nice connexion between words and things in the operations of the human mind, can fully appreciate. The success and consequences of this attempt should teach the public to beware of being made the *confidante* even of the most eminent of its caterers, and to keep the distance between itself and more ordinary writers almost as marked and distinct as that between the sexes; for in both cases the progress

of

of corruption is pretty nearly similar. So close, indeed, is the connexion between words and things, that the first sappings of virtue generally commence with attempts to confound the plain and ordinary meanings of words; and the vigilance of those first and most important sentinels of the human mind once eluded, the rest becomes an easy task. Hence it is that the great master-wits of all ages—the Lucians, the Ben Jonsons, the Quevedos—have never failed to heap their utmost ridicule on the tamperers with words, the Lexiphanes, and the Marstons, and the Gongoras of the day; and might our own feeble efforts be named in the same sentence with their more powerful achievements, we might point to the unsparing castigation which the *Schlangwhangers* of our own times have invariably met with in these pages, whatever the garb they might assume, or from whatever quarter they might come. The revolution thus taking place escaped not the vigilant mind of Aristophanes. From the outset of his own career to its termination, he protested loudly and earnestly—in every form of seriousness and mirth (παίζων τε καὶ σπουδάζων), against it, and pointed out the inevitable results of such innovations; but 'novelty, that moon at the full,' was against him; the itching ears of the stage-frequenters of the day had been caught, and corruption went its usual round—from words to things.

The old heroic life, the noble pictures of which had hitherto operated as some little restraint on a turbulent and conceited people, who had thrown off almost every other, was now either discarded as useless lumber, or, if employed, was little more than travestied or burlesqued. As the language of its occupants had been brought down to the level of ordinary life, so were their pursuits, their feelings, and even their personal appearance; they were exhibited indulging in the commonest* amusements, and relaxations of the day; they were represented as maddening under the most degrading passions of the mind, or writhing and howling under the mere pains and sufferings of the body; and lest anything of too high a cast should be supposed to lurk under the trappings in which they had hitherto been exhibited, they were stripped of the flowing robe and regal ornaments of the old school, and thrust upon the stage in the most humiliating garb of beggary and mendicity. And all this was done, that the lower classes of the poet's auditors might be gratified, and that whether democracy viewed the garb of her body (out of which a few pieces of fuller's

* In the now lost tragedy of Telephes, two of the dramatis personæ were set down to a game of tables or chess. We need not go far from home to guess in what light this was viewed by the lively parodists of the times—but we hope most of our readers have the Anti-Jacobin at hand.

earth

earth could take the stains), or the dress of her mind (the latter of which had plague-spots that no talent could remove), she might rear her head on high, and looking either to the living or the dead, might find nothing above the level of her own undisputed * supremacy.

The peculiar modes of his country's education, and the nature of its language, left Euripides one further means of debauching the public mind, and of that too he diligently availed himself. How deeply the science of music entered into the course of public instruction at Athens, is an inquiry that would lead us far beyond our present limits ; it may suffice for our purpose to observe, that between this national music and the national morals there existed a connexion so close and intimate, that no innovation in the one could take place without a corresponding change for better or worse in the other. Dark and intricate, and in truth almost unintelligible as this connexion may appear to us of the present day, it is too strongly and too earnestly insisted upon by all the great writers of antiquity, both comic and serious, to admit a doubt of its existence ; and that singular Spartan † decree, by which a celebrated musician was driven from their land, for having given an additional string to the lyre, was an act of as well-timed severity, as the fine which, in the better days of their tragedy, the Athenians

* That this was the poet's motive for the *language* which he put into the mouth of his *dramatis personæ*, we have his own admission.

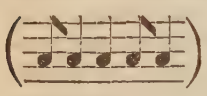
Εὐρ. μὰ τὸν Ἀπόλλω
δημοκρατικὸν γὰρ αὖτ' ἔδρων. v. 951.

It is not for us to differ with our great guide, who spoke on much more evidence than we possess; but, judging from the comparatively few tragedies of Euripides which have come down to us, we should be disposed to say that he had no fixed political principles of any kind, and that all forms of government, popular, monarchical, or mixed, were regarded by him only as the means of exercising that forensic eloquence in which he so eminently excelled, and which is able to give such colours to each side of the question, as may best suit the purposes of the moment.

† This curious decree is still in existence, and has not a little divided the opinion of scholars. Its authenticity was admitted, and its contents amply illustrated by the late Bishop Cleaver, a prelate to whose erudition, at once elegant and extensive, classical literature is under no small obligations; and Dr. Cleaver's observations have recently been confirmed and strengthened by a living prelate, not one year of whose long and valuable life has been passed, since his first academic degree, without adding one or more contributions to the stock of his country's literature. As this latter work is not strictly before the public, we are not perhaps justified in alluding to its author's name, but no person at all conversant with the literary world will be at a moment's loss to know to whom we allude. High, however, as these authorities unquestionably are, we are ourselves inclined to concur in opinion with Professor Müller, the learned and interesting historian of the great Doric tribes, that the decree is a mere forgery; the work, most probably, of some grammarian, who had borrowed the forms of his decree from those of the Athenians, some portion of his language from Plato, and other writers upon the refinements of music, and his dialect partly from the laconisms of the Attic comedians, and partly from the coinage of his own brain. But whether genuine or not, the decree contains nothing which the practice of other Doric communities did not fully sanction. (See Plutarch de Mus. 32, 37; and Boeckh Inscript. No. 1108.)

themselves

themselves imposed on one of their tragic authors, who had drawn too freely upon their tears and less manly emotions. In a community where music was so perpetually 'married to immortal verse,' it is almost needless to add, that the connexion between the Greek metres and the Greek manners necessarily offered the same analogies and reciprocities as those which subsisted between the national music and the national manners; and, speaking in reference to the manners and literature of his day, we perhaps mention the most unpardonable of the many offences of Euripides, when we add that in this essential point, as well as in others, he took care to be as widely different as possible from his earlier and better predecessor on the stage. The metre, which Æschylus had been most fond of throwing into his choral strains, giving strength and dignity to them all, and making some of them the very battle-songs of his audience, was the dochmiac; a metre, which, in musical notation, answers to a combination of notes still commonly found in marches and military movements. This metre, only one of a very large family, was, as is well known to the student of Seidler and Burney, and (when will a reprint of his 'golden work'* enable us to add) of Gaisford, resolvable into no less than thirty-two species, and of these the most favoured by Euripides were such as, in the above musical notes, would have resolved themselves into as many semi or even demi-semiquavers† as they are capable of receiving; and such was the sensitive, susceptible Greek mind, that the finest inflections and chromatic seductions of Italian music are not more formed to emasculate modern audiences, than the titillations of these dilated, effeminate metres were calculated to pour absolute poison into the ears of the audiences of Euripides. Had this disposition to corrupt the manlier strains of his predecessor been carried into practice solely with a view to the injury of the rougher part of the poet's audience, the mischief was incal-



* 'Verum enimvero metri ejusdem exempla apud alios scriptores sibi a Porsono indicata expresserit Gaisfordus; sed plura ex opere vere aureo metuo sumere;' but it is needless to quote further: even the compliments of so elegant and accomplished a scholar as Dr. Maltby will, we suspect, fail to suspend the more important labours on which Mr. Gaisford's time is known to be at present occupied.

† That the sensitive and mimetic muse of Aristophanes should ever have come athwart that of Euripides (we allude more particularly to some scenes in the Acharnenses), without almost imperceptibly throwing herself into the favoured metres of the persecuted tragedian, was not very likely. Brunck, however, who made up for his own ignorance of the more delicate and recondite species of Greek metres, by the most unsparing ridicule of such of his predecessors as had committed the least error against the more trite and common sorts, has contrived to miss this species of parody in almost every instance. In the Acharnenses of our own most eminent and still deeply-lamented scholar, Peter Elmsley, the passages are of course found as they ought to be read.

culable;

culable; but, unhappily, that was far from being the case. With the keenest evident relish of female beauty and accomplishments (the latter of which were found in Athens only among the more worthless part of the sex), Euripides as evidently entertained the most profound contempt for their minds and morals, and consequently cared little for making worse what was already sufficiently bad; and if it is both surprising and afflicting to see the *philosophic* scholar of the great Socrates beating about for some mode of keeping the natural ferocity of man in order, and searching for it in * music and mixtures of harmony—Doric and Lydian, soft and austere—without ever once suspecting that the corrective was to be found in that harmony which results from the equal dignity and responsibility of the sexes, which the wiser founders of Christianity laid down as the great basis of better morals, and consequently of the improved happiness of the human race—it is far more disgusting to see the *poetical* friend of the great sage (for such, in spite of many defects, he certainly was) doing his utmost to poison the only source which might have purified the corruption of the times, and adding insult to the injustice with which the females of his country were invariably treated.

We have led the reader a long, and we fear somewhat tedious journey, to prepare him for some versions, which, after all, we may want the talent to make in any degree acceptable to him; but we would willingly persuade ourselves that in the course of these remarks some hints and suggestions may have escaped us, which will render the succeeding versions, however imperfectly executed, not altogether without their value. The Della Crusca, Rosa Matilda fashion of the first, where a florid luxuriance and dithyrambic boldness of language almost conceal from a reader that he is perusing what possesses neither meaning nor connexion, is not less marked than the tragic pomp and circumstance by which an everyday occurrence of common life is worked up into something like an event; while over both the peculiarities of Euripides are pretty thickly scattered: his affected invocations—his solemn precision of language, borrowed from the schools—the abrupt transitions and irregularities of his metres—his drawling repetitions—his use, or more properly speaking his abuse, of favourite expressions, together with his perpetual deviations from the highest language of poetry into the humblest terms of the very streets, too happy for the hearer if some little touch of blasphemy and atheism did not follow in their wake, to give them an extra pungency and effect.

* Plato de Rep., passim.

Scene

Scene—The Lower World. Persons on the Stage—PLUTO, *in a chair of state*, BACCHUS, ÆSCHYLUS, EURIPIDES; *a* FEMALE *from the humbler ranks of life, fantastically dressed as the Muse of Euripides and who keeps time to the music with a pair of castanets. The contest continued.*

ÆSCHYLUS. But his melodies now let us pass in review;
And you jade with the jingles, keep a right tat-a-too.

Sweet birds of the ocean, whose home is the billow,
And who sleep on the waves, with a white surge for pillow,
Who chatter, and dip your gladsome wings
In Nature's own everlasting springs;
Fair spiders, who hang up your nests so bright
Betwixt nether earth and heaven's own light;
There, with the shuttle of fair-hair'd morn,
Weaving on briar or cobweb'd thorn
Soft airy lays!
For there, to pipe and harpings high,
Prophetic sounds the dolphins ply;—
(Did I say that the dolphin was darksome of hue?
Holy Nature, I lied! for his colour is blue;
Or, rather, between
Bottle-blue and a green.)
And grapes were there of sweetest water,—
Grapes, the vine-tree's luscious daughter!—
Grapes, that to the careworn say,
Up, man, and make holiday!
But I turn to thee, child, so soft and meek:
Gi—gi—gi—gi—gi—gi-
Give thy arms to my neck, and thy lips to my cheek.

(ÆSCHYLUS *and the Muse of* EURIPIDES *embrace. A short pause.*)

(*Turns to* BACCHUS.) Observe me this foot (*stretches his leg at full length*); dost note it, man?

BACCHUS. Mum!

ÆSCHYLUS (*contracting his leg.*) And this other; nay, mark it.

BACCHUS. Stap my vitals, I'm dumb!

ÆSCHYLUS. Henceforth say and swear,
That the two make a pair,
As Momus once said of his finger and thumb.*
(*To* EURIPIDES.) And this is the stuff
For which you take huff,
And rate at my numbers,
As rugged and rough!
You pander, you pimp,
You devil's own imp!

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* The learned reader will perceive that we have had recourse to a long artifice to express a sneer at Euripides' furious innovations in metre, which, in the original, is effected by a single syllable.—See Hermann de Versibus Glyconeis, pp. 539, 549.

Whose

Whose metres unchaste
No woman can taste,
But straightway her honour
Sits loosely upon her.
And you to compare!—
But I've done with you there:
In the ode Monostrophic let's try how you'll fare.

Æschylus (*à la* Mathews) *hastily assimilates himself to a female in her night-dress, her hair dishevelled, and the marks of recent terror on her countenance.*

O night, night, night,
Which now art most black, and never wast bright!
Thou hast sent me a vision and dreamt me a dream,
And hell was its father, and ruin its theme!
In a stole it came clad, whose colour was dun—
(For a soul had my dream, and a soul it had none!)
But busk ye, busk ye, my bonny, bonny maids,
And my serving-men so bold!
Bring me tinder and flint, and without further hint,
Put the light to the lamp's burnish'd gold;
And dip your glad urns in the depths of the stream;
Warm lymph and lustration
May yet bring salvation,
And cleanse the foul stuff from my perilous dream.

(*A large Cock flies across the stage.*)

God of heaven and earth! now its import I see:
And must all Nature's prodigies light upon me?
Take note, wick and ward! town and hamlet, agree!
My bird of ten thousand, my page of the ear,
My herald of morning, my own chanticleer,
Is gone, gone, gone, gone!
'Tis a case plain and clear!

(*Change of Music.*) I in chamber up the stairs,
With my spindle, spindle, spindle,
Plied a busy housewife's cares;—
For men's vestments dwindle, dwindle:
(Nor should mart and daily fair
Be without their worsted ware;)
He, meantime, on lofty pinion,
Was sailing with supreme dominion
Through the azure fields of air:
But for me
What leaves he?
Griefs and fears
And falling tears,—
Falling, falling, falling, falling,
Like a wayworn donkey's ears.

But

But up, up, up, my merry, merry men,
Rise up, my Cretan chief!
And with shaft and with bow round the house circling go,
As you would round a brisket of beef.
And thou, fairest Dian, of woodlands the grace,
Bring beagle and sleuth-hound and dogs of the chase;
Come, Hecate, and arm thy red right-hand
With the link and the torch and the fiery brand!
So shall circumvallation,
And investigation,
And hot conflagration,
Assist indignation;
Till by head and by hair,
From her den and her lair,
I drag the vile trot into ambient air.'

In the old herb-woman's coterie, this description of a hen-roost robbed, and the culprit in a fair course of being handed over to the constable, (for such is the plain English of the matter,) must, no doubt, have appeared exceedingly lofty, and highly conformable to the dignity of a democracy, in which the very horses and asses, it appears, carried themselves with an air of state * and grandeur unknown to the same class of animals under governments of less pretension, kicking and striking at every person who crossed their path, and looking, we presume, what they could not utter, 'Liberty, brave quadrupeds, and independence for ever!' But it is time to close these remarks. If a nation so purely intellectual shall ever be found again, that strains like these, which, for their complete success, must have relied on the understood acuteness and previous habits of the audience, can be addressed even to the lowest classes of society, another Aristophanes, in all his singularities and peculiarities, may possibly arise; but as matters stand at present, we must be content to receive him as that which the first of Spanish poets so elegantly describes—a form of which Nature made one copy, and then broke the mould.

'Una obra sola quiso la Natura
Hacer como esta, y rompió luego apriesa
La estampa do fue hecha tal figura.'—Garcilaso.

* This sneer at the popular vanity of the most conceited people, perhaps, that ever existed (and Captain Hall's friends across the Atlantic are still alive and flourishing) is to be found in the writings of the philosopher Plato. καὶ ἵπποι καὶ ὄνοι πάνυ ἐλευθέρως καὶ σεμνῶς εἰθισμένοι πορεύεσθαι κατὰ τὰς ὁδοὺς, ἐμβάλλοντες τῷ ὠσὶ ἀπαντῶντι, ἐὰν μὴ ἐξίστηται· καὶ πᾶλλα πάντα οὕτω μεστὰ ἐλευθερίας γίγνεται.—De Republica, lib. viii., 563, C.

Art.

ART. IV.—*Practical Discourses: A Selection from the Unpublished Manuscripts of the late Ven. Thomas Townson, D.D.* London. 1829.

THE merits of Dr. Townson are not so well known as they deserve to be, and we think the admirable and venerable Bishop of Limerick (who is the editor of this volume) has done a good work in bringing them again before the public through these posthumous sermons, even were the merits of the sermons themselves, of which we shall presently speak at large, more equivocal. At the period when Dr. Townson appeared as an author, the theological arena was pretty fully occupied: Warburton had not passed off the stage, neither the host of assailants which the Divine Legation provoked, of whom Lowth was worthy to contend with that Dares of his day—Horsley, the staff of whose spear was like a weaver's beam, was wielding it against Priestley, proving, as Bishop Bull had done before him, the want of scholarship on the side of the Unitarians for the conducting of such a controversy, and the unfairness with which they laid claim to the votes of the early fathers of the church—Paley was in the ascendant, as a writer of evidences destined to eclipse every other—Powell, Balguy, and Ogden were champions of another school of theology—natural religion, in their hands, being made still further tributary to revealed; whilst Wesley and Whitfield were troubling Israel by motions altogether eccentric and beyond calculation; provoking collision, and taking their pastime in the strife. Such were the days upon which Dr. Townson fell, who enlisted himself under the banner of none of these leaders; whose even tenor appears to have been affected by no fightings from without, and whose works, as they were puffed into no ephemeral distinction, so are they likely to suffer no injury by the lapse of years. Yet the most considerable of these was not without its reward even at the time: 'The Discourses on the Gospels,' Bishop Lowth, the friend and fellow-student of Dr. Townson, pronounced to be 'a capital performance, which set every part of the subject it treated of in a more clear and convincing light than it ever appeared in before;' and the University of Oxford bore a public testimony to its worth, alike honourable to themselves and to the subject of their commendation, by conferring on the author a degree of D. D. by diploma. The value of the compliment was probably enhanced to Dr. Townson, by the channel through which it was accidentally conveyed—it was by Dr. Horne, afterwards Bishop of Norwich, a man of kindred spirit to his own; who, reading the scriptures with a lively but not an extravagant imagination, imparted his contemplations to others in a style of singular grace and beauty,

and won golden opinions to himself personally by the spectacle which his writings present of a mind perfectly at peace—*Quid purè tranquillet*, the question of the schools, might be answered by a reference to the author of the Commentary of the Psalms, if to anything :—

'And now,' says he, on sending his book into the world,—'and now could the author flatter himself that any one would take half the pleasure in reading the following exposition which he hath taken in writing it, he would not fear the loss of his labour. The employment detached him from the bustle and hurry of life, the din of politics, and the noise of folly—vanity and vexation flew away for a season—care and disquietude came not near his dwelling—he arose fresh as the morning to his task ; the silence of the night invited him to pursue it ; and he can truly say, that food and rest were not preferred before it. Every psalm improved infinitely on his acquaintance with it, and no one gave him uneasiness but the last, for then he grieved that his work was done. Happier hours than those which have been spent on these meditations of the Songs of Sion he never expects to see in this world ; very pleasantly did they pass, and moved smoothly and swiftly along ; for when thus engaged he counted no time. They are gone, but have left a relish and fragrance upon the mind, and the remembrance of them is sweet.'

Such was the Bishop of Norwich, and such, it may be also said, was Townson ; whose beautiful sermon on the Nineteenth Psalm, though written in his youth, and (what was more) at Naples, might have been the very manna that dropped from the tongue of Horne.

The sketch of his modest and unobtrusive life prefixed to his works by Archdeacon Churton, who discharged this duty (always a difficult one) to the memory of his departed friend, with admirable simplicity and good taste, has been abridged by the Bishop of Limerick, and may serve to rescue one individual, at all events, from the contempt with which certain of our own time affect to regard the capacity and acquirements of country parsons, presenting to them one portrait at least of a man of this class who was both learned and wise, but not less modest than either ; and who, when a most honourable and lucrative post in his Church was offered him by the Crown, offered him exclusively on the score of his own merits, and for no services political or polemical, had the magnanimity to decline it.

It is not our intention to go through the details of an eventful life, concluded near forty years ago. Yet, an incident or two in it may not be wholly without interest. Dr. Townson was educated at a school, which, though in itself obscure (Felsted, in Essex), numbered amongst its sons, Wallis and Barrow ; and, it may be mentioned, as one of the things which contributed to the future purity

purity of Townson's character, that his father expunged from the copies of his school classics which were put into his hands such passages as could only contaminate, at the same time enjoining him solemnly not to frustrate a father's care by indulging, on his own part, a curiosity that was culpable: a precaution this, which he ever remembered with gratitude, and recommended to the adoption of his friends. Having obtained a Fellowship at Magdalen College, Oxford, he travelled: Mr. Holdsworth, one of his companions, composed on this occasion (we are told) a journal of what he saw, with some care: he afterwards made the same tour again, when he abridged it; he went a third time, and then he burnt it—a word to the wise. On quitting college, where he lingered a few years after his return, he retired to the livings of Blithfield, in Staffordshire, and Malpas, in Cheshire, the former presented to him through Lord Bagot his pupil, the latter by Mr. Drake, his fellow-traveller. At Malpas, he had for his co-rector (the parish consisting of two medieties) the father of Bishop Heber; and the future Bishop, then a child, was a frequent visiter of his library, under the inspection, however, of the good Doctor—the boy (as it proved afterwards in the man) being somewhat ungentle in his treatment of books, and apt, when he had squeezed his orange, to neglect it. Happy would this truly Christian Gamaliel have been, if he could have foreseen how fair a character he was then, in some little degree, contributing to form! how beautiful were the feet of that boy one day to be, bringing good tidings, and publishing peace to the East! But thus it is—let us ever act so as to promote the welfare of those amongst whom we may chance to be thrown; and we may sometimes have the satisfaction to find, that we 'have entertained angels unawares.' In his church, which was one of singular beauty, (we speak of Malpas,) he was scrupulous that all things should be done decently and in order, and a handsome pair of silver chalices were one day found in it, of which it afterwards was discovered that he was the donor, inscribed with the text, 'All things come of thee, O Lord, and of thine own have we given thee.' (1 Chron. xxix. 14.)

'His manner of preaching was such, that you would pledge your soul (says his biographer) on his sincerity. You were sure he longed for nothing so fervently as your salvation; your heart glowed within you, and you went home resolved to love God above all, and your neighbour as yourself.'

In distributing Bibles and other books of piety, he would often add to their value, in the eyes of those to whom he gave them, by an autograph to some such effect as the following:—

'A present to ———, from one of those who promised for him, at

his baptism, that he should renounce the devil and the sinful lusts of the flesh; that he should believe all the articles of the Christian faith; and that he should walk in the commandments of God all the days of his life. God grant that these promises may be faithfully and religiously kept, for the comfort of him who made them, and the happiness of him for whom they were made.'

Amongst his various literary labours, Dr. Townson had composed with great diligence an exposition of the Apocalypse; he had some misgivings respecting the soundness of his foundations; he made it his special prayer, that if his system was wrong, his work might by some means or other be prevented from seeing the light; obstacle after obstacle held his hand whenever he was about to revise it for the press, and at a later period he said, in allusion to this work, 'I once thought I had it all very clearly before me, but I now suspect we know very little of the matter.' The French revolution, it seems, had fractured his theory. It was after a second tour upon the continent, made six-and-twenty years later than the first, and with the son of his former companion, that he settled down to the works on which his character as a theologian is founded, and which recommended him for the Regius Professorship to Lord North. But his leaf was now in the sere—ambition had spared him its noble infirmity; the rural duties of the pastor were those in which he delighted, and he declined the chair. His years were now numbered, symptoms of dropsy having begun to show themselves; nevertheless, on New Year's day, 1792, he was able to preach to his people on Prov. xxvii. 1. 'Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth'—a text with which he opened his ministry in that congregation, and with which, as it happened, he now closed it, for this was the last sermon he ever delivered. In his illness, which was of some continuance, he read Herbert's Country Parson, and Izaak Walton's Lives; and, as a proof of the calmness with which he contemplated his approaching dissolution, he desired his friend and curate, Mr. Bridge, in the following distich, to pray that his passage might not be long nor painful.

> Funde preces Domino, ne transitus huncce per angi-
> portum sit longus, neu mihi difficilis.

He had his prayer,—his death, like his life, proved a happy one; his eye had indeed long become dim, but, in other respects, the natural force either of his senses or faculties had not abated, and, 'without a struggle or a sigh, his heart fixed on heaven, and his look directed thither,' he breathed his last on the 15th of April, 1792. The clergy of his neighbourhood carried him to his burial; the people thronged about his grave weeping; and to this day the memory of Dr. Townson is fresh and unfading in the parish

parish of Malpas. Such honour is due unto those who are saints indeed.

Before we introduce our readers to the sermons of which the title stands at the head of our article, we are anxious to recall their attention to the principal work of our author, 'The Discourses on the Gospels,' because the subject on which it treats is one that has excited of late much learned investigation in the critical world, in the course of which the name of Dr. Townson has been almost overlooked; and because we think that it may furnish a popular answer to a popular objection against the authority of the Gospels which has been recently revived, grounded not on the differences, but on the *resemblances* to be found in them, 'both in their language and in the order and collocation of their narratives.' *

'The Discourses on the Gospels' may be regarded as at once offering a body of internal evidence for the truth of the Gospels, and a probable explanation of the agreements and differences which they severally present. Now, a principle which at one and the same time yields testimony to the authenticity of Scripture, and a solution of the difficulties which encumber it, has a double claim upon our confidence: just as we may be supposed to have a right key when it both fastens and opens the lock. Dr. Townson's theory is this—that

'The progress in planting the Christian faith was from a Church purely of the circumcision, Samaritans included, to a mixed community, and from thence to distinct churches of the Gentiles. And there is a strong presumption (he thinks) that the Gospels were published successively, as they were wanted by the churches to whose use they were immediately adapted: that St. Matthew wrote for the first; St. Mark for the second; and St. Luke for the third settlement of the faith; and that this view of things presents us with the order in which the Gospels have all along been disposed.'

Here, then, Dr. Townson takes up his position; the four Evangelists have been almost invariably placed, from the earliest times, in the order in which they now stand; the presumption, therefore, is, that such was the order in which they were originally published. Again, the progress of Christianity was this: (the history of it, as given in the Acts of the Apostles, were there no other, testifies as much:) it began with the *Jews*, who were the first Christian congregation; it proceeded to a mixed society, consisting both of *Jews* and *Gentiles*, who were the next; and it ended with a body composed of *Gentiles* chiefly or altogether. Let us, then, observe whether the historical order of the Gospels does not

* Edinburgh Review, No. cii., p. 529.—We cannot advert to this rash passage without expressing our sense of the greatly improved general tone of that journal, on religious topics, for some time past.

tally

tally with the historical progress of the cause which the Gospels advocate, deducing our argument from internal evidence only. Now, St. Matthew, as compared with St. Mark, writes as though he was living in Judea—amongst people who knew all the Jewish customs just as well as himself; who had the Temple before their eyes, and the offerings made in it; to whom the phraseology, the geography, the local peculiarities of the holy land were perfectly familiar: above all, who partook of the Jewish expectations of a Messiah, and understood the numerous prophecies which were thought to relate to him; for to these St. Matthew points far more frequently than the other Evangelists, and indeed makes it a very primary object to develop the prophetical Christ in Jesus of Nazareth. St. Mark makes much more limited demands upon his readers for knowledge of this kind; he explains where St. Matthew is silent; and accommodates (as it would seem) the narrative of the latter, in very many instances, to a different audience.

Examples are every thing: thus, in Matt. iii. 6, we read, 'And were baptised of him in Jordan;' whereas, St. Mark, i. 5, has it, 'And were baptised of him in *the river* of Jordan.' The general identity of phrase here, and in the context of the two passages, argues the one Evangelist to have consulted the other, whilst the insertion of the word *river* by the one, argues that his congregation had members in it to whom the geography of Judea was less perfectly known than to those of his colleague. In Matthew, ix. 14, we find, 'then came the disciples of John, saying, why do we and the pharisees fast oft, but thy disciples fast not?' The thing was notorious; but St. Mark, ii. 18, speaks to the uninitiated: he, therefore, supplies a preface, '*And the disciples of John and of the pharisees used to fast,*—And they came and say unto him, why do the disciples of John, and of the pharisees, fast, but thy disciples fast not?' The introduction added, the rest is the same. In the fifteenth chapter of Matthew, as compared with the seventh of Mark, there is a very remarkable instance to the same effect—'Then came to Jesus scribes and pharisees which were of Jerusalem, saying, why do thy disciples transgress the tradition of the elders, for they wash not their hands when they eat bread?' Now, look at the commentary with which St. Mark, who adopts the narrative in the main, interpolates it,—'Then came together unto him the pharisees and certain of the scribes which came from Jerusalem.—And when they saw some of his disciples eat bread with defiled (*that is to say, with unwashen*) hands, they found fault.—*For the pharisees, and all the Jews, except they wash their hands oft, eat not, holding the tradition of the elders.—And when they come from the market, except they wash, they eat not. And many other things there be, which they have received to hold, as the washing of cups, and pots, brazen vessels, and of tables.*—Then the pharisees

pharisees and scribes asked him, Why walk not thy disciples according to the tradition of the elders?' Here we see St. Matthew's text transferred, with little alteration, into St. Mark's, and a note of explanation let into it. In St. Matthew, xxi. 19, we are told, 'Jesus saw a fig-tree in the way, and he came to it, and found nothing thereon but leaves only.' St. Mark, xi. 13, adds, for the purpose of completing an expression which he thought elliptical and obscure, more especially to persons who might not know that at the passover (which was the date of this transaction) the figs in Judea were not ripe for gathering, '*for the time of figs was not yet.*' St. Matthew, viii. 8, 9, uses the word Gehenna, a word purely Jewish. St. Mark, ix. 43, 48, uses the same in the corresponding passage of his Gospel, but he annexes a paraphrastical explanation of it. St. Matthew, xv. 22, speaks of a '*Canaanitish* woman.' St. Mark, vii. 2, calls the same person a *Syrophœnician* —the former a term perfectly intelligible to the readers of the ancient Scriptures, though a term now nearly obsolete, for it occurs in only two other places in the New Testament (Acts vii. 11, and xiii. 19); and, accordingly, one who wrote at a distance from Canaan, and addressed himself to persons who might or might not be acquainted with the language of the Old Testament, substitutes for it the more popular word Syro-phœnician. Nay, sometimes even a slight grammatical emendation may be thought to betray the order in which the two Evangelists wrote, and the ηγερθη απο των νεκρων of St. Matthew, xiv. 2, is written by St. Mark εκ νεκρων ηγερθη, vi. 14; the preposition in the latter case being less ambiguous in its meaning. And again, St. Matthew's sentence, 'but are as the Angels of God in heaven,' xxii. 30, is expressed with a similar regard to precision by St. Mark, xii. 25, 'but are as the Angels *who are* in heaven.'

By these, and other instances of the same kind, we seem justified in the conclusion that St. Mark wrote after St. Matthew, seeing that he often completes, explains, and developes the narrative of St. Matthew; but, if after him, then is it probable that the congregation which required this new Gospel would not be made up of Jews only, for the Christian faith soon extended to Gentiles too; and, accordingly, with the internal evidence of its being posterior in time to the Gospel of St. Matthew, comes also the internal evidence that it was addressed to Gentiles as well as Jews. The parallel which has been already run, between certain passages in St. Matthew and St. Mark, whilst it establishes one of these points, establishes the other also; for the changes to which texts in St. Matthew are subjected, when they re-appear in St. Mark, are of a kind to show no less that he made them in accommodation to the Gentiles than that he wrote after St. Matthew. But if more

proof

proof of the *mixed* character of the converts, for whom St. Mark wrote, were demanded, more might be supplied. For instance, that a portion of those whom he addressed were *Jews*, may be argued from his recording at so much length the reproofs which our Lord directed against the characteristic vices of the pharisees,—vii. 3—13; the nature of the marriage union, and the manner in which the Mosaical law of divorce had been abused,—x. 2, 12; the decision of the question touching the comparative importance of the commandments, which was the greatest, the doubt being altogether judaical—some Jews holding sacrifice, others circumcision, a third party the observance of the Sabbath, to be the greatest—xi. 12, 14; the caution against false Christs, a caution of which the Jews stood chiefly in need, they being in expectation of a temporal Messiah, and of which events proved that they stood in need,—xiii. 6, 21, 23;—not so, perhaps, the Gentiles.

On the other hand, that amongst those for whom St. Mark wrote there were *heathens*, nay more, heathens who did not live in Judea, and to whom the Jewish customs and language were imperfectly known, (heathens of *Rome*, as it should seem, and as ecclesiastical authority asserts,) is no less plain from other passages,—'*Go not into the way of the Gentiles*, and into any city of the Samaritans enter ye not; but go rather to the lost sheep of the house of Israel;' is a part of the charge which our Lord gives to his disciples, as reported by St. Matthew, x. 5, 6. St. Mark, vi. 7, 11, who relates many of the particulars of this address, omits this one; and so does St. Luke, ix. 3, 5; both probably for the same reason, a desire not to give needless offence to the Gentiles, by recording a clause in the instructions affecting them which had been since withdrawn. Interpretations annexed by St. Mark, to words of common occurrence amongst Jews, are evidently intended for strangers,—'Boanerges, *which is*, The sons of thunder,'—iii. 17; 'Corban, *that is to say*, a gift,'—vii. 11; 'Ephphatha, *that is*, Be opened,'—vii. 34; 'two lepta (mites), *which make* a quadrans (farthing),'—xii. 42: here it is further remarkable that a Greek coin is explained by a *Latin* equivalent; 'the soldiers led him away into the hall, *that is* (ὁ εστι), the prætorium,'—xv. 16—where again the Greek word is turned by the Latin; 'The centurion,' (ὁ κεντυριων),—xv. 39—again a Latin word; in the parallel passage of St. Matthew, xxvii. 54, and of St. Luke, xxiii. 47, the same officer is expressed by a Greek term (ἑκατονταρχος); 'The preparation, *that is*, the day before the Sabbath,' xv. 42; though the preparation was a common name amongst the Jews for Friday. Moreover, St. Mark speaks of Simon as the father of Alexander and *Rufus*, xv. 21, as though this hint was sufficient to designate the individual to

to those for whom he wrote. Now, Rufus was a distinguished *Roman* convert, of whom St. Paul speaks (Rom. xvi. 13); and if this be the same Rufus, the circumstance still points to Romans as members of St. Mark's congregation.

Thus there is reason to think from internal evidence that St. Mark wrote at a period *later* than St. Matthew, and from the same evidence there is again reason to think that he wrote for a *mixed* assembly, consisting both of Jews and Gentiles. Now, these two inductions are remarkably consistent, the later date of the Gospel agreeing with the greater diffusion of Christianity; either conclusion corroborates the other, and both minister to the credibility of the Scriptures.

A similar comparison of St. Mark with St. Luke affords similar ground for arguing the priority in point of time of the former Evangelist. Thus, St. Mark tells us that, 'as Jesus sat at meat in *his* house, many publicans and sinners sat also together with Jesus, and his disciples,'—ii. 15. As this occurs immediately after the call of Levi, it is reasonable to suppose that the house of Levi was here meant; the passage, however, is not so worded as to determine this with certainty; accordingly St. Luke comes after St. Mark, and puts the matter out of all doubt, 'and Levi made him a great feast in *his own* house,' v. 29. Sometimes, when the sentence is on the whole all but identical in these two writers, there is an improved collocation of some member in it, which indicates St. Luke's hand to have been the later of the two. Thus, St. Mark, ii. 25, 26, 'And he said unto them, have ye never read what David did when he had need, and was an hungered, he and they that were with him? How he went into the house of God, in the days of Abiathar the high priest, and did eat the shew-bread (which is not lawful to eat but for the priest) and gave also to them that were with him.' St. Luke, vi. 3, 4, inverts the last two clauses, and avoids the parenthesis, reading, 'how he went into the house of God, and did take and eat, and gave also to them that were with him, the shew-bread, which is not lawful to eat but for the Priests alone.' In the two accounts of the miracle performed on the daughter of Jairus, that of St. Luke, though agreeing in great part to the letter with that of St. Mark, is still the more complete: 'As soon as Jesus heard the word that was spoken, he saith unto the rulers of the synagogue, fear not, only believe. *And he suffered no man to follow him save Peter, James, and John the brother of James.* And he cometh to the house of the ruler of the synagogue.' So speaks St. Mark, v. 36. 38. But the multitude had 'thronged' Jesus just before; did he disengage himself from them in the high road, and gather to him his three attendants without an effort? 'But

'But when Jesus heard it, he answered him, saying, fear not, only believe, and she shall be made whole. *And when he came into the house he suffered no man to go in,* save Peter, and James, and John, and the father and the mother of the maiden.' So speaks St. Luke, viii. 50, 51, who clears the case up by informing us that the throng was escaped at the house-door, which was closed against the ingress of all but those whom Jesus selected. In the scene of the widow at the treasury, St. Mark writes, 'for all they have cast in of their abundance, but she of her want hath cast in all that she had, her whole living,'—xii. 44. St. Luke, nearly in the same words, but with one small supplement, 'for all these have cast in of their abundance unto the *offerings of God,* but she of her want hath cast in all the living that she had,'—xxi. 4; the addition is not an idle one, especially when Gentiles were to be readers, and as St. Mark had such amongst those for whom he wrote, such an addition would not have been ill bestowed even by him. Whilst, therefore, the general similarity of the two passages indicates that the one Evangelist must have seen the other, the addition of a word of explanation by St. Luke, which would have been equally in its place in the text of either party, argues St. Luke to have been the later writer of the two. St. Luke might have added the clause, but St. Mark would scarcely have expunged it. The details of the mockery of our Lord, immediately before his crucifixion, present another argument for the priority of St. Mark's Gospel. St. Matthew had represented the scoffers as saying, 'Prophesy unto us, thou Christ, who is he that smote thee,'—xxvi. 68; but he makes no mention of the blindfolding. St. Mark says, that 'they covered his face and bade him prophesy,'—xiv. 65; but he fails to tell what was to be the subject of his prophecy. Accordingly St. Luke profits by the examples of both, and with St. Mark tells of the blindfolding, and with St. Matthew, of the prophecy and its objects: 'And the men that held Jesus mocked him and smote him. And when they had *covered* him, they struck him on the face, and asked him, saying, *Prophesy* who is he that *smote* thee,'—xxii. 63, 64. The other arguments we shall mention for the priority of St. Mark's Gospel, are such as turn upon points of grammar and construction. The force of these (which is considerable) can only be perceived in the original, and we are sorry for it, it being our object to treat this question in a manner rather popular than scholastic.

Mark xii. 38—40.	Luke xx. 46, 47.
Βλεπετε απο των	Προσεχετε απο των
γραμματεων, των θελοντων	γραμματεων, των θελοντων
εν στολαις περιπατειν,	περιπατειν εν στολαις,
και ασπασμους	και φιλουντων ασπασμους
εν ταις αγοραις,	εν ταις αγοραις,

και

και πρωτοκαθεδριας εν	και πρωτοκαθεδριας εν
ταις συναγωγαις, και	ταις συναγωγαις, και
πρωτοκλισιας εν τοις δειπνοις·	πρωτοκλισιας εν τοις δειπνοις·
οι κατεσθιοντες τας οικιας	οι κατεσθιουσι τας οικιας
των χηρων, και προφασει μακρα	των χηρων, και προφασει μακρα
προσευχομενοι, ουτοι ληψονται	προσευχονται, ουτοι ληψονται
περισσοτερον κριμα.	περισσοτερον κριμα.

Here it is seen, that the latter end of St. Mark's sentence, grammatically speaking, forgets the beginning; των θελοντων, in the first clause, requiring to be followed up by των κατεσθιοντων and προσευχομενων in the last clauses. Accordingly St. Luke, who deviates but very little from St. Mark throughout the whole passage, does deviate from him in this, and corrects the syntax in a manner the most natural and easy, writing οι κατεσθιουσι and προσευχονται—

Mark viii. 36.	Luke ix. 25.
και ζημιωθη την ψυχην αυτου.	εαυτον δε απολεσας, η ζημιωθεις.
xii. 20.	xx. 28.
ουκ αφηκε σπερμα.	απεθανεν ατεκνως.

In these, and in other instances which might be mentioned, St. Luke shows himself anxious to avoid the Hebraisms of his predecessor. Moreover, in the arrangement of his facts it is found, that St. Luke agrees with St. Mark in a manner which could not be accidental, and which differs from St. Matthew.

But as years rolled on after the ascension of our Lord, the church waxed more and more gentile in its members; and agreeably to this, whilst, as before, by internal evidence we determine St. Luke to have written after St. Mark, by internal evidence we determine him to have written chiefly, if not altogether, for a Gentile community. Thus, whilst St. Matthew traces up the genealogy of our Lord to David, St. Luke goes on to Adam, the one being the Evangelist of the Jews, the other of all mankind. St. Luke marks the date of the Saviour's birth and of John's preaching by the reigns of Roman emperors; he speaks with peculiar accuracy and frequency of the ejection of unclean spirits, the gods of the heathens; he purposely waives an appeal to the Jewish law, where another Evangelist has introduced it, (compare Luke vi. 31, and Matt. vii. 12; Luke xi. 42, and Matt. xxiii. 23;) he sinks in his narrative circumstances which would have no interest for the Gentiles; St. Matthew, for instance, tells us, that Jesus predicted the fall of Jerusalem, 'as he sat upon the Mount of Olives,' xxiv. 3, 4, St. Mark, 'as he sat over against the Temple,' xiii. 3, 4; whereas, St. Luke gives the prophecy, and with that contents himself, xxi. 7, 8. He adapts his phraseology to Gentile conceptions, and whilst St. Matthew

Matthew much more frequently talks of what Moses *said*, or of 'that which was *spoken* unto you by God,' forms perfectly understood by the Jews, as implying quotations from the Old Testament, St. Luke, though not renouncing the former expression, favours rather what is *written* in the law, what is '*written* in the book,' a distinction which we may observe well exemplified on one occasion in the language of St. Paul, for to Felix the *Roman* governor he speaks of himself as 'believing all things which are *written* in the law and the prophets,' Acts xxiv. 14; to King Agrippa, 'a man expert in all customs and questions which were among the *Jews*,' as 'saying none other things than those which the Prophets and Moses *did say* should come,' Acts xxvi. 22. He explains what to Jews, or to those who held much intercourse with Jews, would need no explanation, 'the feast of unleavened bread, *which is called the passover*,' xxii. 1; 'a Mount, *which is called* the Mount of Olives,' xxi. 37; 'Capernaum, *a city of the Jews*,' iv. 31; 'Nazareth, a *city of Galilee*,' i. 26; 'Arimathea, *a city of the Jews*,' xxiii. 51: 'the country of the Gardarenes, *which is over against Galilee*,' viii. 26; 'Emmaus, *which was from Jerusalem about threescore furlongs*,' (σταδιους εξηκοντα,) xxiv. 13. He gives *Greek* the precedence, 'in letters of Greek, and Latin, and Hebrew;' whereas St. John (who is the only one of the Evangelists besides that here enumerates the languages) says, 'in *Hebrew*, and Greek, and Latin.'

Of St. John's Gospel it may not be thought necessary to speak so much at large. It has very little in common with the other Evangelists, but is composed with a very manifest reference to them. He takes for granted that incidents which they have related are known; and makes no mention of the circumstances of Christ's birth, baptism, temptation, or transfiguration; none of the call of the apostles, or of their names; none of the institution of the Lord's Supper; many of the most important particulars of the trial and crucifixion he omits, whilst, on the other hand, many of a secondary importance he details in a manner to show that he was thoroughly familiar with all: the miracles he does not dwell upon; of five only he speaks at length, feeling that the world was already in possession of authentic accounts of them. In some instances, the allusion to his predecessors is marked; he tells us, that as Jesus returned home from Jerusalem through Judea, he tarried to baptise, and that John also was sojourning at Œnon near to Salem for the same purpose, 'for John,' it is added, 'was not as yet cast into prison,' iii. 22: but who had said a word respecting any imprisonment of John? not the Evangelist who records this; he well knew, however, that others had spoken of it, and, therefore, he introduces this remark to obviate any possible objection

tion that his narrative was inconsistent with theirs. Again, in speaking of Martha and Mary, xi. 1, he breaks off, and, in a parenthesis, observes, 'it was that Mary who anointed the Lord with ointment and wiped his feet with her hair;' yet he had not communicated a syllable about this transaction in any previous passage, though others, he was aware, had. St. John therefore clearly considers himself as furnishing a supplement to the well-known labours of those who had already occupied the same field—a supplement which the heresies of the times (for already had the mystery of iniquity begun to work) rendered necessary. Now the appearance of such divisions in the church indicates Christianity to have been then of a certain standing, and coincides very singularly with several incidental expressions in this Gospel which argue its late date. Thus St. John, in speaking of the Passover, calls it 'the Passover *of the Jews*,' to distinguish it, no doubt, from the Christian Passover, which it should seem was then of consideration enough to require some distinction in the terms, ii. 13. So, the lake which St. Matthew and St. Mark call the 'Sea of Galilee,' St. John calls the 'Sea of Tiberias,' vi. 1., xxi. 1, the new name derived from the town which Herod the Tetrarch had built in honour of Tiberius, having by this time superseded the use of the old one.—'This spake he, signifying by what death he (Peter) should glorify God,' xxi. 19, is another passage to our present purpose; for it carries along with it evidence that it was written after the martyrdom of St. Peter, and he was an old man when he suffered, v. 18. Moreover, the comment which St. John makes upon an expression of Christ relating to his own end, leads to the same conclusion. 'Yet Jesus said not unto him, he shall not die; but if I will that he tarry *till I come*, what is that to thee?' xxi. 22. Here, whilst he denies that Jesus said he should not die, he admits that he said he should live till He came; and this distinction he takes as though it would be felt to vindicate the good faith of his master, and correct the mistake of the brethren. And how?—It does it by the figure aposiopesis. St. John is conscious that the 'coming of Christ' was then acknowledged to be the destruction of Jerusalem, which had already fallen out when he wrote, and which therefore, according to the prophecy, he had lived to see.

Thus do we find in this Gospel, as in the others, internal evidence of its truth, arising out of a coincidence between its date, which is discovered to be late, and the condition of the church at the time, which is discovered to be heretical. We are well aware that this scheme has its difficulties (indeed no solution of the phenomena presented by a comparison of the diction and matter of the four Gospels, which has yet been attempted, is without difficulties); they are in general, however, such as appear to us rather of a negative

negative than of a positive character, resting not so much upon our knowledge as upon our want of it;—that if, for instance, successive Evangelists had made use of their predecessors' writings, we might expect to discover the principle by which they regulated themselves in the use; nevertheless that this we cannot always do; that sometimes it seems to be on the principle of an epitome, sometimes of a supplement, sometimes again of neither one nor other, but to be a matter, humanly speaking, of mere arbitrary choice. Still we do not throw up a theory which has so much to plead for it, in despair, because we cannot, even with its help, unravel the thousand motives, little and great, which determined men who wrote near eighteen hundred years ago, to this line or that, in every instance. Neither shall we stay to discuss how the original language in which St. Matthew composed (Aramaic or Greek) bears upon this question, nor how the preface of St. Luke; either of them matters which do bear upon it no doubt, though not in a manner, as far as we can perceive, hostile or, at least, fatal to Dr. Townson's theory. But one objection which has been advanced against this scheme, and all others of its kind, is too specious to be passed over in silence.

It is said that we have proved too much; that in thus accounting for the resemblances among the several Evangelists we injure them as independent witnesses. This, however, we deny; and we are the more solicitous to make the grounds of our denial good, because here, undoubtedly, is the weak part of Dr. Townson's Essay. That they successively wrote their Gospels, each his own, without any knowledge of the previous history of the other, and yet fell into whole pages of almost verbal agreement, is an untenable opinion; nothing less than a continued miracle, such as that conveyed in the exploded tale of the writers of the Septuagint, being enough to explain such a phenomenon; unless indeed we have recourse to an original document from which they all drew, a supposition which makes more knots than it unties. But the same scrutiny into the Evangelists, which determines that they did not shut their eyes to one another's labours, determines, too, that each wrote from a knowledge of his own, notwithstanding. The variations of the several Gospels; the matter introduced into one or other above the rest; the explanations occasionally annexed; above all, the undesigned coincidences which may be detected on a comparison of them with one another, or with writers nearly contemporary,—sufficiently testify that though the witnesses have been admitted to converse together, and have availed themselves of their intercourse, they will still bear cross-examination and confronting, because each has a separate knowledge of the facts he attests, and is not the mere echo of his companion.

St.

St. Matthew we may let pass; he was a principal in the events he relates, and his narrative gives ample proof of it. But what have we to say of St. Mark? Whether this Evangelist was indebted to St. Peter for his information, as history directly asserts, and as his Gospel incidentally confirms, or to any other source, certain it is that his writings betray, by many minute particulars, the eye-witness: 'the pillow in the hinder part of the ship,' on which Jesus was asleep, iv. 38; 'the *green* grass' on which the multitude sat down, vi. 39; the 'rising of blind Bartimeus, and the casting away of his garments,' when our Lord met him, x. 50; the 'ruler of the synagogue, Jairus by name,' instead of the indefinite 'certain ruler' of St. Matthew, v. 22; the exception of 'one loaf' which the disciples had with them, viii. 14, where St. Matthew states generally that they had forgot to take bread, xvi. 5; 'the colt tied by the door without, in a place where two roads met,' xi. 4; the peculiar crime for which Barabbas was in prison, where St. Matthew contents himself with describing him as 'a notable prisoner,' xv. 7; the quality of Joseph of Arimathea as an 'honourable counsellor,' whom St. Matthew designates merely as a 'rich man,' xv. 43—45; the occasional preservation of the precise words uttered by our Lord, such as Talitha kumi, Ephphatha, v. 41, and vii. 34; in these, and in other instances of a similar kind, there is a liveliness of description that determines the writer or his informant to have been also the spectator.

In like manner St. Luke, who, whether from St. Paul or from personal observation, or both, 'had perfect knowledge of all things from the very first,' gives token enough that his acquaintance with the circumstances of our Saviour's history was intimate and independent: the minute particulars of the conduct of Martha and Mary at the village-feast, x. 38, 42; the sudden exclamation of the woman in the company who had heard Jesus speak, xi. 27; the news incidentally brought to him of the murder of the Galileans, and the immediate reflection our Lord makes upon it, xiii. 1; the small stature of Zaccheus, and the expedient to which he had recourse in consequence, xix. 3; the number of swords among the attendants of Jesus, xxii. 38; the rebuke which one of the thieves cast in the other's teeth, xxiii. 32; the broiled fish and honeycomb which were offered to Jesus after the resurrection, xxiv. 42; these are all particulars of a class and character which bespeak the narrator's possession both of accurate and original information. The same may be predicated of St. John, and be still more easily proved. But this is not all.

The *independence* of the Evangelists as witnesses of the facts they attest, is further apparent from points of casual agreement, the very nature of which must satisfy the most suspicious critic that

that it does not and cannot come of collusion amongst the parties: the incidents on which the observation is founded are such as surprise us, by the artless manner in which they lock into one another, like the parts and counterparts of a cloven tally. St. Matthew, for instance, introduces us to a scene which represents 'James, the son of Zebedee, and John, his brother, in a ship with Zebedee, their father, *mending their nets*,' iv. Not a word is said of any accident having happened to the nets which furnished this employment to James and John. But let us turn to the fifth chapter of St. Luke, where the events of the same place, the same day, and the same people are related, and we learn that the Lord having bade Simon let down the net, he and his companions did so, and 'they inclosed a great multitude of fishes, and *their net brake*.' Here, therefore, the Evangelists, each telling his own tale in his own way, without any studied reference to his colleague, complete one another's narrative and confirm one another's veracity. Or again—'When *the even was come*,' says St. Matthew, viii. 16, 'they brought unto him many that were possessed of devils, and he cast out the spirits with his word, and healed all that were sick.' Now why did they bring the sick and the possessed to Jesus when *the even was come*, and not before? Let us suppose that St. Matthew's Gospel had chanced to be the only one that had descended to us; in that case the value of these few words, 'when the even was come,' would have been quite overlooked as affording an argument for the truth of the story; nor could it have been conjectured what thought was influencing St. Matthew's mind at the moment when he let them drop. But, on the other hand, let us suppose that we had been long in possession of the three other Gospels, and that this of St. Matthew had just been decyphered among the Ambrosian manuscripts, and that, on comparing this passage with the corresponding one in St. Mark, i. 21, 29, it was perceived that the latter actually assigns this influx of diseased and demoniacal persons to the transactions of 'a *Sabbath-day*, after Jesus was come out of the synagogue;' and that, on referring to another place, Luke xiv. 3, we found that it was reputed unlawful amongst the Jews to 'heal on the Sabbath-day,' and that the Sabbath was not over till 'the even was come.' After this would not a new light strike upon us, and a conviction that this Gospel, in saying 'when *the even was come* they brought unto Him all that were possessed with devils,' was telling the truth; and that truth was the more manifestly stamped upon it by the artless manner in which this fact was announced, and the entire absence of all explanation touching the day of the week, and the prejudice relating to it? We are not concerned about the perfect intelligibility of this passage in St. Matthew—its meaning is obvious, and it would

would be a waste of words to offer what we have done by way of commentary; all that we have been anxious for is this, to point out the *undesigned* elucidation which one Evangelist receives from the other, and thence to infer the independence of the testimony of either. To take another case:—'At that time,' says St. Matthew, 'Herod the Tetrarch heard of the fame of Jesus, and said unto his *servants*, This is John the Baptist,' xiv. 1, 2. Now St. Luke, who speaks of this same incident, ix. 7, says nothing about the servants as being the persons to whom Herod communicated his suspicions; but, in another place, he, and he only of the Evangelists, tells us of at least one servant of this same Herod having a disciple of Christ for his wife—Joanna, the wife of Chuza, *Herod's steward*, being one of those who ministered unto him, viii. 3, a circumstance which certainly corroborates St. Matthew's assertion that Herod communicated with his *servants* touching the character of Jesus, some of them being better informed on the subject than himself. Here there is at once a correspondence between two witnesses which argues their knowledge of one another; yet withal such facts separately stated by either, as argue their knowledge of the matters they wrote about to be independent of one another.

Or, to put the question of the *independence* of their testimony to another proof:—St. John mentions many incidents with regard to the crucifixion, in common with the other Evangelists, and there is every reason to think (as we have already said), from the tenor of his whole Gospel, that he had seen the Gospels of his predecessors; but he, and he only, speaks of Pilate 'sitting down in the judgment-seat, in a place that was called the *Pavement*,' (Λιθοστρωτον). Let us try this supplemental fact by another test, that of coincidence, not with any other Evangelist, but with something near contemporary history—with Josephus. Pilate comes out of his own hall to his judgment-seat on the *Pavement:* this is St. John's assertion. The hall and the pavement were therefore, according to him, near or contiguous. Now let us turn to the Jewish historian:—'The city was strengthened by the palace in which he (Herod) dwelt, and the temple by the fortifications attached to the bastion called Antonia,' (Antiq. xv. c. viii. § 5.) Hence we conclude that the Temple was near the castle of Antonia. 'On the western side of the court (of the Temple) were four gates, one looking to the *palace*,' (Antiq. xv. c. xi. § 5.) Hence we conclude that the temple was near the *palace* of Herod; therefore it follows that the palace was near the castle of Antonia. But if Pilate's hall was a part of this palace, as it was, (for there, Philo tells us, what indeed we might have guessed, was the residence of the Roman governor when he was at Jerusalem,)

then Pilate's hall was near the castle of Antonia. Here let us pause a moment and direct our attention to a passage in the Jewish War, vi. c. i. § 8, where Josephus records the prowess of a centurion in the Roman army, Julianus by name, in an assault upon Jerusalem.

'This man had posted himself near Titus, at the Castle of Antonia, when, observing that the Romans were giving way, and defending themselves but indifferently, he rushed forward and drove back the victorious Jews to the corner of the inner Temple, single-handed,—for the whole multitude fled before him, scarce believing such strength and spirit to belong to a mortal,—but he, dashing through the crowd, smote them on every side, as many as he could lay hands upon. It was a sight which struck Cæsar with astonishment, and seemed terrific to all. But his fate overtook him, as how could it be otherwise, unless he had been more than man,—for having many sharp nails in his shoes, after the soldiers' fashion, he slipped as he was running upon the *Pavement* (κατα λιθοστρωτον) and fell upon his back; the clatter of his arms causing the fugitives to turn about. And now a cry was set up by the Romans in the Castle of *Antonia*, who were in alarm for the man.'

From this passage it seems that *a pavement* was near the castle of Antonia; but we have already seen that the castle of Antonia was near Pilate's hall, therefore this pavement was near Pilate's hall. This then is proved from Josephus, though very circuitously, which is not the worse, that very near Pilate's residence a pavement (λιθοστρωτος) there was; that it gave its name to that spot is not proved, yet nothing can be more probable than that it did; and consequently, nothing more probable than that St. John is speaking with truth and accuracy when he makes Pilate bring Jesus forth and sit down in his judgment-seat in a place called the Pavement. Thus does the narrative of St. John, in this particular, stand the trial we proposed.

It would be most easy to multiply instances of this kind, the last of which is taken from Professor Hug's Introduction to the Writings of the New Testament, a work which has supplied us with several other hints already embodied in this article; and which, though not free from very serious objection, must be allowed to contain a vast deal of curious and interesting matter. Enough, however, has been advanced to show the nature of Dr. Townson's argument, and the value of it; and that if we admit certain appearances in the Gospels to be inexplicable, perhaps, without some communication amongst their several authors, there are other appearances no less inexplicable without an independent knowledge of their subject on the part of each.

Now, whilst this theory accounts in a great degree both for the resemblances

resemblances and differences of the evangelists, it seems to leave the question of inspiration untouched. In the *prophetical* parts of scripture, it is clear to demonstration, that the Spirit of God supplied to successive individuals an intimate knowledge of his will with respect to *future events*—yet those individuals availed themselves of the writings of their predecessors notwithstanding; and we see no greater reason for doubting the inspiration of the Evangelists because they did so, than for doubting the inspiration of Isaiah because he sometimes adopts the language of David; or that of Jeremiah, because he does the same by Isaiah. Nor in the principle of *accommodation* (where there is no compromise) do we find any stumbling-block in our way. The gift of tongues was doubtless a *spiritual* gift; but once imparted, it was as much subject to the discretion of the parties in the application of it, as if it had been learned by grammar and dictionary; and accordingly, by some it was used, and by some (as we read) it was abused; it was used when the speaker *accommodated* his language to the audience he addressed; when he spoke Greek to the Grecian, and Arabic to the Arabian;—and it was abused when he addressed the latter in the language of Greece, and the former in that of Arabia, not caring, through vain glory, though he should be a barbarian to them, and they barbarians to him. In like manner the Spirit influenced the *matter* which the Apostle delivered, as he influenced his *language;* but he did not in this case, any more than in the other, suspend the exercise of his own common sense, which would naturally dictate an *accommodation* (not a compromise) of that matter to the character and wants of those to whom he submitted it; nor in a Gospel, for instance, meant exclusively for gentile converts, insist upon his dwelling emphatically upon Jewish privilege (however strong expressions to that effect might have been recorded with perfect truth, as having fallen from the lips of our Lord); nor in a Gospel meant for Jews, require him to omit the correctives specially administered to Jewish corruption. In all these instances, 'the spirits of the prophets,' as St. Paul expressly tells us, 'were subject to the prophets.'—1 Cor. xiv. 32.

Meanwhile this cannot fail to strike us, that in the case of the Apostles, both in their *hearts* and in their *understandings*, (the two provinces for the operation of the Spirit of God,) we observe them presenting a very singular contrast to themselves, when contemplated before the crucifixion, and shortly after it;—such a contrast as requires to be accounted for, and does coincide in a very remarkable manner with the supposition that an extraordinary illapse of the Holy Spirit had occurred to them in the interval, which enabled them to brave dangers from which they had before

shrunk, and to understand scriptures to which their eyes had been before blinded. This same Spirit, therefore, it is reasonable to believe, did not desert them in the composition of those writings which they have left us, but guided them into all truth.

The precise mode, indeed, in which the Spirit influenced the holy men of old, we do not pretend to determine; in this, as in almost any other investigation, it is an extremely easy matter to puzzle ourselves, or for others to puzzle us, if we will go far enough—if we will not 'know to know no more.' A special pleader may confound a perfectly veracious witness, but the jury sees the man all the while to be a true man; and, without troubling themselves to unite the hairs which the other has split, accepts the testimony and forgets the logic. The precise mode in which inspiration directed the Apostles may be unintelligible; so is the precise mode in which instinct directs the swallow. The poor bird, however, does not meanwhile set himself down on the house-top and argue himself into a distrust of the principle, whatever it is, till winter cuts off his speculations and his life together, but prunes his wing, and commits himself to its guidance, nothing doubting, and finds it land him at last, tempest-tost perhaps, on a soil where his foot can rest, and in a clime where he can bathe himself in the genial breeze.

We have tarried so long upon the threshold of the more immediate subject of our review, that we shall be constrained to speak of it somewhat briefly. We must premise, as an act of justice to the modesty of Dr. Townson, and not assuredly because any propitiation is wanted for the reader, that these sermons were not written or prepared by their author for publication; and that when Archdeacon Churton pressed him, a few days before his death, for permission to give them to the world, he did not consent. The prohibition was not peremptory; it sufficed, however, to suppress them for nearly forty years; and to the zeal and sound discretion of the Bishop of Limerick, who had long cherished a wish that Dr. Townson's posthumous papers might be brought to the light—and who, by an accidental acquaintance and subsequent intimacy with their custodee, Archdeacon Churton, had the opportunity of expressing and urging his desire in the proper quarter, we are now indebted for the possession of them. They will be found to place Dr. Townson, if not in the very foremost rank of sermon writers of his own generation, or of that which immediately preceded him, still in a very honourable position amongst them. It is no disparagement to him to say that he had not perhaps the acuteness or the depth of Sherlock—a reasoner, indeed, of the very first order—too severe to be very often imaginative, but occasionally kindling into uncommon eloquence, and always

always wielding his own language with the hand of a master;—that, in ecclesiastical learning he must yield to Waterland—few indeed having had the command of such magazines of controversial knowledge as were possessed by that champion of orthodoxy;—that he could not shake the capitol with the fulminations of a Warburton, nor leave his hearers in doubt whether the intrepidity with which he proposed a paradox, or the ingenuity with which he supported it, were the more extraordinary;—that he had not that force of genius which drove Horsley forth in search of 'hard sayings,' determined to find a way, if there was one; or to make one, if there was not;—that he had not the pith and point of a Paley, nor that practical knowledge of mankind, or of the laws of popular ratiocination which are so remarkable in all the sermons of that home-spun philosopher and divine. But, in truth, the powers of Dr. Townson are scarcely perceived in the meekness with which he wears them. His happy expositions of scripture, both of the text and of the scheme, may be very readily overlooked through the unostentatious form in which they are presented to us. It often requires a considerable familiarity with topics of divinity to estimate him at his real worth, to give him the honour which is his due, to be properly aware of the dexterity with which he steers through an intricacy, or the aptness with which he applies an explanatory text, or the sagacity with which he illustrates a doctrine:

> 'All men may try and think to write as well,
> And not without much pains be undeceived.'

Then, his style contributes to this want of striking effect—especially in these days when style is so often meretricious; or, as Sir Hugh Evans would say, 'is affectations.' There is no ambition in it—no attempt to shine; it is such pure undefiled English as would have passed from the pen of Addison; terse it is, no doubt, but the labour of the file does not appear. It is ever under the influence of a taste the most chastened and sober, such as checks all extravagance, whether of fancy or expression, forbids all clashing of discordant metaphors, tolerates no antithesis, discards every idle word, and, in short, racks off so much of that which goes by the name of fine writing, as would leave to authors of a different order from Dr. Townson a miserable *caput mortuum* indeed. What does remain, we will express in the language and under the authority of the Right Rev. Editor:—'For himself, he can truly say, that more just thought, more sound theology, and more genuine piety, embodied in so short a space, and so unencumbered with needless words, it has not been his fortune to meet with in any production of modern times.'

Before we close our paper, we will extract a few passages for the

the satisfaction of our readers; not, however, such as are to be accounted *purpurei panni*, for it is quite characteristic of these sermons to be exempt from all splendid paragraphs. The following is, we think, a picture very finely conceived and expressed. It is in the 25th Sermon, on the raising of Lazarus :—

'But when he advanced to the grave, and was now upon the point of commanding the dead man to come forth, St. John tells us, he groaned again in himself. We may here imagine, that his thoughtful mind was struck with the impression of a deeper concern, than what arose from the sorrow of those around him: looking forward, from the resurrection of Lazarus to that hour, when all that are in their graves shall hear the voice of the Son of God, and shall come forth, they that have done good to the resurrection of life, and they that have done evil to the resurrection of damnation.—The mind of our Lord, looking forward to that hour, would naturally forecast in thought, how many should then come forth unto the resurrection of damnation; among whom, it is to be feared, some of that very company, for their hard and impenitent hearts, would be numbered. And he, who had such tender compassion for us, that he died to save us from this second death, must then have felt a deeper sorrow working within him, when, after having groaned in spirit and wept, on coming to the grave, he again groaned in himself.

'Having thus seen our Lord affected according to the principles of his human nature; we next behold him acting according to the power of the divine: when, after a short prayer addressed to his Heavenly Father, he cried, with a loud voice, "Lazarus, come forth!" and he that was dead came forth. He, whose hands were bound to his sides; whose feet were closed together, in the grave-clothes wrapped round them, arose in the cave where he lay, and at his call came forth. He who, after a course of sickness, had been dead four days, in which time his body, in that hot climate, must naturally have seen corruption; he lived and came forth, with an immediate and full return of vigour in his limbs; and, as appeared to the wondering beholders, so soon as the napkin that bound his face could be removed, with health in his countenance'.—p. 330.

There is occasionally great poetical beauty in Dr. Townson's illustrations. In Sermon XX., he has occasion to speak of that foretaste of greater joy which it is permitted the good man to experience as he approaches the end of his earthly pilgrimage, and a better country begins to open upon him. He may here have contemplated a well-known passage in the *Paradise Lost*, though another, in Bishop Ken (which the Bishop of Limerick gives, as he also does the former, in a note), is a still more striking coincidence—

'The merchant, who towards spicy regions sails,
Smells their perfume far off in adverse gales;
With blasts which thus against the faithful blow,
Fresh odorous breathings of God's goodness flow.'

The

The same thought is thus expressed by Dr. Townson—

'We read that in certain climates of the world the gales that spring from the land carry a refreshing smell out to sea; and assure the watchful pilot that he is approaching to a desirable and fruitful coast, when as yet he cannot discern it with his eyes. And, to take up, once more, the comparison of life to a voyage, in like manner it fares with those who have steadily and religiously pursued the course which heaven pointed out to them. We shall sometimes find, by their conversation, towards the end of their days, that they are filled with hope, and peace, and joy; which, like those refreshing gales and reviving odours to the seaman, are breathed forth from Paradise upon their souls, and give them to understand, with certainty, that God is bringing them unto their desired haven.'—p. 256.

We can only find room for one quotation more; it is a piece of noble declamation, which occurs in a Sermon for Christmas Day (XXVII.)

'In the first and second chapters of St. Luke, we read how his coming in the flesh was received by Zacharias and Simeon, two venerable persons, who themselves had tasted of divine inspiration, and were diligent to search the Scriptures. The holy delight which they felt and testified, naturally resulted from the divine prophecies and promises concerning him. For, what manner of person must he be, might such pious inquirers ask, who shall answer all the expectations raised, from age to age, of his appearance? How powerful shall this seed of the woman be; who shall bruise the serpent, the ancient deceiver of mankind? How happy this seed of Abraham, in whom all the nations of the earth shall be blessed? How wonderful the prophet who shall perfect and complete the law, given at Mount Sinai, and ordained by angels? How mighty the Prince, who shall sit on the throne of David for ever; and of whose kingdom there shall be no end? How majestic the Angel of the Covenant; of whose coming to our temple such things are spoken? We see not our tokens any more, might they say, when the Temple built and adorned by Solomon was still richer in heavenly gifts; when the precious stones of Aaron's breastplate shone with an oracular brightness; and a cloud, a symbol of the divine presence, overshadowed the mercy-seat: and yet we are assured that the glory of this latter house shall be greater than of the former. Who, then, is he whose presence shall thus ennoble our temple? Who is this king of glory who shall enter our gates, with all the honours upon him, which heaven before divided among its favoured sons? Whom Adam represented as a father of mankind; Melchizedec, as a priest of the most high God; Moses, as a mediator between God and man; Joseph, as a Saviour; David, as a shepherd of his people, a ruler, and king?—Who, indeed, can this king of glory be: promised to all ages, proclaimed by all inspired prophets, prefigured by all great examples,—who but the Lord; even the Lord of Hosts himself, Immanuel, or God with us?'—p. 354.

On

On the whole, it will appear from these sermons of Dr. Townson, that he was a man such as the Church of England delights to see, and contributes to nurture; who, in an age of much lukewarmness on the one hand, and much fanaticism on the other, was led by the spirit of his own articles and liturgy, and fell into neither extreme, being at once the pious and evangelical preacher, and the sound and sober moralist; who was too ripe a scholar as well as too earnest a servant of God, to play the pedant before a rural audience, or, on the contrary, to refresh his flock with 'lean and flashy songs' only, but rather gave himself to solve the difficult problem of communicating deep things in a manner that should be intelligible to a simple hearer, and of using plain speech, without an approach to vulgarity; who, at a time when many preachers were striving to be profound, was himself content to be scriptural; and without violence or effort, or popular appeal, or observation, made his way into the heads and hearts of his people, remembering 'That the words of wise men are heard in quiet more than the cry of him that ruleth among fools.'*

ART. V.—*Trials, and other Proceedings, in matters Criminal, before the High Court of Justiciary in Scotland; selected from the Records of that Court, and from original Manuscripts preserved in the General Register House, Edinburgh.* By Robert Pitcairn, Writer to his Majesty's Signet, F.S.A. 4to. Parts I—VI. Published by the Bannatyne Club. Edinburgh. 1829-30.

THIS has been called 'the age of clubs;' and certainly the institution of societies which, under no more serious title than that of a festive symposium, devote themselves to the printing of literary works not otherwise likely to find access to the press, will hereafter be numbered among not the least honourable signs of the times. The two Scotch clubs of this class have of late been doing so much and so well, that we venture to introduce a few general remarks on the circumstances under which their exertions have been called forth.

It is a frequent subject of complaint among young authors that they experience difficulty in bringing their works before the public, under a general shyness which the TRADE, as they are usually called, (we suppose *par excellence*,) or, in plain language, the booksellers, entertain with respect to MSS. which do not bear either a well known name, or, at least, the announcement of some popular and attractive subject in the title-page. In

* Eccles. ix. 17.

fact

fact, there is real ground, on some occasions, for complaining of this species of impediment. The bookseller, though a professed trader in intellect, cannot be in every case an infallible judge of the vendibility of the wares submitted to him, the only circumstance, it is plain, which his business requires him to attend to. The name of a veteran author is one, though by no means an infallible, insurance against loss; just as a knowing jockey, destitute of other foundations for his betting system, will venture his money upon a descendant of Eclipse. Failing this kind of recommendation, the bookseller is often, and naturally enough, determined by considering the style of those works which have been successful about the same time. If he finds the new comer adopting the sort of topic, or form of composition, actually much in vogue, he is very apt to indulge the hope, that although it may intrinsically fall short of such as are esteemed the models of the day, his book may, nevertheless, fall in with the reigning taste and take advantage of the popular gale. This may not be thought, on the part of the bookseller, a very intellectual method; we are inclined, nevertheless, to suspect that it is one of the safest which he could adopt. We have had considerable opportunities of observation in these matters, and undoubtedly the result is, that whenever we hear of a young bookseller, as laying high pretensions to critical skill and acumen, we augur badly of his career. Among the unsuccessful booksellers whom we have chanced to know, the majority have been men who relied upon their own taste, and so ventured on speculations which would not have been hazarded by more cautious men, who confined themselves to the more mechanical part of the concern, and seldom looked beyond a title-page. We are not so absurd as to suppose that the bookseller, who adds to complete acquaintance with the commercial parts of his trade a liberal and enlightened familiarity with literature, is to be considered the less fit for his calling from such an acquisition. On the contrary, such a publisher must not only rise to the top of his profession, but become an ornament to his country and a benefactor to letters, while his fortune increases in proportion to his fame. His name, imparted with a mixture of liberality and caution, adds a consideration to the volumes on which it stands, and is in itself a warrant for their merit. But to rise to such a pitch of eminence requires an unusually sound judgment—and a long train of observation and experience—and he that attains it will seldom if ever be found to have acted, in the earlier stages of his business, under the impulses of pure literary enthusiasm. His object and rule is, and should be, to buy and and publish what bids fairest to be withdrawn from the counter by a steady and rapid sale; and no capacity for estimating what favour

favour a given MS. ought to meet with, will compensate for the want of *tact* to judge of the degree of favour which the public are likely to bestow on it. Let us take a memorable instance, though a hackneyed one. We will suppose Samuel Simmons, a respectable member of the Stationers' Company, of London, leaning over his counter in some dark street, to the eastward of Temple-bar, in the year 1667; an aged, grave, and reverend person, led by a female decently attired, enters and places in his hands a voluminous manuscript, which he requests him to purchase. Now, suppose our friend Simmons to have been himself a man of pure taste and high feeling of poetry, it is extremely probable that he would have offered money to the extent of the whole value of his stock for the copyright of the Paradise Lost. But what would have been the event: it was full two years before one thousand three hundred copies were sold, and poor Samuel Simmons, supposing him, in his just confidence in his own discrimination, to have overstepped the bounds of commercial caution, must have 'marched in the rear of a Whereas,' sooner or later—exactly in proportion, indeed, to the degree of judgment and feeling of poetry which had moved him—in other words, to the proportion in which the copy-money offered by him had approached to the real intrinsic value of the English epic.

But Samuel Simmons *was* a man of the world, and judged with reference to the extrinsic probabilities attending the publication of the poem in question. If he did not know Milton by person, he could not fail to discover that he had been the secretary of Cromwell, and the violent defender of the regicides; that his was therefore a name highly unlikely to command popular success when the tide of politics set in a different direction. Nor were the style and subject of the poem, grave, serious, and theological, more apt to recommend it to the light and giddy paced times, when Butler and Waller headed the world of fashionable writers. A shrewd trader, therefore, was likely to do, as in fact Simmons did, namely, to offer to the author such a price, and no more, as was calculated upon the probability of sale which attached to a grave work in a light age, and written by an author hostile to the triumphant party. Under the influence of such reflections he made with the author of Paradise Lost the well-known bargain 'for an immediate payment of five pounds, with a stipulation to receive five pounds more when thirteen hundred should be sold of the first edition; and again five pounds after the sale of the same number of the second edition; and five pounds after the same sale of the third;' and when it is considered, that before 1680, Simmons, already twenty pounds out of pocket, transferred the whole right of Paradise Lost for twenty-five

twenty-five pounds, it can scarcely be alleged that he made a Jewish bargain with the great poet. The circumstances are shameful, but the shame must rest with the age—not with the bookseller.

It is not to be dreamed that the caution of the present trade has excluded from the public any volumes worthy to be named in the same day with the divine poem to which the wicket of Samuel Simmons's shop so reluctantly opened. On the contrary, our own observations authorise us to say, that the circumstances of unpopularity are very few which will preclude the possibility of publication on the part of any author, who exhibits even the most moderate chance of success. There are always booksellers enough, though, perhaps, not the most respectable, who are willing to encounter the risk of placing their names in the imprint of works the most extravagant and the most hazardous, under the idea that their very extravagance and singularity may have a chance of captivating the public favour; and we cannot but add, that, considering the quality of many volumes which yearly find their way to the press, we are rather puzzled to conjecture what must be the nature of those which cannot in some corner find a patronising bookseller. Nevertheless, there are undoubtedly persons to whose solicitations *the trade* are totally obdurate; and we well remember, that during the year of projects, what seemed to us the most inauspicious of all its brood was the scheme of a proposed joint-stock company, intended to redress the wrongs of those authors who could not find their way to the public by the legitimate channel of Paternoster Row, or the equally patent north-west passage of Albemarle Street. What would have been the consequences of this project, had it been carried into execution, may be easily guessed. The press employed by such a company would have had little cause to complain of want of custom, and the trunkmakers and pastrycooks would have had cheaper bargains of waste paper than have been yet known in the vicinity of Grub Street.

The ancient mode of relief in such cases, where the booksellers were slow in reposing faith in the good works of their authors, was wont to be the intervention of subscription. But although many persons, highly deserving better fortune, have been obliged to have recourse to a mode of publication inferring too much personal solicitation to be agreeable to a generous mind, yet it has become now so infrequent, that, as a means of facilitating the access of authors to the world, it may be almost left out of consideration.

There are still, however, a certain class of works interesting to a certain class of readers, which cannot, in the usual mode of publication,

lication, find their way to the press. We allude to the numerous class of what the public at large call mere *curiosities.* Such are, ancient poems, ancient chronicles, ancient legends, and the proceedings in ancient law cases; antiquities in general, whether in history, law, literature, drama, or polemics. Tracts connected with most of these curious topics lie hidden in rare manuscripts, scarce pamphlets, large and unwieldy collections, broadsides and stall or cheap copies, placed either so far above the eye of the common observer, as to be out of his sight, or so much beneath it as to be overlooked. Such morsels of literature, mere baubles in the estimation of the multitude, bear yet an intrinsic value of their own, and a large or rather an extravagant one; but this is only in the little world of the bibliomaniacs, and the particular knot of booksellers who devote themselves to supply these gentlemen's hobby-horses with forage, or, in other words, to fill their shelves with the

'Small rare volumes, dark with tarnish'd gold,'

which are the Dalilahs of their imagination. These pursuits have no charms for the world at large; and, passing over a very few splendid exceptions, the volumes in which such things have been reproduced to the public have met with no encouraging reception. Such reprints, in fact, do not exactly suit the humour of either class of purchasers; they are too easy of acquisition to have much merit in the eye of the professed book-collector; while the antiquity of the orthography, and, to speak fairly, the slender proportion which they in most cases contain of what is truly valuable or instructive, render them caviare to the common purchaser. The many repositories of antique tracts in verse and prose, valuable state papers, and collections relating to the history of the country, both in arts and arms, which may at this hour be had at a rate hardly sufficient to cover the expense of the printing, indicate plainly what bad subjects of speculation even the best of this class must have proved to the publishers. We need only mention the highly meritorious undertaking of the London booksellers for the republication of the ancient English chronicles, comprehending Hollinshed, Stowe, Grafton, Lord Berners' Froissart, &c. &c., forming a curious and most valuable selection of the materials on which English history is founded, since sold at a considerable reduction of price. David Macpherson's edition of Winton's Chronicles of Scotland, put forth in a manner which might have been a model for every publication of the kind, was also for several years sold at a greatly abated price. The Restituta and Archaica, published in a splendid form by those eminent antiquaries, Sir Egerton Brydges and Mr. Park, met with even less favour in the market. The large collection,

collection, called 'Thurlow's State Papers,' containing the most authentic materials respecting the period of the great civil war and of Cromwell's domination, was not long since, and perhaps still is, to be purchased at something little higher than the price of waste paper.

It is true—*habent et sua fata libelli*—that such works have their phases, and become valuable as they grow scarce in the market, and get dispersed in libraries, from which they rarely return into public sale. In such case, they become at length high priced,—because they have the merit of curiosity attached to them. Before such a rise, however, takes place, the original adventurers have usually lost all concern with the books, which have been probably sold off to the trade in the shape of *remainders*, by which is well understood that species of a bookseller's property which is the residuum of his stock, and which he parts with for what he can get. This fate, which seems usually, though not inevitably or constantly, attendant upon the reprints of ancient, rare, and curious publications, seems to exclude them, in a great measure, from the adventures of booksellers, who, if they are to publish at all, must necessarily do so under the expectation of a reasonable profit. Nor has the method of subscription been of late years found applicable to works of this nature, though the system of the present day is, in a certain degree, a modification of that plan.

A very few words upon the pursuits of that class of persons usually called bibliomaniacs or book collectors, may explain the nature and use of the private associations which we now allude to. This species of literary amusement, for which there have been men in all ages who have had a passion, has its source in the most noble and generous qualities, a love of literature, a reverence for the earliest indications of its influence, a desire to trace its progress from the very first germ of its appearance in a nation, until it influences, ornaments, and overshadows it. All that can separate man from the mere money-getting herd of mortals, and fix his attention upon science, philosophy, and letters, may be accounted motives which have originally determined the peculiar department of the book-collector. But although these are the origin of this peculiar taste, it is liable unquestionably, like other favourite tastes and habits, to be driven to excess—to exhibit that tendency to ultraism, that *aliquid inane*, which merits just ridicule.

Lucian has left us a severe satire upon the ignorant collector, who abused his wealth by squandering it upon manuscripts which he could not read, or, at any rate, was incapable of understanding. 'You resemble,' says he, 'those unskilful physicians who bestow large sums of money in making surgical instruments of silver

silver, tipping them with gold, and depositing them in caskets made of ivory, while the owners all along are totally ignorant of the art of using the instruments which they ornament with so much pains.' Such extravagance of absurdity is rarer perhaps in our day, than it was in that of Lucian; but no doubt it still sometimes occurs that individuals, enrolled high in the list of collectors, are more distinguished for knowing the mere technical circumstances which warrant the signature of *rarissimus*, than for profound intimacy with the contents of the volume itself, or its intrinsic value, if it happens to have any. This species of ridicule, however, attaches to all not necessary pursuits, when too enthusiastically and exclusively followed. The *Virtuoso* in pictures, for example, sets out at first upon the idea of acquiring pieces exhibiting the beauty and compass of his favourite art; but, after persevering for some time in this natural and reasonable object, he begins to find it necessary to acquire knowledge of a thousand petty circumstances of a mechanical nature, with respect to great painters, in order to avoid imposition in the purchase of what are put up to sale as their works. Hence he is gradually seduced, from the pursuit of what is beautiful and striking in itself, to a hunt after minutiæ which possess in themselves at best but very trifling interest. In like manner, even those gentlemen who are distinguished for their attention to agriculture, the plainest, one would suppose, of studies, and the least exposed to be influenced by mere whims and vagaries, are nevertheless subject to the gradual invasions of caprice, which misdirect their pursuits, force them from their proper bias, and set all upon some little arbitrary rules which have no foundation either in reason or in common sense, and in which the most *knowing* may possess little real or useful *knowledge*. When this perversion is in full sway, the prize of the agricultural society is no longer bestowed upon the cow which gives best to the dairy, but upon some animal of a far-famed descent; some 'cow with a crumpled horn,' to which fancy and prejudice have ascribed certain qualities which are supposed to prove that she is descended from the *right breed*.

The book-collectors, like other enthusiasts, have their own marks and Shibboleths, by which they exhibit their proficiency—proving, after Abhorson's fashion, their art to be a *mystery*. These little mechanical particulars of a title-page or a colophon are of no esteem in themselves, when they cease to be like 'the mason's word;' but while they remain the secret rule and direction of the few adepts, it is far otherwise. Who can deny that it is useful and noble to collect books for the sake of the knowledge which they contain,—to trace with accuracy what authors are necessary to complete a collection in any department of literature; when

when and by whom its mysteries were first investigated; how, and in what manner, they were explained and brought to light. But, then, it is impossible to divide this entirely from the information respecting editions of works, their dates, and form, and the minutiæ of their outward appearance: and so it frequently happens that the necessary adjunct comes gradually to be preferred to the great end itself. We can easily sympathise with the student who prefers the *editio princeps* of a classic, that he may compare it with those which have followed—still more with another who pays a high price to obtain a copy of some work of less fortune than merit, which has been birth-strangled at its entrance into the world, and deserves to be rescued from the state of oblivion into which it has fallen. We do not much wonder at the preference which Cracherode, and such amateurs, have given to peculiarities of binding, and understand how the love of a book, as of a child, should extend itself, in an amateur, to the reform of its outward dress. Nay, we can make allowance, as far as common sense will admit, for the preference given to *clean* copies, *tall* copies, *large paper* copies, and the other varieties of outward appearance, though sometimes resting on qualities little better than chimerical. There is a point, however, at which our indulgence and sympathy must pause; we cannot, for instance, learn to prize what our always-entertaining friend Dr. Dibdin calls 'the shaggy honours of an uncut copy,'—a copy which, of course, must suffer materially in its value so soon as it is put to the real purpose of being read; nor can we see what advantage an old edition, presenting in many instances inconveniences and errors peculiar to itself, has over a well printed, accurate copy of the modern press; and we think that, when pushed to this extremity, the taste which collectors display resembles very much that of

——— the idle dreamer,
Who leaves the pye to gnaw the streamer.

After all, however, many, and most respectable persons, have been distinguished for their expertness in turning and winding this peculiar species of hobby-horse. It is connected with much which is valuable in literature; and, among some Quixotic extravagances, has a tendency to promote much that is important and useful. And, for example, not the least important or the least useful of the consequences of the bibliomania is now before us in these clubs of book-collectors—to which alone we are indebted for the printing of so many manuscripts which might have remained long in obscurity, and the still more numerous reprints of ancient tracts, almost equal to manuscripts in rarity. The productions of these societies now form a particular class of books, if not of literature, and, in tracing their origin, we willingly suffer ourselves

selves to be recalled towards recollections dear to our youth, and to the memory of the individual whose grave this peculiar species of *imprimatur* seemed first to garland.

John, third Duke of Roxburghe, who was born in 1740, and died in 1804, was a nobleman whose lofty presence and felicitous address recalled the ideas of a court in which Lord Chesterfield might have acted as master of ceremonies. Youthful misfortunes, of a kind against which neither rank nor wealth possess a talisman, had cast an early shade of gloom over his prospects, and given to one so splendidly endowed with the means of enjoying society that degree of reserved melancholy which prefers retirement to the splendid scenes of gaiety. His court life was limited to the attendance required of him by his duty as groom of the stole, an office which he was induced to retain by his personal friendship with King George III.,—a tie of rare occurrence between prince and subject. Sylvan amusements occupied the more active part of his life when in Scotland, and in book collecting, while residing in London, he displayed a degree of patience which has rarely been equalled, and never excelled. The assistance of Mr. George Nichol, bookseller to his Majesty, was as serviceable to the duke as to the celebrated library of George III., so liberally bestowed by George IV. upon the British Museum. It could hardly be said whether the Duke of Roxburghe's assiduity and eagerness were most remarkable, when he lay for hours together, though the snow was falling at the time, by some lonely spring in the Cheviot hills, where he expected the precarious chance of shooting a wild goose, when the dawning should break; or when he toiled for hours, nay, for days, collating and verifying his edition of the Black Acts, or Caxton's Boke of Troy. This latter taste, we have heard, was inspired by an incident to which his grace had been witness while his father was alive. It is in such cases pleasing to trace that species of impression in youth which stamps the leading point of character on the mind in advanced age; and we may therefore give the anecdote. It seems that Lord Oxford and Lord Sunderland, both famous collectors of the time, dined one day at the house of Robert, the second Duke of Roxburghe, when their conversation chanced to turn upon the *editio princeps* of Boccaccio, printed at Venice, in 1471, and so rare that its very existence was doubted of. The Duke was himself no collector, but it happened that a copy of this very book had passed under his eye, and been offered to him for sale at a hundred guineas, then thought an immense price. It was, therefore, with complete assurance that he undertook to produce to the connoisseurs a copy of the treasure in question, and he did so, at the time appointed,

appointed, with no small triumph. His son, then Marquis of Beaumont, who never forgot the little scene upon this occasion, used to ascribe to it the strong passion which he ever afterwards felt for rare books and editions, and which rendered him one of the most assiduous and judicious collectors that ever formed a sumptuous library.

At the death of this accomplished person, his noble collection, after the train of a long litigation, was at length brought to auction, attracting the greatest attention, and bringing the highest prices of any book sale that had ever been heard of in Britain. The number of noblemen and gentlemen, distinguished by their taste for this species of literature, who assembled there from day to day, recorded the proceedings of each morning's sale, and lamented or boasted the event of the competition, was unexampled; and, in short, the concourse of attendants terminated in the formation of a society of about thirty amateurs, having the learned and amiable Earl Spencer at their head, who agreed to constitute a club, which should have for its object of union the common love of rare and curious volumes, and should be distinguished by the name of that nobleman, at the dispersion of whose library the institution had taken rise, and who had been personally known to most of the members. We are not sure whether the publication of rare tracts was an original object of their friendly reunion, or, if it was not, how or when it came to be ingrafted thereupon. Early, however, after the establishment of the Roxburghe Club, it became one of its rules that each member should present the society, at such time as he might find most convenient, with an edition of a curious manuscript, or the reprint of some ancient tract, the selection being left at the pleasure of the individual himself. These books were to be printed in a handsome manner, and uniformly, and were to be distributed among the gentlemen of the club, with such overcopies, as they are technically termed, (the regular edition being limited to the number of the club,) as the member who acted as editor might choose to distribute among his own particular friends—regard, however, being always paid to preserving the rarity of the volume. In this respect the gentlemen of the Roxburghe Club displayed the consideration of old sportsmen, who, while they neglect no opportunity of acquiring game themselves, are not less anxious to preserve and keep up the breed for the benefit of others: neither was the effect on the public either useless or trivial. Such rare tracts as fell in the way of the members of this association, and were deemed worthy to be reprinted, would, at best, under other circumstances, have remained shut up within the wires of bookcases, which operate too often, according to Burke's pun, 'as Locke upon the human understanding;' but

sometimes they might have been entirely lost sight of, as, in the various changes of human life, they chanced to pass into ignorant or indifferent hands. It is, indeed, equally well known and singular how many books of curiosity appear in the catalogues even of our own day, and must have been disposed of at the sales of remarkable collectors, which are now not known to exist, notwithstanding the watch which is kept upon their fate. Whereas if the original of one of these reprints should disappear, its tenor is ascertained by the fidelity of the club copies; and whatever may be valuable in its contents is preserved by the book being multiplied by the number of at least thirty to one, and the chance of ultimate and total loss of the original diminished in the same proportion. Under this system the Roxburghe Club has proceeded and flourished for many years, and produced upwards of forty reprints of scarce and curious tracts, among which many are highly interesting, not only from their rarity but also their intrinsic merit. They fetch, whenever accident brings one of them into the market, a high price; and in the only instance where a complete set occurred, it was purchased at the considerable sum of one hundred and thirty pounds.

It has been said over and over again by those who feel, perhaps, a species of inferiority in being, by circumstances, excluded from a society which requires an easy fortune at least, if not opulence in its members, that there is something aristocratic in all this —that it constitutes an attempt to form a class divided from others, as skilful, and as ardent, at least, as themselves, in the pursuit of real knowledge—and in short, that the Roxburghe Club has done more harm than good to literature.

We would wish to speak on this subject, as on things of more importance, without cant or affectation. We have already said that book-collecting, like most other separate and exclusive pursuits, especially such as are followed rather in sport than as a part of life's serious business, is apt to gather about it a deal of Quixotic prejudice which may be harmlessly enough subjected to ridicule: nor are we prepared to say that the same sum of money which has been expended upon the Roxburghe books might not have been so bestowed, under judicious management, as to produce more important services to English literature. But that is not the question; for it is impossible to conceive any means by which the sums thus expended could have been levied out of the pockets of individuals for any other purpose than one which should please their own fancy, and should therefore possess some peculiar charms in their own eyes superior to what it exhibits to those of other, perhaps more impartial, judges. If, however, we were to weigh in the balance of common sense the various publications, which

which for various causes men give to the world, we should be disposed, on considering the general result, to speak far from disrespectfully of those of the bibliomaniacs. The Roxburghe books, though seldom in the market, are accessible at all times to any gentleman engaged in the study of our literary or historical antiquities; and in them he certainly will find a mass of out-of-the-way learning, such as he could not otherwise reach;—so much for the existing generation. They have, we may almost say, insured the preservation of their originals to all future ages. If word be still to be sent to them that their compilation is not well selected, the matter will enter into the category of the 'knight's beard,' and they may return for answer, they compiled their collection to please themselves. We come back, therefore, to the point from which we set out, and to our opinion, that at a period when the restoration of ancient literature cannot be looked for among the booksellers,—not for want of their good wishes, but of such encouragement as a public alone can afford,—when we see how many hopeful attempts of this kind have been shipwrecked, although conducted with great spirit and only too much liberality—we should think ourselves highly fortunate that a club of individuals have taken on themselves a duty which would not have otherwise been performed; and have very little title severely to question the nature of the services which they have actually rendered us at their own expense, and necessarily, therefore, according to their own pleasure.

The example of the Roxburghe Club has not been thrown away upon our neighbours of Scotland, which contains at least two societies adjusted upon the similar form of a convivial meeting, and to the same purpose, the preservation and revival of ancient literature, with national and pardonable partiality to that of Scotland in the first instance.

The eldest of these clubs was instituted in the year 1822, and consisted, at first, of a very few members,—gradually extended to one hundred, at which number we believe it has now made a final pause. They assume the name of The Bannatyne Club, from George Bannatyne, of whom little is known beyond that prodigious clerical effort which produced his present honours, and is, perhaps, one of the most singular instances of its kind which the literature of any country exhibits. His labours as an amanuensis were undertaken during the time of pestilence, in the year 1568; the dread of infection had induced him to retire into solitude, and under such circumstances he had 'the energy,' says an account of him published by the club, 'to form and execute the plan of saving the literature of the whole nation; and, undisturbed by the universal mourning for the dead, and general

fears of the living, to devote himself to the task of collecting and recording the triumphs of human genius in the poetry of his age and country; thus, amid the wreck of all that was mortal, employing himself in preserving the lays by which immortality is at once given to others, and obtained for the writer himself. His task, he informs us, had its difficulties; for he complains that he had, even in his time, to contend with the disadvantage of copies old, maimed, and mutilated, and which long before our day must, but for this faithful transcriber, have perished entirely. The very labour of procuring the originals of the works which he transcribed must have been attended with much trouble and some risk, at a time when all the usual intercourse of life was suspended; and when we can conceive that even so simple a circumstance as the borrowing or lending a book of ballads was accompanied with some doubt and apprehension, and that probably the suspected volume was subjected to fumigation, and the other precautions practised in quarantine.' The volume containing these labours is no less than eight hundred pages in length, and very neatly and closely written, containing nearly all the ancient poetry of Scotland now known to exist.* The pious care of the members of the Bannatyne Club has been able to discover little more concerning 'HIM of the unwearied pen,' save that he was of gentle descent, lived, apparently without sustaining any inconvenience, through the troublesome times of Mary and The Regents, and died in quiet, after he had passed the age of at least three score. Some meagre records give an account of his transactions in business; for there was little of poetical or romantic about the personal adventures of this indefatigable amanuensis. In a word,

He was, could he help it, a special attorney.

This Caledonian association, which boasts several names of distinction, both from rank and talent, has assumed rather a broader foundation than the parent society. The plan of the Roxburghe Club, we have already said, is restricted to the printing of single tracts, each executed at the expense of an individual member.

* While this article is passing our hands, we notice a singular intimation how easily such a depositary of national literature might be lost, even when under the most apparently secure custody. The Bannatyne manuscript is deposited in the Advocates' library of Edinburgh: but from a little volume now before us, we find it was with more liberality than discretion permitted to pass into the possession of an individual in another country, in whose custody it remained for several months, and was conveyed from place to place both in Ireland and England. It is true, that the individual to whom it was entrusted, was the celebrated Dr. Percy, Bishop of Dromore, for whose pursuits every degree of encouragement might justly be claimed. Still, we think, the modern Bannatynians will hear with something like misgiving of the dangerous travels of their great palladium. See the proofs of this in Letters of Thomas Percy, D.D., John Callander, David Hurd, and others, to George Paton. Edinburgh, Stevenson, 1830,—a work curious in several respects.

It

It follows, as almost a necessary consequence, that no volume of considerable size has emanated from the Roxburghe Club; and its range has been thus far limited in point even of utility. The Bannatyne, we understand, holding the same system as the Roxburghe with respect to the ordinary species of club reprints, levies moreover a fund among its members of about 500*l.* a-year, expressly to be applied for the editing and printing of works of acknowledged importance, and likely to be attended with expense beyond the reasonable bounds of an individual gentleman's contribution. In this way either a member of the club, or a competent person under its patronage, superintends a particular volume or set of volumes. Upon these occasions, a very moderate number of copies are thrown off for general sale; and those belonging to the club are only distinguished from the others by being printed on the paper, and ornamented with the decorations, peculiar to the society. In this way, several curious and eminently valuable works have recently been given to the public, for the first time, or, at least, with a degree of accuracy and authenticity which they had never before attained. The contemporary history of King James VI. may be mentioned as an instance of the former kind; and as one of the latter, the inimitable Memoirs of Sir James Melville, which were not before known to exist in an authentic form, and which—not inferior in interest, information, and amusement, to the very best memoirs of the period—have been at last presented in their genuine shape, from an undoubted original in the author's autograph.* The last we heard of this society was the interesting tidings that the young Duke of Buccleuch and Queensberry was preparing for the Bannatyne Club an edition, at his own expense, of the Chartulary of Melrose, containing a series of ancient charters from the eleventh, we believe, to the fourteenth century, highly interesting to the students of Scottish history. We need hardly say what pleasure it affords us to see wealth and rank in the hands of a person inclined to devote himself so liberally to the patronage of the literature of his country. It must be seen that in thus stretching their hand towards the assistance of the general public, the members of the Bannatyne Club, in some degree, waive their own claims of individual distinction, and lessen the value of their private collections; but in so doing they serve the cause of historical literature most essentially, and to those who might upbraid them with their departure from the principles of monopoly otherwise so dear to book-collectors, we doubt not the thanes would reply, 'We were Scotsmen before we were bibliomaniacs.'

* The autograph was found in the library of the Right Honourable Sir George Rose, and sent to press under that accomplished amateur's permission.

The plan of the Bannatyne has been adopted by another Society of the same country, termed the Maitland Club, from an eminent Scottish statesman and poet of the gifted family of Lethington. This club holds its meetings at Glasgow, and is chiefly supported by the gentlemen of the west of Scotland. It has not subsisted quite so long as the Bannatyne, but has already produced several volumes of much interest, edited and printed in a most creditable style; and the two associations have frequently, as in the instance of Mr. Pitcairn's work now on our table, combined their exertions when the strength of one of them has been found unequal to an object peculiarly desirable. The history and success of these institutions must be dwelt on with pride in Scotland, and contemplated with admiration every where.

It will easily be believed, that the publication of a set of criminal records, tracing the administration of justice in a distracted country, and a remote and barbarous age, presents a thorny and unpromising field; and that the greatest external encouragement which could be proposed for a task so dreary and so difficult, would be inadequate to induce a person of suitable talents to undertake it, were it not that, fortunately, literary labour, like labour of other kinds, is, in some degree, its own reward. The hours may feel heavy, while they pass over the transcriber; but difficulties surmounted, and hardships endured, are recollections on which it is natural to dwell with pleasure; and the reflection that his enduring and patient toil has thrown a light upon the history of his country, which could not have shone but for his his self-denying exertions, cannot be worthless to Mr. Pitcairn.

Of this collection, six parts, or fasciculi, are now before us. They form as accurate a transcript as could be given of the early criminal records of Scotland. These curious documents are not, unfortunately, preserved with much accuracy, partly owing to the careless manner in which they were made up at the time—partly to the disturbed state of the country, vexed with foreign invasion, domestic discord, and war, public and private — and partly owing to portions of the national record having been subjected from time to time to the risk of suppression, in whole or in parts, by one or other of the factions which chanced to be uppermost. The earlier part of the record is, therefore, very imperfect and meagre; and it is not until James VI. had attained his majority, that even a keen antiquary finds fully opened to him that singular view of jurisprudence, literature, and manners, which the announcement of such a work might have led him to anticipate. Mr. Pitcairn, therefore, unwilling to begin his extracts at a point where they might have been peculiarly unsatisfactory,

satisfactory, commences with certain important trials and law proceedings, which took place in the latter years of James's Scottish reign, from the year 1568 downwards. This course has the effect of rendering the first specimens of the work more interesting than they would otherwise have been; yet we cannot help being of opinion that there is a great disadvantage in any departure from regular chronology, in the case of such a publication. We should have been disposed to echo the expostulation of the giant Moulineau, '*Je vous prie, Bélier, mon ami, commencez par le commencement.*' However, receiving it as it is given to us, it cannot be denied that the present collection exhibits a most extraordinary picture of manners—one such as we hardly conceived could have existed even in the idea of the wildest romancers of the North; and which is rendered doubly curious by the remarkable opposition in which the practical disorder of the country stands to the theoretical accuracy of its contemporary law.

A few short rules will enable any reader to master the common difficulties of the northern dialect; and most words of technical import, or of unusual occurrence, are regularly explained at the bottom of the page. In truth, the Scottish dialect chiefly differs from the English, as being a shade nearer to the Anglo-Saxon; and he who studies it, with whatever other views, becomes necessarily better acquainted in his progress with the history and structure of his own tongue.

Mr. Pitcairn's work is highly valuable in a philological point of view; but this is a secondary merit. It furnishes the historian with the means of settling, in many instances, disputed facts and dates, and ascertaining the fortune and fate of particular persons not elsewhere to be traced with any accuracy. The history of Scotland exhibits many incidents which make a deep and almost romantic impression on the mind, and regarding which we find new and highly important information in these at last exhumated records. The whole history of Queen Mary, for example, too much and too darkly connected with the operations of the criminal courts of justice, may be traced there with a degree of certainty, far superior to what had previously been attained. Yet, how dark will it still remain! And how strange must it be considered, that the records of the actual process concerning Darnley's death, in the course of which Dalgliesh, Bothwell's servant, the alleged bearer of the famous casket of letters, appears as answering freely enough to all manner of interrogatories, bear no trace of a single question put to the man respecting the history, the appearance, or even the existence of such a casket. Another celebrated and contested piece of Scottish history, already illustrated by Mr. Pitcairn's labours, is that dark and bloody chapter of the Gowrie

Gowrie conspiracy. The editor has given us the depositions of all the witnesses examined, and the result of all the judicial informations which were entered into for the purpose of illustrating this obscure conspiracy. Tragical stories, of a more domestic character, are, however, the very staple of these pages. In them many or most of our high born and long descended Scottish neighbours may find the misfortunes of their families recorded in ample detail. Few of note but will discover some ancestor that had either suffered or inflicted injuries in the course of deadly feud, or had some awkward affair with justice on account of the gentlemanly crimes of slaughter or high treason.

Not the least curious of these *causes célèbres* is that of the Mures of Auchendrain—a case, indeed, which the editor pronounces the most remarkable in the whole range of the criminal annals of Scotland, or perhaps of any other country.—

'In it (says the editor) are unfolded their most hidden transactions, and the secret springs of their most private and craftily-contrived plots, all of them leading to the perpetration of crimes so singular in atrocity, and of so deep a die, that one can hardly expect to meet with their parallel, even in the pages of romantic fiction. By the clew, now afforded, may be traced almost the secret thoughts of two of the most accomplished and finished adepts in crime — individuals who murdered by rule, and who carried forward their deadly schemes of ambition by means of a regularly connected chain of plots and stratagems, so artfully contrived, as to afford them every reasonable prospect of success—and even in the event of the entire failure of their plans, almost to ensure their escape from suspicion; at the least, in their estimation, to warrant their security against ultimate detection, and consequently exempt them from the penalty of capital punishment.

'Ambition and the lust of power appear to have been the immediate procuring causes of all the crimes in which these infatuated men were involved. Theirs was not the sudden burst of ungoverned passions, which might have hurried them on to the commission of a solitary deed of frightful but unpremeditated violence—nor were their crimes the consequence of ancient feuds, inherited from their restless and vindictive ancestors—nor yet had they the too common apology, that they originated in impetuous assaults made upon them, and that their hasty quarrels sprung from a fiery and unbridled temper, which had unfortunately terminated in fatal results. On the contrary, the whole of their numerous attempts and crimes may be characterised as cool, calculating, and deliberate acts, anxiously studied, and by slow and patient, but sure degrees, matured and prosecuted, for a long series of years, until at length "the measure of their iniquities overflowed,"—and the unlooked-for occurrence of an extraordinary train of circumstances, the most unlikely to have happened, eventually led to a triumphant discovery of their enormous crimes.

'It

'It is quite unnecessary here to enter into any detailed account of the facts connected with the crimes of these individuals. Their leading features are already familiar to all, ever since the publication of "AUCHINDRANE, OR THE AYRSHIRE TRAGEDY," from the pen of Sir Walter Scott; in the preface to which dramatic sketch, the origin and progress of these dark transactions are so fully discussed, that the editor begs simply to refer the reader to a reperusal of that work.

'In addition to the information contained in the "Dittay," and in the pleadings in this trial, the editor has been anxious to collect and lay before the reader the most remarkable circumstances connected with the history of the elder and younger Mures. For this purpose, he has for some years past used all exertions to extend his researches in every direction, where authentic illustrative documents and records could be procured—and he has now the satisfaction of appending to this highly interesting case a variety of papers, which may almost be said to throw all the light that can now be reasonably expected, on proceedings which occurred now above two hundred and twenty years ago.'—p. 124.

Accordingly the whole of this infernal business may be traced with the utmost minuteness in these authentic documents, in which it will be seen how Auchindrain long persecuted and finally dispatched an unfortunate boy, merely because he possessed a casual piece of knowledge tending to develope an assassination which the cruel laird had committed. He at length slew him by the help of his own son and another assistant, too steady a clansman to question his chief's pleasure. The death of his unscrupulous accomplice in the boy's murder was next planned, and after that, it was hoped and schemed that the third assassin, to whom the slaughter of this accomplice was to be entrusted, might be himself killed by some friend of the deceased, upon the old quarrel of deadly feud. The remarkable species of pride displayed by this singular old ruffian, when he resolved not to be exiled for so mean a crime as killing the poor boy—a pride which induced him to commit a bloody assault upon one of his feudal enemies, merely that a more gentlemanlike charge against himself might be established as an excuse for his non-appearance,—all this opens points of character which could, perhaps, be paralleled from no other age or country.

Many instances singularly and frightfully indicative of the ferocity of the Highland clans, neither fancifully coloured with fictitious circumstances, nor adorned with those evening lights with which the compassion of a civilized age gilds the legends of a decaying and romantic race, but depicted in their broad character of blood and inhumanity, are given in this veracious record, where nothing can be either extenuated or set down in malice. The feud between the Macdonalds and the Macleans forms

forms one terrible example; and if we wished to draw from the life the picture of a feudal tyrant, we would not go farther than a selection from the indictment of Patrick Stewart, Earl of Orkney, for treason and oppression. This person, a near relation of his sovereign, exercised a royal power within the distant isles of Orkney and Shetland, where his mandates had the force of laws, against which the voice of the oppressed islanders was far too weak to make itself heard. This haughty savage exacted from his subjects engagements in which they became bound to support his quarrel against every man, without exception of the king himself. The subscribers of these treasonable obligations moreover bound themselves to be judged by the said earl, without reserving or acknowledging any appeal to king, council, or session; 'a thing,' says the indictment, 'unnatural, unjust, tyrannical, *impossible*, and treasonable.' He was also accused of interrupting the passages and ferries of Orkney and Shetland, so that none should be allowed to use them without his own special license, and those who transgressed this petty tyrant's mandate were subjected to ruinous fines and imprisonment. Nor was the property of the king's tenants in these islands more secure than their personal liberty. The earl altered, at his own pleasure and always to his own advantage, the acknowledged standards of coins, weights, and measures, current through the archipelago. In erecting his castle of Scalloway, and other expensive edifices, the king's tenants were forced to work in quarries, transport stone and lime, dig, delve, climb, and build, and submit to all possible sorts of servile and painful labour, without either meat, drink, hire, or recompense of any kind: 'finally,' says the indictment, 'the said earl has treasonably discharged the said inhabitants of Orkney or Shetland to buy or sell meal, malt, meat, drink, fish, flesh, butter, cattle, sheep, or other commodities, without his license, under severe penalties, which were levied by imprisonment or forfeiture at the pleasure of the Earl.' This noted oppressor was finally brought to trial and executed at the Cross of Edinburgh. It is said that the king's mood was considerably heated against him by some ill-chosen and worse-written Latin inscriptions with which his father and himself had been unlucky enough to decorate some of their insular palaces. In one of these, Earl Robert, the father, had given his own designation, thus—'Orcadiæ comes *Rex* Jacobi quinti filius.' In this case he was not perhaps guilty of anything worse than bad Latin. But James VI., who had a keen nose for puzzling out treason, and with whom an assault and battery upon Priscian ranked in nearly the same degree of crime, had little doubt that the use of the nominative Rex, instead of the genitive Regis, had a 'treasonable savour.'

Earl

Earl Patrick himself seems to have been but a dull monster in the article of apprehension. A clergyman, from whom he demanded an inscription for his already mentioned tower of Scalloway, supplied him with the following quotation from Scripture—'The house which is built on a rock shall stand, but that founded on the sand shall perish.' The earl adopted the inscription, and had it labelled on the portal of the tower, where it is still to be seen. 'My father,' said Earl Patrick, 'built his house at Sumburgh on the sand, and it has given way already; this of mine on the rock shall abide and endure.' He did not or would not understand that the oppression, rapacity, and cruelty, by means of which the house arose, were what the clergyman really pointed to in his recommendation of a motto. Accordingly, the huge tower remains wild and desolate—its chambers filled with sand, and its rifted walls and dismantled battlements giving unrestrained access to the roaring sea-blast.

But it is not only as illustrative of historical tradition that we would recommend the present collection. It contains, also, if they will have the courage to seek such ore amidst a mass which has something of an alarming appearance, much that will greatly interest both the jurist and the moralist. It may, indeed, be compared to that second tower, which Spenser's Alma showed to her guests—

> ——————————— 'whose wals
> Were painted faire with memorable gestes
> Of famous wisards; and with picturals
> Of magistrates, of courts, of tribunals,
> Of commonwealthes, of states, of policy,
> Of lawes, of judgements, and of decretals,
> All artes, all science, all philosophy,
> And all that in the world was ay thought wittily.'

The Scottish judicial system contained, like the criminal procedure of all nations derived from the noble Gothic stem, the principles of freedom, the darling attribute of those gallant tribes, to whom the use of arms was as familiar as that of their limbs, and who felt that life could not be enjoyed without the full possession of personal liberty. In particular, the Scots were acquainted, as far back as we can trace the matter, with the institution of juries, though it was only by frequent alterations, and a great many accommodations to the change of manners, that it finally settled into that appearance which it now presents. Of the more ancient jurors, we may doubt whether they were any other than an improvement upon the system of compurgators, adopted among the Scandinavians. These were, in fact, rather witnesses to the character of the accused—a matter which must in these days have

have been of decisive consequence—than persons invested, like our modern jurors, with a judicial capacity *pro re natâ*. Upon this old and rude plan the evidence against the accused having been submitted to the court, he produced in support of his answer a certain number of persons, his friends and neighbours, who made oath that, having heard all that was stated against the accused, they were nevertheless of opinion, from their knowledge of his temper and habits, that he was innocent. This opinion concerning the origin of Scottish juries has been fortified by the learned Dr. Hibbert, who cites the oath of the Radman of Zetland—an oath nearly the same with that now administered to Scotch jurors, 'the truth to tell and no truth to conceal,' and which certainly bears nearer reference, *primâ facie*, to the office of a compurgator, than to that of a juror, whose business it is to report his faithful opinion on the import of the evidence of others. The supposition has been, that the one institution merged into the other; but this certainly was not the fact, at least in the way assumed, for there is historical proof that, in at least one noted case in which the accused person desired to excuse himself by *compurgation*, he was required to subject himself to the *trial by jury*. It occurred as follows:—

In the year 1242, David de Hastings, Earl of Atholl, was, among other Scottish nobles, engaged in a tournament, where he chanced to overthrow William Bisset, a favourite of the king, whose interest was great, and his family powerful and numerous. A fatal animosity rose; in consequence of which (as was at least generally supposed) the Earl of Atholl was assassinated at Haddington, and the house in which he lodged was burned. Suspicion fell on Bisset, and the nobility of Scotland rose in arms and demanded his life. Bisset stood on his defence. He declared he was fifty miles distant from Haddington on the night when the crime was perpetrated. He offered to vindicate his innocence by single combat against every accuser; and, what is more to our present purpose, to prove, by the oaths of any number of veteran soldiers whose testimony should be required, that he was incapable of such an act of treachery as had been charged against him. The queen herself, a beautiful young princess of the heroic family of Couci, offered, as a compurgator, to make her solemn oath that Bisset had never meditated so enormous a crime. But the nobles around the king rejected the defences offered by Bisset, demanding, at the same time, if he was willing to commit himself to *the oaths of his fellow subjects and the opinion of the neighbourhood*. This he refused, 'considering,' says Fordun, 'the malicious prepossessions of rustics, and the general prejudice of the province.' He was obliged, therefore, to fly from Scotland, and the event was

was his ruin with that of his numerous family and allies. In this celebrated instance we certainly read the early establishment of the Scottish *jury*, properly so called; but then, and for many ages afterwards, it existed on a precarious footing, and was far from affording to the subject any very efficient means of protection. In very ancient times, indeed, and even down to the beginning of the sixteenth century, the jurors took the law as well as facts of the case under their consideration, and decided whether the incidents narrated in the indictment corresponded with or fell short of the crime charged. They brought in a verdict, not, indeed, of *guilty* or *not guilty*, but what amounted to the same thing, of cleansed or assoilzied, or proven and convict; such was, apparently, the original process. But by a train of gradual encroachments, the judges wrested from the jury the most important part of their privilege, and while they allowed still the uncontrolled decision of the facts of the case, they contrived to assume to themselves the cognizance of the law, and thus made themselves masters, in a great degree, of the fate of the prisoner. The form then introduced was of the following tenour.

The indictment charged the prisoner, or, as he is called, 'more Scotico,' *the pannel*, with having been actor or art and part (artifex et particeps) in a particular set of facts, charged as amounting to murder, or some other specific crime. The counsel debated, if there was room for debate, what crime such facts ought to infer, in case they were proven. The court pronounced on these circumstances an interlocutor of relevancy, as it was called, settling exactly to what offence the facts libelled would amount, provided they should be regularly proved. The jury had then nothing to do save to ascertain whether the facts alleged were *proven* or *not proven:* in the latter case the prisoner was dismissed; in the former the doom of the court took place, as ascertained by the interlocutor of relevancy, whatever might be the real opinion of the jurors respecting the nature of the prisoner's guilt, which, of course, might very often be considered by them in a milder view than had been adopted by the judges.

A singular case occurred in last century, which occasioned a remarkable revolution in this matter; its whole circumstances belong to a former day, though its particulars are still fresh in remembrance. It may be shortly recapitulated here, though in Scotland, as a *cause célèbre*, both considering its circumstances and its jurisprudential result, it is well known.

A numerous party of Angusshire country gentlemen met at a funeral in the town of Forfar about the year 1728. James Carnegie of Finhaven was a principal person present: he was obnoxious to some of the company, who were violent Jacobites,

on

on account of his political principles, or rather of some change which he was supposed to have made in them. An individual named Lyon of Bugton was also present, respected as a man of good family, but of a character so savage and rough, especially when warmed with liquor, that the gentry in the neighbourhood were accustomed to refuse him admission into their society, unless he came without a sword, which was at that time accounted the distinctive mark of a man of condition. It was the wild custom of that day, that much wine was consumed at funerals; and Sir David Carnegie, who acted as host, being nearest relative to the deceased, had his own share, and pressed it, as was the custom, on the other persons present. Lyon was inflamed with liquor, of which all parties had too much. He annoyed Carnegie with many cutting and brutal sarcasms, doubly severe as applied at such a time, and in such a company. The gentleman in the chair endured all with remarkable temperance until personal aggression was added to verbal insult. When the company came into the street, the aggressor thrust Carnegie down into the kennel, from which he arose mad with the natural passion to which he had been long wrought up. He drew his sword, exclaiming—'This is too much to be borne,' and staggered towards Lyon with mortal intentions, not to be wondered at considering the continued and gross provocation he had received, and the condition in which he himself was. Lyon, who had no sword of his own, for the reason already mentioned, rushed towards the Earl of Strathmore, his friend and chief, and endeavoured to seize his lordship's weapon to repel the attack of Carnegie. The nobleman was a person generally and justly esteemed, and, desirous to preserve the peace on either hand, he pushed his relation aside, and threw himself between him and the gentleman so grossly offended. Unhappily, in thus interposing himself in the quarrel, he received a mortal thrust, designed by Carnegie for the person who had given him such mortal insults, and died immediately afterwards. Such was the memorable case before the court. The facts were stated accurately in the indictment, and the judge pronounced them relevant to infer the crime of murder. The feelings of the jury, however, revolted against being bound by the declaration of the law laid down by the bench—they felt that the death of the Earl of Strathmore was an incident altogether unintended and deeply lamented by the unfortunate homicide—they considered his real purpose of aggression against Lyon as excused, if not fully justified, by the grossness of Lyon's provocation; and, accordingly, they brought in a general verdict, finding that Carnegie was *not guilty* of the crime of murder, while they avoided giving any opinion whether the facts of the indictment were either proved

proved or otherwise. In this leading case was first ascertained the right of the Scottish jury to acquit an accused person, although it should be proved upon his trial that he was guilty of acts which the judges had found by their interlocutor of relevancy to amount to the crime libelled. Similar general verdicts have been brought in where the judgment of relevancy was esteemed too severe, nor is this valuable privilege now questioned.

But this was far from being the only change necessary to invest the jury with that wholesome power which we now consider as its necessary possession. Low down in the seventeenth century the crown still exercised a superior and magisterial right of interfering with the verdict of a jury, and in fact of controlling and overawing the inquest itself—a practice which, however iniquitous in many of its results, may be traced to the very root of the judicial system not only in Scotland but in most other European states. The sovereign was, in all these systems, the source of judicial authority, and in early times, like the kings of Israel, distributed justice sitting personally in the gate to those who demanded it at his hand. This is the obvious reason why all writs run in the name of the king. The intervention of *justiciars*, as they are named in Scotland—professional judges, that is to say—was a great and obvious improvement; for though a young king might lead his army bravely, and hold his court royally, he could hardly be expected to be born with the habits of mind necessary to exercise the judicial functions. Still, however, he remained the principal judge; and the circumstances which controlled his administration in that capacity were so numerous, that it was natural he should seize on all sorts of opportunities and pretexts to sweep such obstacles from his way; and one of the methods thus resorted to was indeed a strange one.

By a primeval, and exquisitely absurd fiction of law, the indictment or libel was supposed to be the very words of the king himself, addressed to the court, the accused person, and the jurors. From this the ingenuity of crown-lawyers derived a hideous result,—namely, that when the accused was put upon his trial, he might support his cause otherwise as he best could, but he must on no account take up any line of defence inconsistent with the truth of the facts charged in the libel, which, as the king's own account of the matter, could not be called in question. A defence, therefore, of *alibi*, the most direct and intelligible which could be stated, as being contradictory of the royal libel, was of no avail; and thus the accused person was exactly in the state of one who should be placed in the lists to fight for his life with his right hand tied behind his back. Something of the same absurd doctrine may be observed in England during the trials which flowed out

out of the Popish plot, when the judges often checked and repelled any pleading for the accused which went to impeach the testimony of the *king's witnesses*,—namely, Oates, Dugdale, and Bedloe, now universally given up as a set of perjured monsters. Common sense by degrees softened down this absurd doctrine in Scotland, and jurists at length plucked up heart to pronounce the accused at liberty *capitulare directe contrarium ejus quod libellatur*. And full time it was that such an absurdity should be exploded, since, while it existed, it must have been easy for an expert lawyer to draw up his libel in such a manner that no defence should be available against it.

In considering the extraordinary methods, however, by which the crown maintained influence in the criminal courts of Scotland, we must not forget what continual obstruction it was exposed to in its attempts to administer anything like justice to so unruly a people—especially whenever any powerful individual or party was concerned. A delinquent who felt himself bold enough to face the tribunal of justice took marvellous care not to trust to his innocence alone, even if he was furnished with that moral defence. Wherever he was himself powerful, or where his cause was for any reason well befriended, he presented himself at the bar with as many armed friends and retainers as would, according to the phrase of the day, 'do for him.' The most innocent and meritorious—the most guilty and criminal—had recourse to the same means of controlling the course of the law. When the government of Mary of Guise determined on proceeding criminally against the reformed preachers, the enthusiastical hearers of the congregation agreed, as discharging the ordinary part of friends and favourers of an accused party, to present themselves in court in arms, in defence of their pastors, and assembled a little army, which soon overawed and suspended the plans of the queen. In like manner, when Bothwell subjected himself to a mock trial for the murder of Henry Darnley, he took care to be so well guarded, both by his own retainers and dependents, and by bands of mercenary soldiers, that it was impossible the slightest chance of conviction should occur. In this, as in many other cases, the observation of Lucan held just:—

> 'Quis castra timenti
> Nescit mista foro? gladii cum triste minantes
> Judicium insolita trepidum cinxere corona,
> Atque auso medias perrumpere milite leges
> Pompejana reum clauserunt signa Milonem?'

In the same tone says Richard Maitland of Lethington, contrasting the excellence of the Scottish laws with the violence by which their execution was too often opposed,—

'To

'To make acts we have some skeil;
God woteth if we keip them weil!
We come to Bar with jack of steil,
As we wou'd boast the judge and fray.
Of sic justice I have nae skeil,
Where rule and order are away.'

Besides the risk that the common course of justice, when directed against persons of importance, should be obstructed by the intervention of jack and spear, it must be remembered that there was a great part of Scotland in which the king had little authority, and his writs no efficient currency, unless supported by actual military force. To the whole of Scotland north of the highland line this fully applied down to a late period; nor were the four frontier counties, though containing much excellent and fruitful soil, in a condition more amenable to the law, until after the union of the crowns. When the prince, feeling himself more than usually strong, provoked, perhaps to extremity, by the disorders of these wild people, formed a resolution to suppress them at all risks, he was wont to place himself at the head of an army, and march into the offending districts, executing, with the utmost rigour, whomsoever he came upon in his way. In these frantic exertions of power, under the disguise of justice, much blood was shed; the seed was sown, of course, for much deadly feud, in a country where it could not fail to germinate; and as there could be small leisure for drawing distinctions between the guilty and innocent, the king rather resembled Attila, the Scourge of Heaven, or a vindictive feudal champion dealing blows with his battle-axe at a venture, than a sovereign wielding the sword of justice with composure and serenity.

It is not necessary, however, to enter into this part of the subject, and it may be more profitable to inquire by what expedients the kings of Scotland endeavoured, in cases that fell within the common course of judicature, to overcome the disadvantages by which it was so miserably interrupted. One of these was a resource which we are afraid is very common in similar cases, being, in fact, near of kin to the principle which bounded the chirurgical practice of P. P., clerk of this parish, 'who to bleed adventured not, *except the poor.*' The king of Scotland, in like manner, when his purposes of justice were defeated by these proud thanes, who made the bar of criminal jurisprudence resemble the defended garden of Eden,

'With dreadful faces throng'd and fiery arms,'

sought for a recompense to his hurt pride and injured authority by letting the full weight of his indignation descend upon some unfortunate wretch of the lower orders, who had been guilty of

any cognizable crime, but especially if he had been instigated by the insubordination of his betters to do something inferring disrespect to his sacred majesty,—it seems, in short, on such occasions, to have been a matter of great indifference where the staff was cut with which such a dog was to be beaten, provided only it was a cur of low degree who underwent castigation.

The following extraordinary and despotic instance is probably unique in the annals of judicial proceedings. We will first mention the circumstances as they are recorded in the journal of an honest citizen of Edinburgh, often quoted by Scottish antiquaries.

'April 27, 1601.—Archibald Cornuel, town-officer, hanged at the Cross, and hung on the gallows twenty-four hours; and the cause wherefor he was hanged; he, being an unmerciful, greedy creature, poinded (that is, attached by distress) an honest man's house; and amongst the rest he poinded the king and queen's picture; and when he came to the cross to comprise (appraise and expose to auction) the same, he hung them up on two nails on the same gallows to be comprised; and they being seen, word went to the king and queen, whereupon he was apprehended and *hanged*.'

These were the days, Mr. Rigmarole! We scarcely know whether to wonder most at such an exertion of power, or at the quiet and matter-of-fact manner in which the punishment and its cause are recorded. It is supposed that Sir Thomas Hamilton, then King's Advocate, well known by the name of Tom of the Cowgate, must have procured this extraordinary conviction upon some *dicta* drawn from the civil law, where the *imagines* of the emperors are recommended to religious veneration, and those who profaned or insulted them were held guilty of impiety. It was even doubted at the time whether the unfortunate Cornuel had done more than meditate the foul treason which he died for; it was alleged he had *only* bored a hole in the king's picture with the treasonable purpose of disposing it upon the gibbet, but was prevented from doing so by the murmurs of the people. It is obvious that the whole passed *per incuriam* on the part of the catchpole, and without the slightest degree of 'malice propense;' the unlucky man could have had no further purpose than to hang the picture where it might be best seen when exposed to auction with the debtor's other effects. But the jury,—by the bye, Mr. Pitcairn thinks it an aggravation of Cornuel's wrongs that no fewer than eight of them were *tailors*,—probably held opinion with the worthy journalist above cited, that any reason might serve for hanging an unmerciful, greedy bumbailiff, who bore the character of being severe in his odious office of attaching *honest men's* goods. It would seem that the reign of James VI., good-humoured as that prince certainly was, afforded various other instances of similar

similar despotism, in which his sacred majesty played the 'tyrant of the minnows.' We ourselves had lately occasion, in our review of his 'Royal Progresses,' to notice the *brevi manu* execution of a fellow who was taken for cutting purses during his majesty's halt in Newark in 1603, and forthwith strung up by no further warrant than the king's order; and the ingenious editor points out one or two other cases equally summary. John Dickson, for example, a stubborn Englishman, being commanded by an officer of the ordnance to veer his boat and give place to the king's artillery, he answered he would not veer his boat either for king or kaisar, and thereto added, that James was but a bastard king, and not worthy to be obeyed, for which crimes he was condemned to death. October 10th, 1600, Francis Tennant was indicted for a libel, as we should now term it, detracting from the king, and terming him (in allusion to Rizzio) the son of Signior Davie. He was sentenced to be taken to the Market Cross, his tongue cut out by the roots, his brows crowned with a paper on which his crime should be inscribed, and then hanged till death: a subsequent revision of the sentence dispensed with the cutting out the tongue, or any further torture, such being the tender mercies of the sapient monarch; but the punishment of death was inflicted.

It was not, however, always safe or easy for the sovereign to proceed by so straight a road; but then he had oblique methods of working both upon the fears of the criminal and the apprehensions of the jury, which frequently carried him as certainly, if not as directly, to the desired point. The most common of these was that species of argument by which the accused was prevailed upon to *come in the king's will*, that is, to submit to his mercy, and leave the nature and extent of the punishment to the royal pleasure. It is evident that in many cases this might serve both parties. A criminal might escape with a milder punishment, who, if convicted under the law, would have been liable to a great one; and a fine to the exchequer might often reconcile the sovereign to robbing the gallows.

A remarkable case of this kind occurs in the present publication. One John Kincaid of Craighouse, a wild young gentleman, having his residence and property near Edinburgh, had cast his eyes upon a comely young widow, well endowed with a jointure, and, according to the rough mode of wooing, not uncommon at the time, projected an attack upon her person when she was quietly residing under the roof of John Johnston, baillie of the Water of Leith. Kincaid, supported by divers accomplices, having arms both offensive and defensive, entered the house, laid hands on the fair widow, and carried her off to the laird's tower of Craighouse, situated on the Braidhills. Little is said of Isabel Hutchison's

desperation or resistance, and, considering the small distance to which the pretty dame was transported, it seems extremely dubious whether more violence was either offered or intended than just that *modicum* of it which might give her an apology for following her own inclinations. But the unlucky laird had chosen the hours of broad daylight for his gallant exploit, and, what was worse, King James and his attendants were abroad hunting in the fields through which Craighouse and his party conveyed their fair prize. At sight of the royal *cortège*, no doubt, the kidnapped widow assumed a most disconsolate appearance, and uttered her cries for help more earnestly than before, and King James, though scarce by habit a professed slave of the fair sex, was moved to interpose his authority in her behalf. The Earl of Mar and Sir John Ramsay were dispatched to beset, with a sufficient retinue, the ravisher's tower of Craighouse, and deliver the distressed dame, Isabel Hutchison, in which they found no difficulty;—but mark the end. The unfortunate laird of Craighouse, not knowing to what extremities he might be subjected for an act of violence committed almost in the royal presence, was probably easily induced to *come in the king's will*, and his punishment was a fine of nearly a ruinous extent, being twenty-five thousand merks to be paid to his highness and his treasurer; and, what is diverting enough, the unfortunate culprit is peremptorily appointed to deliver to the king or to his treasurer, over and above the fine, his brown horse, which perhaps had pleased his grace when he had a glimpse of it at their rencounter on Braidhills.

The king's will was not always so favourable: sometimes actual execution of the criminal was ordered; and we remember one outrageous case of this kind seemingly allied to those of Tennant and Cornuel before mentioned. This unlucky person was a Scottishman by birth, and, what appears of itself an anomaly, was brought to trial in his own country for a crime committed in England. He was charged with having put upon the door of St. Mary's College (New College), in the university of Oxford, a scandalously false and treasonable libel, containing reflections upon his own countrymen, asserting that all Scottishmen should be put from court except the king and his family, and upbraiding the English for suffering themselves to be domineered over by such offscourings of the people. The unfortunate libeller placed himself in the king's will, acknowledging that he had committed the act in a fit of madness, and expressing extreme contrition; he was nevertheless condemned to have his hands struck off, and to be beheaded.*

Another mode remained, of a nature yet more violent, by which

* Introduction to Maclaurin's Cases, p. xxxviii.

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the king of Scotland might wrest to his own purpose the opinion of the jury. These persons were always liable, if they brought a verdict contrary to the opinion of the crown counsel, to be themselves called to account for perjury or wilful error; and whenever the King's Advocate had any suspicion that an accused person was likely to escape by the verdict of the jury, he was sure to remind them what the consequences might be to themselves.

There was yet another method in which the sovereign power of Scotland currently interfered with the procedure of justice, not to enforce its authority indeed, but to obstruct it by snatching offenders from its vengeance; and its operations are more frequently to be traced through Mr. Pitcairn's collection than those of any, or perhaps of all the doctrines we have touched upon. There was no crime so gross that the party accused of it did not very often plead the king's remission at the bar, and compel the judges to dismiss him without further trial. The general looseness of this practice had most deplorable effects; and in James's reign it became more than ever prevalent, owing to the natural facility of his temper, his indulgence to courtiers and favourites, and his want of power to resist the most unreasonable requests, when urged by those who had access to, or interest with him. In the case of the notorious Archibald Douglas, the king appears to have been induced to shelter under the shadow of his protection a person whom no one ever doubted to have been particularly active in the murder of Henry Darnley, his father. After this, it would be superfluous to add other instances of those unseemly and indecent remissions; yet the following case so completely illustrates the impuissance of the laws, and the sacrifices which a sovereign of Scotland was compelled to make to the troubles of the time, that we are tempted to quote it.

Captain James Stewart (sometime Earl of Arran) was one of King James's earliest minions, and neither he nor any other prince ever settled his affections on a worse. Having ventured to stir from the solitude in which he had spent some years of retirement, after being banished from court, this Stewart ventured, in 1595, to appear in public and to pass near the castle of Douglas of Torthorald. That haughty baron was made acquainted with a freedom which he esteemed to be done in bravado, as the disgraced favourite was at mortal feud with all the name of Douglas, for having been the principal agent in pressing forward the trial and execution of the Regent Morton. Torthorald, therefore, incensed at his enemy's audacity, threw himself hastily on horseback as soon as he knew of his journey, pursued Stewart up a wild pass called the Gate-slack, ran a lance through his body, and left him dead on the highway. The friends

friends of the deceased endeavoured to bring the homicide to justice. But Douglas, not caring to undergo the risk of a trial, rather chose to submit to the decree of outlawry, which followed on the occasion. Meanwhile, he resided at his castle near Dumfries, with the certainty of making his part good against any one who should approach him with the purpose of giving him disturbance. Things remained in this state till 1598, when the Earl of Angus, lord warden of the whole marches, and having full power of king's lieutenant over the entire frontier, had occasion to command a general assembly of all the gentlemen within his territory for some branch of public service. On such meetings, all the landholders in the district were bound to attend under high penalties; and the Baron of Torthorald failed not to obey the summons, the rather, that it was sent forth by the Earl of Angus, the head of the house of Douglas. Nor had the Earl, acting in his high office, the least hesitation at accepting the military services and aid of a person accused of the murder of the king's ancient minister and near cousin, and who was denounced rebel, and under sentence of outlawry, for his refusal to abide trial for this crime.

But this is only one shade of an extraordinary picture. To complete it we must add, that the appearance of Torthorald at the host officially assembled by the Earl of Angus, and, it may be supposed, the predominance of the Douglas interest, determined many gentlemen in Ayrshire, Cunninghames, Kennedies, and others, connected by blood or friendship with that Stewart for whose slaughter Torthorald was under outlawry, to absent themselves from the host assembled by the king's lieutenant, rather choosing to incur the penalties which might attach to their absence, than risk the quarrels and bloodshed likely to spring from their meeting with Torthorald, where both parties were in arms.

The *remission* granted by the king on this occasion affords a most striking proof of his helpless state as a sovereign. It may at the same time serve as a specimen of the structure and orthography of the record.

'We vnderstanding that our louittis, William Cwninghame of Caprintoune and Daniell Cwninghame of Dalbeyth, being chargeit be vertew of Proclamatioune, to haif mett our rycht traist cousing, Williame Erll of Angus, our Leutennent and Wardane of our West Marcheis, att Drumfreis, or sic vþer pairtis contenit in our said Proclamatioun, for persuit of þe disobedient persounis within our said Wardanrie, in þe moneth of Februar, I^m.V^c.lxxxxviij ȝeiris: And þat for obedience þairof, and command of our said Proclamatioune, thay addressit þame selffis in weirlie maner with þair freindis and seruandis to our said raid; and James Dowglas of Torthorrell, being our rebell, and

and lying att our horne, for þe slauchter of our vmq^lo cousing, James Stewart of Newtoune, and þair neir kynnisman, being þan in cumpany att þe said raid with our said Leutennent: swa that the saidis Williame Cwninghame of Caprintoune, George Campbell of Cesnok, nor the said Daniell Cwninghame, could nocht guidlie remane att our said raid, (the said James Dowglas being in þair cumpany): Quhairvpoun thay haifing than menit þame vnto ws, We, for eschewing of gritar inconuenient, than faithfullie promittit *in verbo principis*, and gave licence to þame, þair freindis and seruandis, to pas hame fra our said raid, and that thay sould þairefter, att na tyme addres þame selffis to ony raid with our said Leutennent, (the said James Dowglas being in cumpany with him,) bot that thay sould remane att hame, and incur na skaith nor danger þairthrow. And als, that the saidis Williame, George and Daniell, being lykewyis chargeit agane, to haif mett with our said Leutennent att our said burch of Drumfreise, vpon þe xxij day of September lastbypast, (with quhom the said James Dowglas was þan in cumpany,) swa that thay mycht not addres þame selffis þairto: Thairfor, and according to our said promeis, we haif freelie Remittit, and be þir presentis Remittis the saidis Williame Cwninghame, George Campbell and Daniel Cwninghame, þair kyn, freindis and seruandis of all offence, cryme and panis committit be þame, for abyding fra þe saidis raidis or ony of þame; Discharging heirfore our Tresaurer, Aduocat, Justice, Justice-deputis and vþeris officieris quhatsoever, of all calling, atteiching, areisting, poinding, vnlawing, trubling or intrometting with þe saidis personis, thair freindis or seruandis, or ony of þame, for abyding fra þe saidis raidis or ony of þame and of þair offices in þat pairt for ewir; nochtwithstanding ony lettres, proclamatiounes and charges direct þairanent: Quhairanent and haill painis contenit þairin, We haif dispensit, and dispensis be þir presentis. Subscryuit with our hand, Att Halyruidhous, the xvj day of Februar, 1600. (Sic subscribitur.) JAMES R.

'Lenox, Montroise, Cassillis, Vchiltrie, Fyvie, Blantyre, Secretarius.'—Part III., pp. 107, 108.

In this curious letter, the king expresses no displeasure against his lieutenant, for admitting an outlawed murderer to form part of his royal host, and by doing so preventing the attendance of the relations of the slain man. Neither does he rebuke the Earl of Angus, his representative, who, vested with full power for all such purposes, did not arrest Torthorald when in his presence. He helplessly and quietly admits, that the objection of the Ayrshire petitioners to being exposed to meet with a person with whom they were at deadly feud, was a good apology for absenting themselves from the king's service, and pardons their non-appearance accordingly; in short acknowledges and submits to, without daring to censure, the sway of passions and practices at open war with the welfare of society, the power of law, and the dignity of his crown.

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The end of this affair was, that a nephew of the slain Captain Stewart avenged the deadly feud by running Torthorald through the body some time after as he was walking in the streets of Edinburgh. But, in truth, no reader of these volumes, whatever his previous acquaintance with Scottish history may have been, will contemplate, without a feeling of absolute wonder, the view of society which they unveil—or find it easy to comprehend how a system, subject to such severe concussions in every part, contrived, nevertheless, to hold itself together. The whole nation would seem to have spent their time, as one malefactor expressed it, 'in drinking deep, and taking deadly revenge for slight offences.'

It is startling to find how late the brutal and savage scheme of manners remained in full force. In June, 1608, for example, we find a youth of quality, nearly related to the royal family, namely John Stewart, son to the Lord of Doune and brother to the Lord of St. Colme, tried for the murder of an individual in a very inferior station, called John Gibb, in Over Lessody, under the following circumstances. A quarrel having taken place between the poor man Gibb and the young gentleman's attendant or groom, an exaggerated account of the matter was carried to Stewart, who was at that time engaged over his bottle. He instantly started up, and swore to bereave Gibb of his life. The company interposed, and would not permit him to leave them, until he had given his 'faithful word' that he had changed his blood-thirsty resolution. Yet so soon as he was free from the company, he rode instantly to Gibb's house, and called to the poor man in bed to rise and open the door; Gibb, knowing his voice, arose in his shirt without the slightest apprehension of evil, and on undoing the door, received a stab from Stewart's dirk, of which he died in forty-eight hours. It was also charged, that the assassin next morning showed the bloody dirk in triumph, saying, that if Gibb were the devil's man he had got enough to quench his thirst. This case was withdrawn from the court of justiciary, and further proceedings therein stopped, no doubt by the royal order, so that it becomes another illustration of the general system of remissions. Let it be remembered, that to inflame a race of such extreme irritability, the custom of deadly feud lent its ready assistance—a custom which enjoined that every injury or insult received from an individual of a particular clan or name, might be honourably, if not legally, retaliated upon any other person bearing the same name; and we have a state of manners presented to us, more resembling the perpetual storm and fury of the infernal regions than the civilized order of a Christian nation.

The northern legislature itself seems to have been fully sensible of the atrocity of the national temper, and accordingly their laws concerning

concerning homicide were far more rigorous than those of the sister kingdom, which their jurists gravely defended, by alleging the necessity of restraining the *perfervidum ingenium Scotorum.* The traces of this still remain. The Scottish law has been so framed to discountenance all approaches to personal encounter, that even marked aggressions will not vindicate the person who receives them. Nor, even at this hour, do the judges receive openly or avowedly the distinction, so broadly marked in the English law, between the homicide whose guilt arises out of some sudden strife and unpremeditated quarrel, and the deliberate and aforethought murderer. Yet not only did this affectation of judging with extreme severity the first provocation to violence fail of producing the desired effect in the elder time, but at this hour many of their own authors are forced to recognize the remnants of the fierce and vindictive propensities of their fathers among a nation otherwise proverbially moderate in their passions and moral in their deportment. If we consider the criminal calendars of England and Scotland in a comparative view, we must of course first make allowance for the population and the wealth of the principal nation. While our northern provinces are, for the most part, thinly peopled and by a simple race, removed from the general temptations of higher civilization—a great part of England is, on the contrary, densely inhabited by a manufacturing population, sometimes wallowing in opulence, which they waste in sensual enjoyment, sometimes reduced to the most sordid distress—either condition, unhappily, the fruitful mother of vices, which cannot so readily occur in a country still mainly pastoral and agricultural. To this must be added, the great effect produced upon the Scottish nation by their excellent system of parochial schools and general education. Such instruction, almost universally diffused, has had potent influence in ameliorating men's minds and taming their stormy passions. It has taught them reflection and moderation as its necessary consequence; it reminds them, that as sure as the day is followed by the night, so sure must the actions of the day be accounted for, and the indulgence of passion of whatever kind repaid by distress, remorse, or punishment. Where the population of a country is generally instructed, the influence of education of course extends far beyond the visible limits of its machinery; and in no country has that species of instruction, without which all others are more likely to do evil than good, been more systematically and successfully attended to than in modern Scotland. Still all this being granted,—all deduction being made on the one hand for the infinite concatenation of crime, connected with the mercantile and manufacturing system—and on the other for such superiority of general education

cation as the under ranks of the Scotch can justly pretend to,—it is at least the common opinion that Scotland is, even at this day, remarkably fertile in producing the darker kinds of crime, arising out of deep passion, matured revenge, long-harboured spite, family feuds, disputes among neighbours, and casual quarrels, which the good-natured Englishman forgives and forgets, before the sun has gone down upon his wrath. Without pretending to ascertain whether the traces of such national violence, or atrocity, as were stigmatized by old Scottish writers, remain at the present day, we may boldly say, that there is abundance of proof in these volumes of the ferocious and sullen temper of the race in former times. An injury, however trivial, once sustained—an insult, once given, though slight and unintentional—the aggrieved person, like Tam o' Shanter's dame, sat, perhaps, for years—

> Gathering his brows, like gathering storm,
> Nursing his wrath to keep it warm.

Many events are recorded in Mr. Pitcairn's collection, which are interesting to the dramatist or the novelist, as they indicate those evolutions of the human heart which such men long to copy from the frightful original. Many afford scenes which the painter might study; and some of them have already exercised the legendary muse of their country. Here we are to look for the real and unadorned history of Hugh the Graham, of Gilderoy, both famous in song; of the freebooter, Macpherson—

> 'Who played a spring, and danced it round
> Beneath the gallows-tree;'

and other turbulent chiefs, whose memory survives in the northern minstrelsy. Here are abundance of adventures, from which a Lillo might have drawn his plots for tragedies of domestic life, like Arden of Feversham, or The Fatal Curiosity. In opening the book at random, we light upon an example of the kind, concerning the murder of the Laird of Warriston by his own wife. It is the subject of a Scottish ballad, well known to collectors in that department; and the history of the conversion of the murderess, and of her carriage at her execution, compiled apparently by one of the clergymen of Edinburgh, has been lately printed by Mr. Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, whose merits as an author, antiquary, and draughtsman, stand in no need of our testimony.

The story of the young lady is short and melancholy. She was a daughter of Livingston of Dunipace, a courtier, and a favourite of James VI.; an ill-assorted marriage united her at an early age with the Laird of Warriston, a gentleman whom she did not love, and who apparently used her with brutal harshness. The Lady

Lady Warriston accused her husband of having struck her several blows, besides biting her in the arm; and conspired with her nurse, Janet Murdo, to murder him. The confidante, inspired by that half-savage attachment which in those days animated the connexion between the foster-child and the nurse, entered into all the injuries of which her *dalt* (*i. e.* foster daughter) complained, encouraged her in her fatal purpose, and promised to procure the assistance of a person fitted to act the part of actual murderer, or else to do the deed with her own hands. In Scotland, such as we have described it, such a character as the two wicked women desired for their associate was soon found in a groom, called Robert Weir, who appears, for a very small hire, to have undertaken the task of murdering the gentleman. He was ushered privately into Warriston's sleeping apartment, where he struck him severely upon the flank-vein, and completed his crime by strangling him. The lady in the meantime fled from the nuptial apartment into the hall, where she remained during the perpetration of the murder. The assassin took flight when the deed was done, but he was afterwards seized and executed. The lady was tried, and condemned to death, on the 16th of June, 1600. The nurse was at the same time condemned to be burnt alive, and suffered her sentence accordingly; but Lady Warriston, in respect of her gentle descent, was appointed to die by the *Maiden*, a sort of rude guillotine, imported, it is said, from Halifax by the Earl of Morton, while regent, who was himself the first that suffered by it. The printed account of this beautiful murderess contains a pathetic narrative of the exertions of the worthy clergyman (its author) to bring her to repentance. At first, his ghostly comfort was very ill received, and she returned with taunts and derision his exhortations to penitence. But this humour only lasted while she had hopes of obtaining pardon through the interest of her family. When these vanished, it was no longer difficult to bring her, in all human appearance, to a just sense of her condition; her thoughts were easily directed towards heaven, so soon as she saw there was no comfort upon earth. It is not for us to judge of the efficacy of repentance upon a death-bed, or at the foot of the gibbet. Lady Warriston's, like that of other criminals, had in it a strain of wild enthusiasm, such as, perhaps, an assistant may be very naturally tempted to sympathize with. It must, indeed, seem astonishing with what tenacity a wretch condemned to part with life clings to the sympathy of his fellow-mortals, and how readily he adopts the ideas suggested by those who administer the most grateful flattery, if it can be called so, by continuing to express an interest in his desolate condition. Hypocrisy is daily resorted to in cases where it seems utterly useless; nay, it is common to see those, who are under sentence of death

death for acknowledged crimes, load their souls with deliberate falsehood—only for the purpose of lessening their criminality in a very small degree, in the eyes of the world they are about to close their eyes upon for ever. Spiritual emotions may be, in like manner, feigned or fostered, for attracting the approbation and sympathy of a spiritual guide. In all such cases, therefore, as Mr. Sharpe justly concludes, a confessor ought to be severely cautious how he misleads his penitent with too sure a hope, or presents him to the multitude, as one laying down life rather like a martyr than a criminal; and in none such can it be safe or decent to follow the example of the Lady Warriston's reverend assistant, who did not hesitate to term his penitent a saint, though the blood of her husband had hardly been washed from her hands.

The pride of Lady Warriston's parents suggested a petition that she might be executed betwixt five and six in the morning; but both the clergyman and magistrates seem to have consented unwillingly to this arrangement. The clergyman was particularly offended that the display of her penitence should not be as public as that of her guilt had been; and we may forgive the good man if there was any slight regret for a diminished display of his own success, as a religious assistant, mixed with this avowed dissatisfaction.

Time will not permit us to linger longer upon these records, in which we find, among many meagre and unimportant details, fragments that are inexpressibly interesting. In the *ipsissima verba*, the actual words spoken during the conspiring and the acting of these horrid things, the reader has before him the native language of the strongest passions of the mortal breast—the threat of the murderer—the scorn with which he taunts the victim of his revenge—the petition for pity—the frantic expression of deadly fear — all the terrible, unapproachable, inimitable eloquence of agony. To explain what we mean, we may quote the well-known instance of the death of Cæsar, in which the three words, *Et tu, Brute*, affect the mind more, and stamp a more impressive image of the whole transaction, than all its historic details.

In pursuing this work, we conceive the editor might do well to abridge his own labour by omitting the pleadings upon the relevancy of the indictments, unless when these are singularly interesting or ingenious. They cannot now be in any respect instructive, even to the legal practitioner. We would also recommend, as essential to the value of the collection, such an accurate and extensive index, both of names and circumstances, as may afford an easy and secure means of reference amongst subjects which naturally lie dispersed and disconnected.

We

We are not altogether willing, even yet, to leave the subject, without addressing a word to those who have it in their power with convenience to assist an antiquarian publication of this nature. Mr. Pitcairn would not, probably, thank us, were we to make this expostulation in the tone of the recruiting sergeant, who assures the public, that only a very few young gentlemen of the most irreproachable habits are wanted to complete the gallant regiment for which he beats up. We may, however, observe, that the two associations of the Bannatyne and Maitland Clubs have done all which can be expected from societies so constituted, in encouraging the present laborious and expensive work; and it will be but fair in those who call loudly upon them to give the world the benefit of their private presses, to show, on an occasion like the present, that they really set a value upon such things—since, whether the exclusive system practised by these institutions is or is not the most advantageous that might be devised, it certainly has arisen from the carelessness and coldness with which almost all insulated attempts of this nature have recently been suffered to fall to the ground.

Art. VI.—*A Treatise on Sound.* By J. F. W. Herschell, Esq., F.R.S. London and Edinburgh, &c. (In the Encyclopædia Metropolitana.) Lond. 1830.

A WORK on any branch of natural philosophy from the pen of Mr. Herschell must at all times be an object of interest to the philosopher as well as to the general reader, who is sufficiently prepared for its perusal: his mathematical acquirements, his acquaintance with modern discovery, his powers of illustration, and the originality of his views, qualify him in a peculiar manner for writing a systematic account of any of the physical sciences. The 'Treatise on Sound,' of which we propose to give some account, is marked with all these characteristics of his powerful mind; but we regret to add, that it is fitted only for the perusal of the mathematical philosopher; and though the general reader will discover, here and there, portions which he is capable of understanding, yet he will find himself baffled at every step by profound views, and by the perpetual recurrence of mathematical formulæ.

In every other country but England, a work like the present would have had many readers among the upper and the middle ranks of society; but so great has been the decline of mathematical knowledge, and so completely has science been excluded from the list of accomplishments which qualify for public life, that

that there is scarcely an individual, not professionally scientific, who is capable of understanding or of appreciating Mr. Herschell's labours. Even those who have successfully pursued the admirable course of scientific instruction which exists at Cambridge, and, to a certain extent, at Oxford, will be found to have forgotten their early acquirements, and to have thrown aside their science as a weight which would only incumber them in the race of professional ambition.

In the times that have gone by, science was more prevalent among the educated classes, and was honoured with more patronage among the upper ranks. In every part of the kingdom there were found men of wealth and title, who, though not profoundly scientific, were yet zealous amateurs and active cultivators of popular and practical science: they were the patrons of the village philosopher and the village artist. With their telescopes, their solar microscopes, their electrical machines, and their air-pumps, they displayed to their visitors the more striking phenomena of the physical world. A beneficial respect for science was thus maintained within the pale of their influence, and those who were not admitted to see its wonders, heard of them at second-hand, and strove to fathom those mysteries of nature which amused the baron in his hall, and supplied wealth with one of its most elegant luxuries. This race of opulent and noble amateurs is now nearly extinct; and in the extended list of English, Scottish, and Irish nobility, we can remember only the names of five* individuals who dignify their rank by scientific attainments.

But not only has science ceased to become an object of ardent pursuit and of enlightened patronage—its grandest and most intelligible results have ceased to be received as demonstrated truths, and philosophers are often regarded as little better than jugglers, who impose upon popular credulity, and invest with the dignified name of general laws what are only deductions from their own plausible speculations.

It is not easy to devise a cure for such a state of things; but, in addition to some legislative enactments, the nature of which has been generally stated in a former Number,† the most obvious remedy is to provide the educated classes with a series of works on popular and practical science, freed from mathematical symbols and technical terms, written in simple and perspicuous language, and illustrated by facts and experiments which are level to the capacity of ordinary minds. If a general taste should thus be created for popular science, our reviews, magazines, and jour-

* The Lord Chancellor Brougham, the Duke of Buckingham, the Marquis of Northampton, the Earl of Minto, and Lord Oxmantown; we hope our catalogue is not quite complete!

† No. 86.

nals

nals would be induced to devote a portion of their pages to the development and simplification of modern discoveries, and philosophers of high name would not scruple to add to their more permanent reputation the contemporary fame of bringing within the grasp of their less gifted countrymen the beauties and the wonders of the material universe.

As there are few persons who have any idea of the delightful and instructive reading with which they would thus be supplied, we propose to devote the following pages to a popular account of the discoveries which have been made on the subject of 'Sound,' following the train of inquiry pursued by Mr. Herschell, and enlarging on several topics which he has either briefly discussed or entirely omitted.

The object of Mr. Herschell's treatise is to explain the nature and production of sound,—the laws of its propagation through various media (such as air, water, and solid bodies) which convey it to our ears,—the manner in which it acts on these organs,—the modifications of which it is susceptible in speech, music, or in inarticulate and unmeaning noises,—and the natural and artificial means of producing, regulating, or estimating sounds.

That sound is conveyed to the organ of hearing through the air is a fact which has been known from the remotest antiquity; but so little notice had this interesting subject excited, that it was not till the beginning of the last century that it was proved by experiment that the air is the vehicle by which sounds are conveyed, and that without its influence nature would be buried in the deepest silence. This important fact was first established by our countryman, Mr. Hauksbee, by suspending a bell in a large glass vessel. When the air was drawn out of the vessel, and the bell rung, the sound gradually grew fainter; and when the vessel was completely emptied of its air, the sound of the bell could no longer be heard, even though the ear was held close to the vessel. Upon re-admitting the air into the vessel, the sound of the bell was again heard; and it became louder and louder, and acquired its original strength, when the vessel was filled with air which communicated with that of the atmosphere. When more air was forced into the glass vessel, or when it was filled with denser or heavier air than that of the atmosphere, the loudness of the sound was found to increase with the density or heaviness of the air.

Hence we discover the cause of that deep silence which reigns in the elevated regions of the globe, and which, when combined with their habitual solitude, produces an impression on the mind at once grand and awful. The busy hum of men, of their voices and their deeds, is gradually extinguished as the traveller rises above the level of human affairs; the ocean's deep swell, and the fitful

fitful murmurs of the falling stream, are soon lost in their distance; and even the sounds of animated nature, which, during the stillness of night, and in the pure atmosphere of tropical climates, fall with such clearness and solemnity upon the ear, die away in the attenuated air. Thus removed from the region of life and motion, the travellers begin to experience between themselves other effects of their high elevation. Not only are the sounds by which they hold communication with each other enfeebled, and even incapable of being heard at moderate distances, but the muscular energy by which they utter them suffers a considerable diminution; and, with their powers of speech and their powers of hearing thus strangely modified, they can scarcely avoid feeling as if they were already on their way to the land of their destiny, and as if the functions of their corporeal nature, as well as the powers of the elements, had begun to undergo the transformation of a more spiritual existence.

But though sounds of ordinary intensity are thus weakened at great heights above the sea,—though Saussure found that a pistol fired on the top of Mont Blanc gave a report no louder than that of an Indian cracker,—yet at much greater elevations than that of the highest mountains the air is still able to transmit to the regions below sounds of great power and intensity. At heights in an atmosphere where the air is *three thousand* times more rare than that which we breathe, the sounds of meteors have been propagated down to the earth. The meteor of 1714, whose height was at least thirty-eight miles when it passed across Italy, was heard to make a hissing sound, like that of artificial fireworks: at Leghorn it gave a loud report, like that of a great cannon, terminating in a sound resembling the rattling of a cart of stones, which Montanari describes as 'lasting about the time of a *Credo*.' The meteor of 1719 was still more formidable by the sounds which it emitted. In Devonshire and Cornwall its sound was that of a broadside of cannon, followed by the rattling noise of musketry: the whole air experienced a violent concussion; windows and doors, and even houses, shook; at Tiverton it threw a looking-glass out of its frame and broke it; and these effects were the result of an explosion at the height of sixty-seven miles above the earth.

The transmission of sound through the atmosphere does not take place instantaneously. Every person has observed that the flash of a gun is seen before the sound of the discharge is heard, and that the interval between them becomes longer as the gun is more distant. The lightning, too, is always seen before the thunder commences, and the interval is often very considerable.

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The sound of the great meteor of 1783 was not heard till *ten minutes* after it disappeared.

Although the velocity of light is infinitely greater than that of sound, yet philosophers had determined the speed of the former long before they had measured that of the latter. This arose principally from the want of a proper method of measuring small portions of time, which modern philosophers have been so fortunate as to possess. One of the instruments for this purpose, called a *Chronograph*, and invented by M. Rieussec, is a sort of time-piece, one of whose hands performs a revolution round the dial-plate every second. By suddenly pressing a lever at any given instant, the extremity of the hand is made to touch the dial-plate, and leave a drop of printers' ink, without its own motion being in any way interrupted. By this, or similar contrivances, it was found practicable to determine the interval between the flash and the sound of a gun with such nicety as to render the measurement of the velocity of sound a comparatively easy experiment. Since the year 1660, when the experiment was first made by the Florentine academicians, various determinations of the velocity of sound have been published; but by taking a mean of those which have been made with all the aids of modern science, it appears that, in dry air and at the freezing temperature, sound travels at the rate of 1090 feet, or 363 yards, in a second; and that at 62° of Fahrenheit, it travels 9000 feet in eight seconds, $12\frac{3}{4}$ British standard miles in a minute, and 765 miles in an hour. Hence, as Mr. Herschell has calculated, sound moves with the same velocity as a point of the earth's surface in latitude 42° 20′ 40″: so that, if in that latitude a gun be fired at the moment any star passes the meridian, the sound will reach any other place exactly west of it at the same instant of time that the star reaches its meridian.

The transmission of sound from one place to another is often singularly obstructed by the state of the air, or of the ground over which it passes. Fogs, and falling rain and snow, produce a very marked effect, which must have been noticed by the most careless observer; but the strangest effect is produced by a deep coating of new fallen snow. We have heard an officer describe a remarkable fact of this kind, which he observed during the American war. A river separated the British and American lines, and the outposts were so near that the form of individuals could be easily recognised. His attention was accidentally directed to a drummer who began to beat his drum. The active movement of his arms was distinctly seen, but not a single note reached the ear of the observer. A coating of new fallen snow had totally obstructed the sound, and produced in perfection the phenomenon of the muffled drum. The very opposite effect, however, is occasioned

by a coating of glazed or hardened snow, or by a surface of water or ice. Lieutenant Foster conversed with a man across the ice of Port Bowen harbour, a distance of about a mile and a quarter; and Dr. Young informs us, on the authority of Denham, that the human voice was heard at Gibraltar at the distance of ten miles. When the ground is dry and hard, or rests upon a continuous stratum of rock, the sound is propagated to a much greater distance; and hence it is the practice in many countries to ascertain the approach of horsemen by applying the ear to the ground. The sound of cannon has been heard at a great distance. Guns discharged at Carlscrona were heard as far as Denmark, a distance of at least 120 miles. In sailing from Asia Minor to Egypt, Dr. Clarke heard the sound of a sea-fight at a distance of 130 miles. Dr. Hearn heard guns fired at Stockholm in 1685 at the distance of 180 British miles; and the cannonade of a naval engagement between the Dutch and English in 1672 was heard across England as far as Shrewsbury, and even in Wales, a distance of above 200 miles.

That sounds of all kinds, whether sharp or flat, travel with the same speed, may be proved by making a distant band perform a rapid piece of music. M. Biot did this more effectually by causing several airs to be played upon a flute at the end of a cast iron water-pipe 3120 feet long. The sounds were distinctly heard by himself at the other end, without the slightest derangement in the order or intervals of the high and low notes.

The difficulty of transmitting sounds to a great distance arises from the sound spreading and losing itself in the surrounding air, so that if we could confine it on one side, as along a wall—on two sides, as in a narrow street—or on all sides, as in a tube or pipe—we should be able to convey it to great distances. In the cast-iron water-pipe of Paris, which formed a continuous tube with only two bendings near its middle, the lowest whisper at one end was distinctly heard at the other, through a distance of 3120 feet. A pistol fired at one end actually blew out a candle at the other end, and drove out light substances with great violence. Hence we see the operation of speaking tubes which pass from one part of a building to another, and of the new kind of bell which is formed of a wooden or tin tube, with a small piston at each end. By pushing in one piston, the air in the tube conveys the effect to the piston at the other end, which strikes against a bell—this piston being, as it were, the clapper on the outside of the bell. The intensity of confined sounds is finely exhibited at Carisbrook Castle, in the Isle of Wight. There is here a well 210 feet deep, of twelve feet in diameter, and lined with smooth masonry; and when a pin is dropped into it,

it, the sound of its striking the surface of the water is distinctly heard.

When sound is stopped in its progress by an even surface, such as a wall, the side of a house, the face of a rock, or the side of a hill, it is reflected or driven back exactly like light from a mirror; and the observer, who emits the sound, will hear the reflected sound, or *echo*, some time after the original sound was emitted. If a person, for example, stands opposite the face of a rock, at the distance of 1090 feet, and fires a pistol, the sound will take one second to reach the rock, and when reflected from it, it will take another second to return to the observer, so that the *echo* will be heard exactly *two seconds* after the discharge of the pistol. Hence we may determine the distance in feet of the body which occasions the echo, by multiplying 1090 feet by half the number of seconds between the sound and its echo. In order to hear the echo most distinctly, the person must always be directly opposite the middle of the wall or obstruction which reflects the sound. If the place where the sound is made is different from the place of the observer who is to hear it, then the ear of the observer must be as distant on one side from the point directly opposite the middle of the wall as the place of the sound is distant from it on the other; or, to speak more technically, sound is reflected like light, so that the angle of incidence, or the inclination at which the sound falls upon the wall, is equal to the angle of reflection, or the inclination at which the sound is returned from the wall. We have had occasion to observe a very fine proof of this property of sound in the circular turn of a garden wall, nearly a mile distant from a weir over a river. When the air is pure and the wind favourable, the rushing sound of the water is reflected from the hollow surface of the wall, and concentrated in a focus, like the rays of light, and the ear can easily discover the point where the sound is most intense.

Various remarkable echoes, and some not very credible, have been described by different authors. Dr. Plot mentions an echo in Woodstock Park, which repeats seventeen syllables by day and twenty by night. The famous echo at the Marquis Simonetta's villa near Milan has been described both by Addison and Keysler. According to the last of these travellers, it is occasioned by the reflection of the voice between the opposite parallel wings of the building, which are fifty-eight paces from each other, without any windows or doors, and perpendicular to the main body of the building. The repetition of the sound dwells chiefly on the last syllable. A man's voice is repeated above forty times, and the repot of a pistol above sixty times; but the repeti-

tions are so rapid that it is difficult to number them, unless it be early in the morning or in a calm, still evening.

A curious example of an oblique echo, not heard by the person who emits the sound, is described in the 'Memoirs of the Academy of Sciences' as existing at Genefay, near Rouen. A person singing hears only his own direct voice, while those who listen hear only the echo, which sometimes seems to approach, and at other times to recede from, the ear; one person hears a single voice, another several voices; one hears the echo on the right, and another on the left—the effect constantly changing with the position of the observer.

One of the most remarkable echoes of which we have read is that which Dr. Birch describes as existing at Roseneath in Argyllshire. When a person at a proper distance played eight or ten notes on a trumpet, they were correctly repeated, but a third lower; after a short silence, another repetition was heard in a yet lower tone, and after another short interval, they were repeated a third time in a tone lower still.—We extract the following account of two very interesting echoes from Mr. Herschell's work:—

'In the cathedral of Girgenti, in Sicily, the slightest whisper is borne with perfect distinctness from the great western door to the cornice behind the high altar, a distance of 250 feet. By a most unlucky coincidence, the precise focus of divergence at the former station was chosen for the place of the confessional. Secrets never intended for the public ear thus became known, to the dismay of the confessors and the scandal of the people, by the resort of the curious to the opposite point, (which seems to have been discovered accidentally,) till at length one listener, having had his curiosity somewhat overgratified by hearing his wife's avowal of her own infidelity, this tell-tale peculiarity became generally known, and the confessional was removed. *

'Beneath the Suspension Bridge across the Menai Strait in Wales, close to one of the main piers, is a remarkably fine echo. The sound of a blow on the pier with a hammer is returned in succession from each of the cross-beams which support the road-way, and from the opposite pier at a distance of 576 feet; and in addition to this, the sound is many times repeated between the water and the road-way. The effect is a series of sounds which may be thus described: the first return is sharp and strong from the road-way overhead; the rattling which succeeds dies away rapidly, but the single repercussion from the opposite pier is very strong, and is succeeded by a faint palpitation, repeating the sound at the rate of twenty-eight times in

* Travels through Sicily and the Lipari Islands, in the month of December, 1824. By a Naval Officer. 1 vol. 8vo. London. 1827.

five

five seconds, and which therefore corresponds to a distance of 184 feet, or very nearly the double interval from the road-way to the water. Thus it appears, that in the repercussion between the water and road-way, that from the latter only affects the ear, the line drawn from the auditor to the water being too oblique for the sound to diverge sufficiently in that direction. Another peculiarity deserves especial notice, namely, that the echo from the opposite pier is best heard when the auditor stands precisely opposite to the middle of the breadth of the pier, and strikes just on that point. As it deviates to one or the other side, the return is proportionably fainter, and is scarcely heard by him when his station is a little beyond the extreme edge of the pier, though another person, stationed (on the same side of the water) at an equal distance from the central point, so as to have the pier between them, hears it well.'

In treating the important subject of echoes in churches and public buildings, Mr. Herschell has exposed several prevailing errors, and laid down several useful principles, which merit the particular attention of the architect. In small buildings the echo is not distinguishable from the principal sound, and therefore serves only to strengthen it; but in very large buildings, where the original sound and its echo are distinctly separated, the effect is highly disagreeable. In cathedrals, this bad effect is diminished by reading the service in a monotonous chant, in consequence of which the voice is blended in the same sound with its echo. In musical performances, however, this resource is not available. When *ten* notes are executed in a single second, as in many pieces of modern music, the echo, in the direction of the length of a room fifty-five feet long, will exactly throw the second reverberation of each note on the principal sound of the following note, wherever the auditor is placed. Under such circumstances, therefore, the performers should be stationed in the middle of the apartment.

Every sportsman must have observed the singular variety of sound which constitutes the report of his fowling-piece. Sometimes it is short and sharp, at other times flat and prolonged, even when there is no surrounding object capable of reflecting the sound. The French astronomers, in making their experiments on the velocity of sound, observed, that under a perfectly clear sky, the report of their guns was always single and sharp; whereas, when a cloud covered a considerable part of the horizon, the report was attended with a long continued roll like thunder, and frequently indistinct reports were produced by a single discharge. Hence the ordinary rolling of the thunder may be ascribed to the echoes produced by reflexion from the clouds, though, as Mr. Herschell remarks, there is another cause for the rolling of thunder, as well as for its sudden and capricious bursts and variations of

of intensity, of which he has given a very ingenious and original explanation.

Our author proceeds to consider the mathematical theory of the propagation of sound in air and other elastic fluid media; but as this branch of the subject is beyond the capacity of general readers, we shall pass at once to the section—on the propagation of sound through gases, liquids, mixed media, and solids.

Accurate experiments are still wanting to determine the velocity of sound in different gases, and their influence upon the sounds which they transmit. According to the experiments of Van Rees, Frameyer, and Moll, sound moves with the following velocities in some of the gases.

Hydrogen	3000 feet per second.
Azote	1109
Oxygen	1039
Carbonic acid gas	903
Sulphurous acid gas	751

The result respecting hydrogen, though confirmed by the experiments of Chladni, is very remarkable, as the theory, which agrees wonderfully with experiment on the other gases, makes it no less than 4045 feet per second.

The influence of the gases upon the sounds which they transmit has been still more imperfectly examined. Priestley found, that the sound of a bell in hydrogen gas was scarcely louder than in a vacuum, whereas, both in oxygen and carbonic acid gas, it was louder than in air. M. Perolle found, that a given sound, which ceased to be heard in atmospheric air at the distance of 56 feet, ceased to be heard in oxygen at 63 feet, in carbonic acid gas at 48 feet, and in hydrogen at 11 feet. Chladni also found, that the sound of hydrogen gas in an organ pipe was remarkably feeble and difficult to distinguish, while that of oxygen was stronger than that of atmospheric air. An analogous effect is produced by breathing hydrogen: the voice becomes extremely feeble, and is at the same time raised in pitch, and, according to some accounts, this effect continues long after the lungs are cleared of the hydrogen. These experiments ought to be made with caution, as they are not altogether free from danger.

The effect of hydrogen in enfeebling sound has been more recently shown by Mr. Leslie, who, after rarifying the air in a vessel one hundred times, introduced hydrogen, but no augmentation in the sound of the inclosed bell took place. When the air in the vessel was only half exhausted, and the deficiency supplied with hydrogen gas, the sound of the inclosed bell was scarcely audible.

The propagation of sound through water presents many interesting

resting points of consideration. The velocity with which it moves was found by M. Beudant to be about 4921 feet per second; and by still more accurate experiments, made in the lake of Geneva, MM. Colladon and Sturm found it be 4708 feet per second, when the temperature was 46° 6 of Fahrenheit. The series of experiments performed by these two able philosophers were made with much care and sagacity, and have afforded many very important and instructive results. After trying various methods of producing sound under water, they adopted the contrivance of striking a bell with a metallic lever, about a yard below the surface; the signals were made by the explosion of gunpowder, which was effected by the same blow of the hammer which struck the bell, and the interval which elapsed between the appearance of the flash and the arrival of the sound was reckoned by a quarter of a second stop watch. The experiments were made in the pure water of the lake of Geneva, between Rolle and Thonon, a distance of *nine* miles. When the bell was struck beneath the water, it was distinctly heard by an observer in the air and directly above the bell; but when the observer was 200 or 300 yards distant from the point above the bell, the sound of it could no longer be heard. This remarkable fact requires some explanation. If, in a dark night, we place in a glass bell a bright flame like that of an Argand lamp, and sink it a foot or two beneath the surface of a pool of clear and still water, the light will be readily seen when the eye is nearly above it; but if the eye is at such a distance, that the line joining it and the light is inclined 41° or less to the surface of the pool, not a single ray of the light of the lamp will reach the eye, even if it were as intense as the light of a tropical sun. The whole of the light suffers what is termed total reflection from the inner surface of the water. From the above experiment of MM. Colladon and Sturm, this curious property of light seems to hold also in the case of sound, which appears to have been totally reflected from the surface of the water.

Now, in the case of light, we could see the lamp under water by putting a pane of glass at the end of a tube, and thrusting that end under the surface. If we point the tube to the lamp, its rays will fall nearly perpendicularly upon the pane of glass, and they will be freely transmitted to the eye. In this experiment we have done nothing more than substitute for the oblique surface of water, which is incapable of transmitting light, a less oblique surface of glass, which is capable of transmitting it. In like manner, MM. Colladon and Sturm conceived the happy idea of plunging a tube into the water, at any distance from the bell, to receive the vibrations which the surface of the water would not allow to escape, and to transmit them to the ear of an observer out

out of the water. With this view, they plunged vertically into the lake a thin tin cylinder, about three yards long and eight inches wide, closed at the lower end, and open above, and the sonorous vibrations propagated under the water were thus stopped, and made to enter the air in the tube, which transmitted them to the ear of the observer. By means of this beautiful contrivance, they were enabled to hear the strokes of the bell under water at a distance of *nine miles*—across the whole breadth of the lake of Geneva.

In the course of these experiments M. Colladon observed that the sound of a bell, struck under water, had, at a distance, no resemblance whatever to its sound in air. It gave a sound like that of two knife-blades struck against each other. When the distance became so small as the eighth part of a mile, the musical tone of the bell could be distinguished after the blow of the hammer, a result which is the reverse of what takes place in air, where the first impulse of the hammer is heard only in the immediate vicinity of the bell.

When sounds are generated in the atmosphere, they are distinctly heard, even where solid obstacles are interposed between the ear and the sounding body; but, under water, M. Colladon found that this was not the case. When a wall was interposed between the bell and the tin tube above mentioned, the intensity of the sound suffered remarkable diminution; so that the wall had, as it were, a shadow for sound as it had for light.

When the medium or substance through which sound or light passes is homogeneous, or of the same density, and is uninterrupted by cracks or openings, the light and the sound will be transmitted with the least loss, and with the greatest distinctness; but if the medium has different densities, or consists of different bodies imperfectly mixed, or is interrupted by empty spaces, the light and sound will be either greatly diminished or entirely destroyed. When we add syrup to water, or brandy to water, and look through the glass at a candle before they have combined, the candle will appear like a cloud, as if we had viewed it through a piece of ground glass. When the light passes from a portion of the water to the brandy, or from the brandy to the water, a part of it suffers reflection, and, as the separating surface can seldom be perpendicular to the direction of the ray, a part of the light will also suffer refraction. Now, as this must take place many hundred times while the light is passing through a large glass of these imperfectly blended liquids, it is not difficult to understand how we are unable to see objects distinctly through the mixture. The very same effect is produced if we transmit light through a piece of glass full of cracks.

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The effects produced by transmitting sound through mixed media is precisely the same as in the case of light. Since sound moves with different velocities in different bodies, the wave which produces the sound will be partly reflected when it passes from one medium to the other, and its direction changed. If the two media are both gases, or both fluids, or both solids, but have different densities and elasticities, the interruption and destruction of the sound will be very great, as in the experiment of mixing hydrogen and atmospheric air, already mentioned; but if the two media are of very different characters, the one a gas, and the other a fluid, as in the case of falling rain, or the one a gas and the other a solid, as in the case of falling or new-fallen snow, the scattering and deadening of the sound is still more complete. Of the waves that do reach the ear, some will arrive sooner and some later, and these, by the law of interference, which will afterwards be explained, will modify or destroy each other.

M. Chladni has illustrated this effect of mixed media by an elegant experiment of easy repetition. If we pour sparkling champagne into a tall glass, till it is half full, the glass cannot be made to ring by a stroke upon its edge, but emits a dull, disagreeable, and puffy sound. This effect continues as long as the effervescence lasts, and while the wine is filled with air-bubbles. But as the effervescence subsides, the sound becomes clearer and clearer, till, at last, the glass rings as usual when the air-bubbles have disappeared. By reproducing the effervescence, the sound is again deadened as before. The same experiment may be made with effervescing malt liquors, and with still more effect by putting a piece of sponge, or a little wool or tow into a tumbler of water.* The cause of the result obtained by M. Chladni is, as Mr. Herschel remarks, that the glass and the contained liquid, in order to give a musical tone, must vibrate regularly in unison as a system; and if any considerable part of a system is unsusceptible of regular vibration, the whole must be so.

Baron Humboldt has employed this interesting experiment to illustrate and explain the well-known phenomenon of distant sounds being more distinctly heard during the night than during the day. This fact, which had been observed by the ancients, and in large cities, or in their vicinity, was commonly ascribed to the repose of animated beings. When Humboldt first heard the noise of the great cataracts of the Orinoco, in the plain which surrounds the Mission of the Apures, his attention was particularly directed

* Might not the harmonicon be improved by suspending different substances of different forms, at different depths, in the fluid, which could easily be done by a simple piece of mechanism? The note of each glass might be varied merely by the rise of water occasioned by the different degrees of immersion of a solid plunger.

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to this curious fact, and he was of opinion that the noise was three times louder at night than during the day. As the humming of insects was much greater at night than during the day, and as the breeze which might have agitated the leaves of the trees never rose till after sun-set, this eminent traveller was compelled to seek for another cause of the phenomenon. In a hot day, when warm currents of air ascend from the heated ground, and mix with the cold air above of a different density, the transparency of the air is so much affected, that every object seen through it appears to be in motion, just as when we look at any distant object over a fire or the flame of a candle. The air is, therefore, during the day, a mixed medium, in which the sounds are reflected and scattered in passing through streams of air of different densities, as in the experiment of mixing atmospheric air and hydrogen. At midnight, on the contrary, when the air is transparent, and of uniform density, as may be seen by the brilliancy and number of the stars, the slightest sound reaches the ear without interruption. This explanation, given by Humboldt, and which is, no doubt, the true one, is repeated by Mr. Herschell with the following addition :—

'There is no doubt, however,' says he, 'that the universal and dead silence generally prevalent at night renders our auditory nerves sensible to impressions which would otherwise escape them. The analogy between sound and light is perfect in this as in so many other respects. In the general light of day the stars disappear. In the continual hum of noises which is always going on by day, and which reach us from all quarters, and never leave the ear time to attain complete tranquillity, those feeble sounds which catch our attention at night make no impression. The ear, like the eye, requires long and perfect repose to attain its utmost sensibility.'

This increase of sensibility in the ear, during night, takes place, however, only in cities and populous districts. What Mr. Herschell says cannot be applicable to the plains of the Orinoco: there the ear has its greatest sensibility *during the day*, in consequence of the hum of insects, and the sound of the night-breeze, being then inferior to what they are after the setting of the sun.

The facts above explained furnish us with the cause of the effect produced by carpeting and woollen-cloth in deadening musical sounds, and may suggest to the builder much better methods of deafening houses than those which are now employed.

In passing over different roads, the traveller must have often observed a singular change of the sound produced by the hoofs of his horse, or the wheels of his carriage. Sometimes the sound is hard and sharp, and at other times dull and hollow, as if he were passing over a vaulted chamber. This phenomenon is generally ascribed to the existence of caves, or hollows, beneath; and there have

have been examples where the cupidity of the proprietor has led him to search in these supposed chambers for the hidden treasures of former generations. There can be no doubt, however, that the peculiarities of the sounds under consideration are owing to the materials beneath, and their manner of juxtaposition. If the road passes over a solid rock, the sound must be very different from what it is when it passes over a mass of clay or sand. If the materials beneath consist of broken rock, with intervening hollows, sometimes filled with loose, and sometimes with dense materials, and sometimes with air, it is obvious, that the sound in passing downwards will be reflected at every change of medium or of density, and will produce a rapid succession of echoes resembling a hollow rumbling sound.

Mr. Herschell has applied this principle very successfully to a phenomenon observed at Solfaterra:—

'A phenomenon noticed by every traveller who visits the Solfaterra near Naples, but whose true nature has been much misconceived, is easily explicable on this principle. The Solfaterra is an amphitheatre, or extinct crater, surrounded by hills of lava, in a rapid state of decomposition by the action of acid vapours issuing from one principal and many subordinate vents and cracks. The whole soil of the level, at its bottom, consists of this decomposed lava, whose disintegration, however, is not so complete as to reduce it to powder; but leaves it in coherent white masses of a very loose friable structure. At a particular spot, a large stone violently thrown against the soil is observed to produce a peculiar hollow sound, as if some great vault were below. Accordingly, it is usually cited as a proof of the existence of some vast cavity below communicating with the ancient seat of the volcano, and, perhaps, with subterraneous fires; while others ascribe it to a reverberation from the surrounding hills with which it is nearly concentric; and others to a variety of causes more or less fanciful. It seems most probable, however, that the hollow reverberation is nothing more than an assemblage of partial echoes arising from the reflections of successive portions of the original impulse in its progress through the soil at the innumerable half-coherent surfaces composing it; were the whole soil a mass of sand, these reflections would be so strong and frequent as to destroy the whole impulse in too short an interval to allow of a distinguishable after-sound. It is a case analogous to that of a strong light, with a milky medium or smoky atmosphere; the whole medium appears to shine with a nebulous, undefined light. This is to the eye what such a hollow sound is to the ear.'

The propagation of sound through solid bodies has been examined with considerable accuracy. Every person must have seen the schoolboy's experiment of tapping with the head of a pin, or the extremity of his nail, at the end of a log of timber, while his astonished companion hears it distinctly at the further end. Almost all

all solid bodies possess this property of transmitting sound with great facility and distinctness. A very instructive experiment of this kind was made by two Danish philosophers, Messrs. Herhold and Rafn. Having stretched a metallic wire six hundred feet long in a horizontal direction, they suspended at one end a plate of sonorous metal; and when this was slightly struck, the auditor at the other end, with the wire in his teeth, heard at every stroke two distinct sounds, one conveyed almost instantly along the wire, and the other transmitted more slowly through the air. In a series of valuable experiments on the conveyance of sound along the cast iron pipes of Paris, made by MM. Biot, Bouvard, Malus, and Martin, the interval between the sound transmitted through the air and along the iron of the pipe was accurately measured, and the velocity of sound along cast iron was determined to be about 11090 feet per second, or about $10\frac{1}{2}$ times quicker than in air. According to Chladni, the relative velocities of sound in different solids, are as in the following table —

	Velocity in feet per second.
Tin	8175
Silver	9810
Baked clay	10900
Copper	13080
Glass	18530
Iron	18530
Woods of different kinds	from 11990 to 18530

As force is transmitted along solid bodies in exactly the same manner as sound, and, consequently, with exactly the same velocity, Mr. Herschell is led to make the following interesting remark :—

'From this determination (namely, that of the velocity of sound in cast iron) we may estimate the time it requires to transmit force, whether by pulling, pushing, or by a blow, to any distance, by means of iron bars or chains. For every 11090 feet of distance, the pull, push, or blow, will reach its point of action one second after the moment of its first emanation from the first mover. In all moderate distances, then, the interval is utterly insensible. But were the sun and the earth connected with an iron bar, no less than 1074 days, or nearly *three years*,* must elapse before a force applied at the sun could reach the earth. The force actually exerted by their mutual gravity may be proved to acquire no appreciable time for its transmission. How wonderful is this connexion!'

This remarkable property of matter, which will appear strange to some of our readers, may be placed in a more popular and paradoxical aspect by imagining Titan and Saturn to be placed in opposite points of the orbit of the planet which bears the name of the latter, and to resume their ancient combats with weapons

* With a bar of tin, nearly *seven* years would be necessary.

of

of earthly fabric. The deadly blow dealt by the former would not slay its victim till after the lapse of fifty-two years ; and if one year before this event Saturn should aim a mortal thrust at his antagonist, it could not prove fatal till fifty-one years after his own death.

In noticing the rapid transmission of gravity from the sun to the earth, Mr. Herschell justly exclaims, How wonderful is this connexion! May we not add—How wonderful is the adaptation of the properties of matter to the purposes to which it is to be applied! In the tiny machinery over which man presides, the forces which he is permitted to call forth and to control are transmitted with a rapidity which, though extremely slow in reference to the distances in the heavens, may be considered as instantaneous within their own prescribed sphere. But in the vast mechanism of the solar system, the power which unites its parts and regulates its movements is conveyed with a celerity proportional to the immense distances over which it has to pass, and transcending all the powers of human appreciation.

Having thus considered the general phenomena of the propagation of sound, Mr. Herschell proceeds, in the second part of his treatise, to the subject of *musical sounds*. In the same manner as the eye sees a continuous circle of light, when a burning stick is whirled round before it, so the ear hears a continued sound when single and separate sounds follow one another in rapid succession. The number of separate sounds which will thus constitute a continued sound is, according to Mr. Herschell, probably, not less than sixteen in a second. If these sounds are perfectly similar and occur at exactly equal intervals of time, they will constitute a musical sound. There are various mechanical methods of producing a succession of such sounds, arising from equally distant impulses on the air. One of the most familiar is by the vibration of musical strings or wires. If a string or wire is stretched between two fixed points, as in a harp or pianoforte, the line joining its two fixed points, or the direction of the wire when it is at rest, is called the *axis*. If we now strike the string or wire, or pull it aside, and then let it go, it will vibrate between its two fixed points, and will give out a sound corresponding to the rapidity of its vibration. The string will be seen to vibrate to equal distances on each side of the axis. If a string, kept in a state of vibration, is lightly touched with the finger, or a feather, exactly in *the middle* of its length, the extent of its vibrations will be diminished, and their frequency increased, and it will emit a fainter, but more acute note than the original, or, as it is called, the *fundamental* note, which the string emitted before it was touched. The note thus produced is that which corresponds to *twice* the number of vibrations

vibrations originally performed by the string. If the string had been touched at *one-third* of its length, the note would have been still more acute, and would have corresponded to *thrice* the number of vibrations, and so on in other aliquot parts of the string. In these cases a curious effect takes place. When the string is touched in the middle, it divides itself into two parts, each of which vibrates separately, the one between the right hand fixed point and the middle point of the string, and the other between the left hand fixed point and the middle point. The middle point is, therefore, stationary, and the two halves of the string vibrate exactly as if the middle point was firmly fixed. This stationary point is called a *node*, and the vibrating portions on each side of it are called *loops;* and it is obvious, from what has been said, that we may make a string vibrate in any number of loops, suppose six, by touching it at the sixth part of its length from either of its two fixed extremities.

The property of vibrating strings is an extremely curious one, and at first sight very inexplicable; but it may be shown, that the parts of the string on each side of any node are on opposite sides of the axis, and equidistant from it at every instant, so that the node, or point of the string at rest, is actually drawn by equal and opposite forces. This curious subdivision of the vibrating string may be proved by putting upon any of the nodes a small angular piece of light paper, which will remain there at perfect rest; but if the same piece of paper is placed on the middle of one of the loops, it will be either violently agitated or thrown off. At every other point of the loop it will indicate, by its movements, that the string is not in a state of rest.

We have already mentioned, that the sounds arising from the vibrations of the separate loops are more acute than the fundamental note, or that of the whole string vibrating in one loop. These acute sounds, which are related to the fundamental sound, in the manner already mentioned, are called *harmonic sounds*, and an experienced ear can readily detect these harmonic sounds along with the fundamental sound.

Another mode of producing these harmonic sounds by sympathy is too curious to be omitted. If we take two strings, of the same material and equally stretched, and the one only one-third of the length of the other; if we strike or sound the shorter string, the longer one will be set a vibrating by the intervention of the air, and it will vibrate in three loops, each equal to the shorter string, and each, of course, performing the same number of vibrations in a given time. If the shorter string is one-sixth of the length of the longer one, the latter will vibrate in six loops, and so on.

It is owing to this sympathetic communication of vibrations that persons

persons with a clear and powerful voice have been able to break a large tumbler-glass by singing close to it its proper fundamental note. We have heard of a case where a gentleman broke no fewer than twelve large glasses in succession.

This sympathy of vibrations, or tendency of one vibrating body to throw another into the very same state of vibration, shows itself most remarkably in the going of two clocks fixed to the same shelf or wall. It was known nearly a century ago that two clocks set a going on the same shelf will affect each other. *The pendulum of the one will stop that of the other; and the pendulum of the clock which was stopped will, after a certain time, resume its vibrations, and in its turn stop that of the other clock.* Mr. John Ellicott, who first observed these effects, noticed that two clocks, which varied from each other ninety-six seconds per day, agreed to a second for several days when they were placed against the same rail. The slowest of these two clocks, which had a longer pendulum, set the other in motion in $16\frac{1}{3}$ minutes, and stopped itself in $36\frac{2}{3}$ minutes. Similar effects have been observed by the late Mr. Reid, of Edinburgh, when the clocks were fixed to strong deal planks, firmly fastened to a stout brick wall. M. Breguet observed the same phenomena in watches. These effects are clearly produced by the small vibrations communicated from the one pendulum to the other through the shelf, rail, or plank, on which they both rest, or to which they are both fixed.*

The production of harmonic sounds along with the fundamental sound of a vibrating string, has a fine analogy with the phenomenon of accidental or harmonic colours. If the eye looks steadfastly upon a red wafer for a few seconds, it sees a green colour at the same time; but while the eye remains fixed on the wafer, this green colour or green image of the wafer is mixed with the direct red light of the wafer, and seems only to dilute or render less red the colour of the wafer; but the moment the eye is withdrawn from the red wafer, and directed to a piece of white paper, it sees the green image most distinctly, the effect of which remains long after the sensation of the red light has disappeared. Now it is a singular fact that these two colours, *red* and *green*, are harmonic colours, or such as always harmonize together in painting; and they have, besides, another property of forming white light when they are mixed together. In like manner, the harmonic colour of *blue* is *orange*, and that of *yellow*, *violet*. The retina of the human eye, therefore, is, by the action of one colour, thrown into such a state of vibration, as to see at the same time its harmonic colour. These two colours, the primitive and its harmonic colour,

* Some interesting observations on the sympathy of clocks will be found in the 'Edinburgh Encyclopædia,' Art. *Horology*, vol. xi., p. 162.

are

are seen together by the eye in the same manner as the fundamental and its harmonic sound are heard together by the ear; but as the eye cannot see the two co-existing colours separately, as the ear hears the two co-existing sounds, it is necessary to withdraw the primitive colour in order to exhibit its harmonic colour.

Mr. Herschell next proceeds to treat of the vibrations of a column of air, by which musical sounds are produced in wind instruments. The most usual means of making a column of air vibrate in a pipe or tube, is to blow over it, either at an opening made in its side, or across the open end of a pipe shut at the other end, or by making a current of air pass along the pipe through an aperture of a particular construction, called a reed.

In order to explain how a column of air vibrates in a pipe, let us suppose a pipe or tube, one foot long, to have a hole in the middle of it, and let us imagine it to be filled with a fine spiral spring, a foot long (like that of a child's spring-gun), the ends of which are fixed to the ends of the pipe. If we conceive each coil or spire of this spring to be pushed or drawn from the right to the left end of the pipe, and then back again from the left to the right end, and so on, we shall have a good idea of the vibration of a column of air. When the spiral coils have advanced as much as possible to the left hand side of the pipe, they will be all close together at the left side, or *condensed;* while, at the right end, they will be very distant from one another, or *rarefied;* and there must be some intermediate point where they are neither condensed nor rarefied, or where the coils preserve their natural distance—namely, that which they have when not urged by any force. This point will be in the middle, opposite the hole; and however frequently the spring is drawn from right to left, and from left to right, the part of it opposite the hole will be in its natural state; while in all other parts of the tube it will be alternately in a state of condensation or rarefaction, the condensation and rarefaction being always greatest at the ends, and becoming less and less towards the middle. It is obvious, however, that any individual coil will move through the greatest space as it is nearer the middle, and through the least space when it is near the ends, of the pipe.

All this is exactly true of a column of air. When the column of air vibrates in the pipe, every particle of it rushes from the right to the left end, and then from the left to the right; and as the air is elastic, like a spring, it is necessarily *condensed* at the end *to* which it rushes, and *rarefied* at the end *from* which it rushes; while at the middle point it is neither condensed nor rarefied, but in its natural state. It is evident, also, that the particles of air near the ends of the pipe will change their places less than those near the middle. That this is actually the state of the air in

in the pipe may be proved by boring small holes in it, and pasting over them pieces of a fine membrane; the membrane opposite the middle point, where the particles of the air have the greatest motion, will be violently agitated; while at points nearer the end it will be less and less affected.

If to the right hand end of the preceding pipe, which we shall suppose to be of *lead*, we join another of the same length of *glass*, and separate them by a wooden partition, fixed by cement which can be melted by heat—within each tube place a spiral spring, as before, the left end of the spiral in the glass tube being fixed to the same partition as the right hand of the spiral in the leaden tube—let us now suppose each of these two springs to be drawn from one end of its tube to the other alternately, in the manner before described, but so that the two may always move in opposite directions—that is, when the one in the *lead* tube is moving to the left *from* the partition, the other in the *glass* tube is moving to the right, also *from* the partition; or when the one in the *lead* tube is moving to the right *to* the partition, the other in the *glass* tube is moving to the left, also *to* the partition. Hence, it is obvious that the partition is either drawn in opposite directions or pressed in opposite directions; and as the force of each spring is the same, the partition will, at every moment, be acted upon by equal and opposite forces. If we, therefore, loosen by heat the cement which fixes the partition, so that it can move, it will still remain at rest; nay, if we remove the partition altogether, and hook or fix the end of one spiral spring to the end of the other, the point of junction, or *node*, will remain stationary during all the movements or vibrations of the spiral springs. In like manner we may conceive a third spiral spring connected with the second, a fourth with the third, and so on, and all these moving or vibrating between their nodes, or points of junction.

In the same manner, a long column of air without partitions may be made to divide itself into two, three, or more smaller columns, each of which will vibrate between its nodes exactly like the spiral spring, and analogous to a musical string vibrating in separate loops round its nodes or immovable points.

We supposed a hole to be made in the middle of the lead pipe, which we may now conceive to contain one vibrating column of air; its two closed ends being, as it were, the nodes. Neither this hole, nor, indeed, any number of holes made in the middle of the pipe, nor yet the cutting out a complete ring of lead at that place, will affect the vibration of the column; for, as the vibrating air *at that place* is neither condensed nor rarefied, but in the very same state as that of the atmosphere, the external air cannot rush in to

disturb the vibrating column. But if we bore a large hole between the middle and one of the ends, where the vibration is necessarily at one time either condensed or rarefied, the condensed air will either rush out to make an equilibrium with that of the atmosphere, or the external air will rush in, so that the air opposite the hole being reduced to the state of the external air, like that at the middle of the pipe, will become the middle of a vibrating column; and the whole column, in place of vibrating as one, will vibrate as two columns, each column vibrating with twice the velocity, and giving out harmonic sounds along with the fundamental sound of the whole column, as in vibrating strings. Hence we see the reason of the different notes produced by opening or shutting the holes in flutes and other instruments.

In all instruments which sound by the vibration of a column of air, it is the air alone which is the sounding body. Whether the pipe is made of lead, glass, or pasteboard, the pitch of the sound is exactly the same, but the quality of the tone varies with the material of which the instrument is made. M. Biot and others have explained this fact, by supposing that the friction of the vibrating column communicates a feebler vibration to the substance of the tube, which modifies the sound of the vibrating column.

In treating of the subject of musical intervals, harmony and temperament, Mr. Herschell discusses very briefly the curious subject of *beats*, or the *interference of sounds*, a topic which possesses a peculiar interest in reference to the remarkable modern discovery of our eminent countryman, Dr. Young, respecting the interference of light. When a wave is made on the surface of water, by plunging a stone into an unruffled pool, the wave advances along the surface, but the water itself is never carried forward. It merely rises into a height, and falls into a hollow, each successive part of the surface suffering this change in its turn. If two equal waves, propagated from different centres, should reach the same place at the same time, that is, if the two elevations should exactly coincide, they would unite into a wave of double the size of either; but if the one wave should be so far before the other that the hollow of the one coincided with the elevation of the other, then the two waves would obliterate or destroy one another, the elevation, as it were, filling up half the hollow, and the hollow taking away half of the elevation, so as to reduce the surface to a level.

The same thing takes place with the waves which produce sound. If two equal and similar strings are made to vibrate in exactly the same manner, performing each 100 vibrations in a second, the equal waves which each produces will conspire and produce

produce an uninterrupted sound, double of either, in which no beats or pauses will be heard. When the two strings are not in unison, but nearly so, as when the one vibrates 100, and the other 101 times in a second, then, at the first vibration, the two sounds are heard as one of double strength, but the one gradually gains upon the other, till, at the 50th vibration, the one has gained *half* a vibration on the other, when the two sounds destroy one another, and an instant of perfect silence occurs. The sound will again increase and become loudest at the 100th vibration, when the one string has gained a whole vibration on the other—and this will continue to go on. When the unison of the two strings is very defective, that is, when there is a great difference between the number of vibrations which they perform in a second, the effect of the ultimate destruction and augmentation of the sound resembles a rattle. With a powerful organ, the effect is very remarkable, like the repetition of the sounds *wow-wow-wow-wow*—the sound *wow* corresponding to the combination of the two separate sounds, and the interval of silence to their total destruction.

This remarkable effect of producing absolute silence from the union of two loud sounds, has a fine analogy in the phenomena of light. If a small beam or pencil of red light issues from any luminous point, and falls upon the retina of the human eye, it will excite a sense of light, and we shall distinctly see the point or object from which it proceeds; but if another pencil of red light issues from a point whose distance from the other point is the 258-thousandth part of an inch, or exactly twice, thrice, four times, &c. that distance, and falls upon the same part of the retina, the one light will strengthen the other, and the eye will not only see the two points, but will see twice as much light as when it received only one of the pencils. But if the distance of the two points is only one half of the 258-thousandth of an inch, or $1\frac{1}{2}$, $2\frac{1}{2}$, $3\frac{1}{2}$, &c. times that distance, *the one light will destroy the other, and produce absolute darkness;* and consequently the points from which the lights proceed will become *invisible.* If the two lights are *green,* the distance at which these effects are produced will be the 207 thousandth part of an inch and its multiples; and if they are *violet,* the distance will be the 157-thousandth part of an inch. Hence it is highly probable that light is produced in the same manner as sound—by waves, or undulations in a fine elastic medium, which pervades all space and all transparent bodies, and that the breadth of a wave of *red* light is the 258-thousandth part of an inch; the breadth of a wave of *green* light the 207-thousandth; and that of a wave of *violet* light, the 157-

thousandth part of an inch. It is by means of this curious property of light that all the brilliant colours in the scales of fishes and the feathers of birds are produced.

The last section of the part of this treatise on musical sounds contains a brief account, occupying only two pages, of the sonorous vibrations of bars, rods, and plates, a subject of great interest, especially to the general reader, in so far as it furnishes some of the most beautiful and wonderful experiments which are to be met with in the physical sciences—experiments too which are easily repeated, and as easily exhibited to a bystander.

A rod or bar of metal or glass can be made to vibrate and emit sounds in two ways.

1. It may be made to vibrate longitudinally, or in the direction of its length, by striking it at the end in the direction of its length, or rubbing it, lengthwise, with a moistened finger, when it will be found to give out a much more acute sound than a column of air of the same length. This arises from the greater velocity of sound in solids than in air. A rod of cast iron, thus struck, will yield a fundamental sound exactly the same as that of a column of air in an organ-pipe, stopped at both ends, between one-tenth and one-eleventh of its length, because sound travels between ten and eleven times faster in cast iron than in air. The metallic rod vibrates exactly in the same manner as a column of air, the solid strata or sections of the rod being actually condensed and rarefied in the same manner as in the spiral spring formerly mentioned. In order to make such a rod divide itself into different vibrating portions, like a column of air, and produce its harmonic sounds, Chladni held it lightly between the finger and thumb, at the place which he intended for a node, and he rubbed it in the middle of one of the vibrating portions. A piece of cloth, sprinkled with powdered rosin, was found to be the best rubbing material for metal rods; but if the rod was of glass, the cloth should be sprinkled, when moist, with some very fine sand or pumice powder. A wet finger, with the same materials, will also answer for glass. A fiddle bow, well rosined, will answer well for most purposes.

2. The most common mode of vibrating for solid bodies is when they vibrate transversely, the form of the rod being changed and recovered again by its spring. This sort of vibration may be performed when one end of a rod is firmly fixed in a vice, and the other left free; when both ends are free; when both ends are fixed; when one end is applied (or pressed) perpendicularly against an obstacle, and the other free; when both ends are so applied, and when one end is fixed, and the other applied. When the rods are fixed at one end, and free at the other, the singular vibrations which they

they perform in vibrating may be rendered evident to the eye; and with this view, Mr. Wheatstone has constructed a sort of acoustic toy, called a *Kaleidophone*, which Mr. Herschell has omitted to notice, for exhibiting to the eye the figures formed by those curious vibrations. This instrument consists of a circular piece of wood, about an inch thick, and six inches in diameter, in which there are screwed, perpendicularly, four steel rods, about twelve inches long. One is a square rod, another a cylindrical one, a third a smaller cylindrical one, and a fourth a bent cylindrical one. Small glass beads, quicksilvered on the inside, are fixed on the extremities of these rods, either singly or several at a time, so that in the light of the sun, or in that of a candle, brilliant luminous images of the sun or candle are seen by reflexion from each. If any of these rods is set a vibrating, the luminous images of the sun or candle will, in continuous lines of light, show the most singular figures in a state of constant variation, each different rod giving lines of different characters.

The phenomena exhibited by the vibration of plates of glass or metal are still more beautiful. In order to explain the method of producing them, we shall suppose the plate to be square, such as a plate of thin window glass, with its edges ground smooth, and having a width of four or five inches, so that we can hold it at its centre between the finger and the thumb of the left hand, without the edge touching the hand. When the plate is held horizontally in this way, and strewed with sand, or, what is better still, with lycopodium dust, make it vibrate, by drawing a rosined fiddle-bow over the edge, and as near as possible to one of the angles. The plate thus set a vibrating will divide itself into four equal vibrating squares, the two squares at opposite angles vibrating on one side of the plane of the plate (when at rest), and the other two squares vibrating on the other side of that plane. The sand is, therefore, thrown off these squares, and accumulates in two nodal lines, crossing one another at right angles at the centre of the plate, and separating the four vibrating squares. In this mode of vibration the plate gives out its gravest sound. If the sand is again strewed over the plate, and the plate held in the same manner, but the fiddle-bow drawn across the middle of one of the sides of the square, the plate will be divided into four vibrating triangles, and the sand will arrange itself in the form of a cross, or of lines joining the four angles of the figure.

In place of holding the plate lightly between the finger and thumb, it may be held between any two points, such as those of a clamp screw, covered with cork or leather.

If we hold the plate by the finger and thumb, or, to use a shorter expression, clamp it, at different places, out of the centre, and

and draw the bow over different parts of its edges, the sand will arrange itself in different regular figures, sometimes consisting of parallel, and sometimes of curve lines.

If a circular plate is clamped at the centre, and also at another point of its circumference, and if the bow is drawn across a point 45° from the latter point, the sand will arrange itself into two lines at right angles, and the sound emitted will be the gravest that the plate can produce.

If the bar is drawn across a part of the circular plate, 30° distant from the clamped point in its circumference, the sand will arrange itself along three diameters of the circle, or will form six rays.

When the centre of the circular plate is not clamped, an entirely new series of figures is formed by the sand, and an infinity of figures may be produced by using elliptical, triangular, and rhomboidal plates.

In the third part of his treatise, Mr. Herschell treats of the communication of vibrations, of the vibrations of systems, of the communication of vibrations from one vibrating body to another, and of the human voice. This part of acoustics has been investigated very extensively, and with singular ingenuity, by M. Savart, to whom we owe almost all our knowledge of the subject, and who has done nearly as much for the science of sound as his distinguished predecessor in the Institute, M. Fresnel, did for that of light. With the exception of the very brief account of his experiments given by Mr. Herschell, there is no other account of them in the English language but in the 'Edinburgh Journal of Science,' and a popular one in the 'Edinburgh Encyclopædia.'* We shall endeavour to convey to the general reader some idea of a few of the beautiful discoveries of M. Savart.

If a musical string is stretched on a strong frame over what is called a bridge, which rests on the centre of a regularly shaped plate of metal or wood, strewed with sand, and if the string is made to vibrate, the sand will arrange itself in regular figures on the plate. If the tension of the string is changed, so as to change its note, the figures on the sand will also change, and the plate will still vibrate in unison with the string, or, what is the same thing, the string, the plate, and the interposed bridge, will form a vibrating system in which the vibrations have all the same periods, although they are of necessity very different in their nature and extent.

M. Chladni had long ago shown how vibrations could be communicated to solids by rods, and on this principle he constructed his beautiful instrument called the *Euphone*, in which the rich and

* Art. Science, Curiosities in.

melodious

melodious sounds of hemispherical glass vessels were drawn forth by rods of glass made to vibrate by being rubbed longitudinally with a wet cloth.

If a glass rod, fastened with mastic to a *small* disc of glass, is made to vibrate, the sound will be that of the rod alone; and if the rod be small and the disc large, the sound will be that of the disc alone—the larger body commanding the vibration of the smaller one. But when the two bodies do not differ greatly in size, the sound of the two will be neither that of the disc nor of the rod, but an intermediate one, in consequence of the two vibrating as a system. Nay, it has been found that two organ pipes vibrating side by side, and nearly in unison, may, under particular circumstances, be forced into an exact concord. Hence we see the cause of the sympathetic movements of clocks and watches formerly mentioned, the two timepieces with the intervening shelf, rail, or plank, vibrating as one system.

M. Savart has employed the longitudinal vibrations of a rod to communicate vibrations from one solid to another. Having united two similar circular plates, placed horizontally, with a metallic rod standing vertically, and having strewed sand on the upper surfaces of the plates, he caused the upper plate to vibrate, and the sand of course to assume a regular arrangement upon its surface; but the vibrations were accurately conveyed to the lower plate by the rod, and the sand upon it actually assumed the very same figure as upon the upper plate. In this case the sound of the system is the same as the sound of either plate; but if the two discs are not similar, and do not agree in the notes which they yield separately, the system will give a tone intermediate between that of each, and the figures in the sand will be no longer the same.

In examining the vibrations of flat rulers and cylinders of glass, M. Savart has detected some remarkable phenomena. If a plate of glass about twenty-seven inches long, six-tenths of an inch broad, and six-hundredths of an inch thick, is held by the edges by the finger and thumb, in the middle, and is made to vibrate by rubbing its under surface near either end with a bit of wet cloth, then if its upper surface is covered with sand, and held horizontally, the sand will arrange itself in parallel lines at right angles to the length of the plate. Let the place of these lines be marked by a dot of ink, and let the *other* side of the glass be turned upwards, and the glass made to vibrate as before, the sand will now arrange itself *in lines intermediate between the former lines.* Hence all the motions of one-half the thickness of the plate of glass are exactly the reverse of those of the corresponding points of the other half.

In

In order to observe what took place in a cylinder of glass, which may be considered as having an infinite number of sides, M. Savart could not use sand to determine the place of the nodes, as it would not lie on the round surface; but he determined the place of the nodes by making a number of narrow rings of paper ride on a cylinder of glass about six feet and a half long. The diameter of these rings was about three times that of the cylinder; and when the cylinder was held horizontally in the middle, and rubbed in the direction of its length by a very wet cloth, it yielded a musical sound, and all the riders trotted off to their nearest nodes, and there rested. These points were marked; and the cylinder being turned several degrees round, the same experiment was repeated, and the new position of the nodes marked. By continuing to turn the cylinder till it had performed a complete revolution, it was found that the nodes were arranged in spirals, like a corkscrew, round the cylinder—each of them making one or more turns according to its length, by a continuation of the experiment.

One of the most curious of M. Savart's inquiries relates to the communication of vibrations through the air to stretched membranes. In order to perform the experiments which he has described, a membrane must be prepared in the following manner. Over the mouth of a large tumbler glass, with a footstalk, stretch a thin sheet of wet paper, (vegetable paper if possible,) and fix it to the edges with glue. When the paper is dry it will have an uniform degree of stretch, and will be ready for use when a thin layer of fine dry sand has been scattered over its surface. Having set this instrument on a table, bring immediately above it, and parallel to the membrane, a plate of glass covered with sand, and cause it to vibrate so as to produce any of the figures formerly described. The plates which answer best are those which are circular, and which are made to vibrate so as to produce circular lines in the sand. Similar figures to those produced on the glass plate will be instantly produced upon the membrane, and sometimes with such rapidity that the eye has scarcely time to perceive how they are formed. If the glass plate is drawn to a side from above the membrane, the same figures will be produced on the membrane till the lateral distance of the glass plate is such as to enfeeble the vibrations. If the glass plate is again brought above the membrane, but, in place of being made to vibrate in a horizontal position, is inclined to the horizon, the figures on the membrane will change and their vibrations will increase till the glass plate comes into a vertical position. When this takes place, the figures on the membrane are transformed into a number of straight lines parallel to the direction of the glass plate, and the particles of

of sand, in place of dancing, creep in opposite directions to meet these lines.

In some of these experiments, where concentric circles are formed, the finer dust accompanying the sand arranges itself in lines between those formed by the coarser particles—a remarkable fact, which M. Savart ascribes to a higher kind of vibration carried on at the same time with the principal vibrations.

The various figures produced on the membrane vary with its size, the material of which it is made, its tension and its shape. M. Savart has given drawings of those produced by rectangular and triangular membranes, fifteen of which are given in the 'Edinburgh Encyclopædia' already referred to. When the membrane is made of paper, its tension is constantly changing, from the variation in the moisture of the air, so that the figures which it gives are ever varying. When the same figure presented itself several times in succession, a breath upon the paper instantly created a new one, which returned to its former state through a number of intermediate figures. Hence M. Savart ingeniously suggests such a membrane as affording a method of detecting small changes in the hygrometric state of the air. M. Savart has likewise found that the sound of the pipe of an organ, even at the distance of some feet, the notes of a flute at the distance of half a foot, and even the human voice, are capable of arranging the sand on the membrane into figures which constantly vary with the sound produced.

We regret that our limits will not permit us to follow M. Savart into the ingenious application of these principles to a method of appreciating small quantities of sound, which the ear itself is almost incapable of hearing. Nor can we, for the same reason, enter upon the subject of the human voice and the human ear—those miracles of divine mechanism. Since the publication of Mr. Herschell's treatise, M. Savart has been engaged in some curious inquiries respecting the sensibility of the ear; and from a short notice of his results which he has published, it appears that this organ is capable of appreciating sounds which arise from about *twenty-four thousand* vibrations in a second, and consequently that we can hear a sound which lasts only the twenty-four thousandth part of a second.

Dr. Wollaston has shown that there are persons whose ears are perfect with regard to the generality of sounds, but who are yet *completely deaf* to very acute or very grave sounds. Among the sounds which are scarcely audible to certain ears he gives the following, which are placed in the order of their acuteness or their inaudibility:—

The

The cry of the gryllus campestris.
The piercing squeak of the bat.
The chirping of the house cricket.
The chirping of the house sparrow.

He is of opinion that the power of hearing in man extends only a few notes above the cry of the *gryllus campestris*. He has met with several persons who never heard either its cry or the squeak of the bat; with some who never heard the chirping of the house cricket; and with one person who never heard the chirping of the house sparrow. Dr. Wollaston supposes that there may be animals in nature with voices and powers of hearing so different, that the one may be entirely deaf to the sounds of the other.

The narrow limits assigned to Mr. Herschell's article have prevented him from treating many curious branches of the science of sound with that fulness which they merit, and have compelled him to omit entirely many topics of considerable importance. One of these is the vibration of crystallized bodies and metals, all our knowledge of which we owe to M. Savart alone; and another is, the explanation of acoustic phenomena occurring in nature, a subject of great interest and susceptible of being treated in a popular manner.

These defects we cannot here presume to supply, even in the most condensed form; but there are two topics which we are desirous of discussing before we conclude the present article, namely, that of ventriloquism, and that of the vocal statue of Memnon.

The art of the ventriloquist is well known: it consists in making his auditors believe that words and sounds proceed from certain persons and certain objects in his vicinity, while they are uttered by himself; and it is founded on that property of sound in virtue of which the human ear is unable to judge with any accuracy of the direction in which sounds reach it. This incapacity of the ear is the fertile source of many of those false judgments which impress a supernatural character upon sounds that have a fixed locality and a physical origin. We know of a case where a sort of hollow musical sound, originating within three or four feet of the ears of two persons in bed, baffled for months every attempt to ascertain its cause. Sometimes it seemed to issue from the roof, sometimes from a neighbouring apartment, but never from the spot from which it really came. Its supposed localities were carefully examined, but no cause for its production could be ascertained. Though it was always heard by both persons together, it was never heard when A. alone was in the apartment, and the time of its occurrence depended on the presence of

B.

B. This connected it with his destiny, and the imagination was not slow in turning the discovery to its own purposes. An event, however, which might never have occurred in the life-time of either party, revealed the real cause of the sound, the locality of which was never afterwards mistaken.

In order to understand what part this indecision of the ear performs in the feats of the ventriloquist, let the reader suppose two men placed before him in the open air at the distance of 100 feet, and standing close together. If they speak in succession, and if he does not know their voices or see their lips move, he will be unable to tell which of them it is that speaks. If a man and a child are now placed so near the auditor that he can distinguish, without looking at them, the direction of the sounds which they utter, that is, whether the sound comes from the right or the left hand person, let the man be supposed capable of speaking in the voice of a child; when the man speaks in the language and the accents of the child, the auditor will suppose that the child is the speaker, although his ear could distinguish, under ordinary circumstances, that the sound came from the man. The knowledge conveyed to him by his ear is, in this case, made to yield to the more forcible conviction that the language and accents of a child could come only from the child; this conviction would be still further increased if the child should use gestures or accommodate his features to the childish accents uttered by the man. If the man were to speak in his own character and in his own voice, while the child exhibited the gestures and assumed the features which correspond with the words uttered, the auditor might be a little puzzled; but we are persuaded that the exhibition made to the eye would overpower his other sources of knowledge, and that he would believe the accents of the man to be uttered by the child: we suppose of course that the auditor is not allowed to observe the *features* of the person who speaks.

In this case the man has performed the part of a ventriloquist, in so far as he imitated accurately the accents of the child; but the auditor could not long be deceived by such a performance. If the man either hid his face or turned his back upon the auditor when he was executing his imitation, a suspicion would immediately arise; the auditor would attend more diligently to the circumstances of the exhibition, and would speedily detect the imposition. It is absolutely necessary, therefore, that the ventriloquist shall possess another art, namely, that of speaking without moving his lips or the muscles of his face; how this is effected, and how the art is acquired, we do not certainly know, but we believe that it is accomplished by the muscles of the throat, assisted by the action of the tongue upon the palate, the teeth, and

and the inside of the lips — all of them being movements which are perfectly compatible with the immutability of the lips themselves, and the absolute expression of silence in the countenance. The sounds thus uttered are necessarily of a different character from those which are produced by the organs of speech when unimpeded, and this very circumstance gives double force to the deception, especially when the ventriloquist artfully presents the contrast to his auditor by occasionally speaking with his natural voice. If he carries in his hand those important personages Punch and Judy, and makes their movements even tolerably responsive to the sentiment of the dialogue, the spectator will be infinitely more disposed to refer the sounds to the lantern jaws and the timber lips of the puppets than to the conjurer himself, who presents to them the picture of absolute silence and repose.

Mr. Dugald Stewart, who has written an interesting article on ventriloquism in the appendix to the third volume of the 'Elements of the Philosophy of the Human Mind,' has, we think, taken a very imperfect view of the subject. He not only doubts the fact, that ventriloquists possess the power of fetching a voice from within, but 'he cannot conceive what aid the ventriloquist could derive in the exercise of his art from such an extraordinary power, if it were really in his possession.' He expresses himself 'fully satisfied, that the imagination alone of the spectators, when skilfully managed, may be rendered subservient in a considerable degree to the purposes of the ventriloquist;' and he is rather inclined to think, that 'when seconded by such powers of imitation as some mimics possess, it is quite sufficient to account for all the phenomena of ventriloquism of which we have heard.'

From these observations it would appear, that Mr. Stewart had never witnessed those feats of the ventriloquist where his face is distinctly presented to the audience,—a case in which he must necessarily speak *from within*. But independent of this fact, it is very obvious that there are many imitations, especially those of the cries of particular animals, and of sounds of a high pitch, which cannot be performed *pleno ore*, by the ordinary modes of utterance, but which require for their production that very faculty, of which Mr. Stewart doubts the existence. Such sounds are necessarily produced by the throat, without requiring the use of the mouth and lips; and the deception actually depends on the difference between such sounds, and those which are generated by the ordinary modes of utterance.

The *art* of ventriloquism, therefore, consists in the power of imitating all kinds of sound, not only in their ordinary character, but

but as modified by distance, obstructions, and other causes; and also in the power of executing those imitations by muscular exertions which cannot be seen by the spectators. But these powers, to whatever degree of perfection they may be possessed, would be of no avail if it were not for the incapacity of the ear to distinguish the direction of sounds, an incapacity not arising from any defect in the organ itself, but from the very nature of sound. If sound were propagated in straight lines, like light, and if the ear appreciated the direction of the one, as the eye does that of the other, the ventriloquist would exercise in vain all the powers of imitation and of internal utterance. Even in the present constitution of the ear, his art has its limits, beyond which he must be cautious of pushing it, unless he calls to his aid another principle, which, we believe, has not yet been tried. In order to explain this, we shall analyse some of the most common feats of ventriloquism. When M. Fitzjames imitated the watchman crying the hour in the street, and approaching nearer and nearer the house, till he came opposite the window, he threw up the window-sash, and asked the hour, which was immediately answered in the same tone, but clearer and louder; and upon shutting the window, the watchman's voice became less audible, and all at once very faint, when the ventriloquist called out, in his own voice, that he had turned the corner. Now, as the artist was stationed at the window, and as the sound from a real watchman must necessarily have entered by the window, the difference between the two directions was considerably less than that which the ear is unable to appreciate. Had the ventriloquist stood at one window, and tried to make the sound of the watchman's voice enter *another* window, he would have failed in his performance, because the difference of the two directions was too great. In like manner, when M. Alexandre introduced a boy from the street, and made him sing from his stomach the song of Malbrook, he placed his head as near as possible to the boy's chest, under the pretence of listening, whereas the real object of it was to assimilate as much as possible the true and the fictitious direction of the sounds. Had he placed the boy at the distance of six or eight feet, the real singer would have been soon detected.

We have made several experiments with a view of determining the angle of uncertainty, or the angle within which the ear cannot discover the direction of sounds; but this is not easily done, for it varies with the state of the air and of surrounding objects. If the air is perfectly pure, and if no objects surround the sounding body, the angle of uncertainty will be less than under any other circumstances, as the sound suffers neither deviation nor reflection. If the sounding body is encircled with objects which reflect sound, the

the echoes arrive at the ear, at short distances, nearly at the same time with the direct sound ; and as they form a single sound, the angle of uncertainty must then be much greater, for the sound really arrives at the ear from various quarters. The ventriloquist, therefore, might avail himself of this principle, and choose an apartment in which the reverberations from its different sides multiply the directions of the sounds which he utters, and thus facilitate his purpose of directing the imagination of his audience to the object from which he wishes these sounds to be thought to proceed.

Among the wonders of ancient Egypt, there is none that has excited or merited more interest than the vocality of the ancient statue of Memnon, the son of Aurora : this statue was dismantled by Cambyses ; but notwithstanding the injury which it thus sustained, it preserved its power of uttering sounds every morning after sunrise. Philostratus informs us that the statue faced the east, and that it spoke as soon as the rays of the sun fell upon its mouth. Pausanias, who saw the statue in its mutilated state, describes the sound, which it gave every morning at sunrise, as resembling that of the breaking of the string of a harp. Strabo says, that he heard a sound which either issued from the base, or from the statue itself, or from some of the assistants. Juvenal, who had probably heard the sound while in Egypt, refers to it in his fifteenth satire :

Dimidio magicæ resonant ubi Memnone chordæ.

If we believe the different inscriptions upon the statue itself, various persons, led by religious zeal or by curiosity, have heard sometimes one sound, sometimes several, and sometimes even distinct words issue from the statue. M. Langlès, in his dissertation on this subject, and more recently M. Eusèbe Salverte, have ascribed these sounds to Egyptian priestcraft, and have even gone so far as to describe the kinds of mechanism by which the sounds were produced. M. Langlès conceives, that the sounds may proceed from a series of hammers striking the granite, or sonorous stones, like those which are used in China for musical instruments. M. Salverte completes this hypothesis by supposing that the hammers may have been adapted to a water-clock, or some other instrument for measuring time, and fitted up so as to move the hammers at sunrise. Not content, however, with this conjecture, he supposes, that between the lips of Memnon, or in some less remarkable part of the statue, concealed from view by its height, there was perforated an aperture, containing a lens, or a mirror, capable of concentrating the rays of the rising sun, which falling upon one or more metallic rods and expanding them, would put in motion the hammers of M. Langlès. Such hypotheses are not worth discussing. When this statue was mutilated, all

all this machinery must have lost its power by the destruction of the lens or mirror, which must have been carried off with the upper part of the statue. But it is admitted on all hands that the sounds were heard long after the sacrilegious act of Cambyses.

We do not pretend to be able to give an explanation of the acoustic powers which have been ascribed to this statue, or to exonerate the Egyptian priests from the charge of having added to its vocal wonders; but we have no hesitation in avowing our belief, that the sound or sounds which it discharged, were the offspring of a natural cause; and if the facts on which we rest this opinion shall not be considered as affording it sufficient support, they must, at least, be ranked among the most interesting phenomena of the natural world.

When MM. Jomard, Jollois, and Devilliers were travelling in Egypt, they heard, *at sunrise*, in a monument of granite, placed at the centre of the spot on which the palace of Karnac stands, a noise resembling *that of a string breaking*, the very expression which Pausanias employs to describe the sound in the Memnonian granite. The travellers did not hesitate to ascribe these sounds to the transmission of rarefied air through the crevices of a sonorous stone;* and they were of opinion that this 'might have suggested to the Egyptian priests to invent the juggleries of the Memnonium.' According to another account, the French artists heard 'sounds which appeared to proceed from the enormous stones which cover the apartments, and some of which threatened to tumble down. The phenomenon proceeded, without doubt, from the sudden change of temperature which takes place at the rising of the sun.'

These opinions were suggested about the same time to the celebrated traveller Baron Humboldt, when he was wandering on the banks of the Oronooko.

'The granitic rock,' says he, 'on which we lay, is one of those where travellers on the Oronooko have heard, from time to time, towards sunrise, subterraneous sounds, resembling those of the organ. The missionaries call these stones *loxas de musica.* "It is witchcraft," said our young Indian pilot. We never ourselves heard these mysterious sounds, either at Carichana vieja, or in the upper Oronooko; but from information given us by witnesses worthy of belief, the existence of a phenomenon that seems to depend on a certain state of the atmosphere cannot be denied. The shelves of rock are full of very narrow and deep crevices. They are heated, during the day, to about 50°. I often found their temperature at the surface, during the night, at 39°, the surrounding atmosphere being at 28°. It may

* This theory of the Memnonian sounds was given long ago by Dussaulx, the translator of Juvenal.

easily

easily be conceived, that the difference of temperature between the subterraneous and the external air, attains its maximum about sunrise, or at that moment which is, at the same time, farthest from the period of the maximum of the heat of the preceding day. May not these sounds of an organ, then, which are heard when a person sleeps upon the rock, his ear in contact with the stone, be the effect of a current of air that issues out through the crevices? Does not the impulse of the air against the elastic spangles of mica that intercept the crevices, contribute to modify the sounds? May we not admit that the ancient inhabitants of Egypt, in passing incessantly up and down the Nile, had made the same observation on some rock of the Thebaid, and that the *music of the rocks* there led to the jugglery of the priests in the statue of Memnon?'

That these phenomena are perfectly analogous to those of the statue of Memnon may be considered as placed beyond a doubt by the testimony of an English traveller, Sir A. Smith, who says, that he examined the statue, accompanied by a numerous escort, and that, *at six o'clock in the morning, he heard, very distinctly, the sounds* which had rendered it so famous in ancient times. He affirms, that the noise did not issue from the statue, but from the pedestal, and he believes it to be the result of the impulse of the air upon the stones of the pedestal, arranged so as to produce this surprising effect.*

Interesting as these phenomena are, they sink into insignificance when compared with the extraordinary sounds which have been heard to issue from the sandstone rocks of Arabia Petræa, by two travellers of undoubted veracity. About three leagues to the north of Tor on the Red Sea is a mountain called El Nakous, which signifies a bell, or rather a long narrow ruler suspended horizontally, which the priest strikes in time with a hammer. According to Mr. Gray, of University College, Oxford, El Nakous is covered with sand, and surrounded with low rocks in the form of an amphitheatre; it presents a steep declivity towards the sea, from which it is half a mile distant. It has a height of about 300 feet, upon 80 feet of width. When Mr. Gray first visited this place, he heard, at the end of a quarter of an hour, a low continuous murmuring sound beneath his feet, which gradually changed into pulsations as it became louder, so as to resemble the striking of a clock, and even to detach the sand. He returned to the spot next day, and heard the sound much louder than before. The sky was serene and the air calm, and he could observe no crevices in the rocks.

The account of the rock and of the sounds as given by M. Seetzen, a German traveller, is still more explicit. The moun-

* We have not seen Sir A. Smith's observations here referred to: we quote them from the work of M. Salverte, entitled *Des Sciences Occultes*.

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tain was quite bare, and entirely composed of hard sandstone. An insulated peaked rock, called El Nakous, presented two surfaces, so inclined that the loose white sand which covers it slides down with the smallest motion, or where its cohesion has been weakened by the burning rays of the sun. These two declivities are about 150 feet high; they unite behind the insulated rock, and, forming an acute angle, they are covered, like the adjacent surfaces, with steep rocks, which consist chiefly of a white friable freestone. M. Seetzen heard the first sound at an hour and a quarter after noon; and in climbing to the place where the pilgrims listen, to a height of seventy or eighty feet, he heard the sound from beneath his knees, which made him believe that the sliding of the sand was the cause, and not the effect, of the sonorous vibrations. The sound became louder at three o'clock, and continued six minutes; and after a pause of ten minutes it again began. It rose and fell like the Æolian harp, and seemed to have the greatest analogy with the humming-top. Having climbed with the utmost difficulty to the highest rocks, M. Seetzen slid down as fast as he could, endeavouring, with his hands and feet, to put the sand in motion. The effect which this produced was so great, and the sand rolling under him made so loud a noise, that the earth seemed to tremble beneath him.

M. Seetzen informs us that his journal contains a more detailed account of this phenomenon, and a rough draught of the rocks of Nakous. We earnestly hope that he will publish both; and that other travellers, who have visited this singular spot, will contribute their observations to elucidate phenomena so interesting, and apparently so inexplicable.

ART. VII.—1. *Report of Evidence taken before the Committee on the State of the Poor in Ireland.* Printed by order of the House of Commons, July, 1830. I. II. III. IVth Report.
2. *Poor-Laws in Ireland.* By Sir John Walsh, Bart., M.P. Second edition. London. 1830.

THE institutions of Great Britain have long since recognized the right of the poor to be rescued from the extremity of want at the expense of the rich. The poor-law, introduced by the wisest statesmen of the best times of English history, was intended no less as a measure of justice than of policy;—of justice to those who would be otherwise liable, from a thousand accidents, over which they can exert no control, to starve in the midst of abundance,—and of policy, as putting a stop to the disgrace and annoyance of mendicancy, as securing

society from offences generated by the extremity of want and despair, and as distributing equally on all property, whether belonging to the miser or the man of feeling, the burthen of relieving severe physical distress, a burthen which the instinctive sympathies of humanity have already secured from universal rejection.

The experience of more than two centuries has only confirmed the wisdom of the measure. The evils that have been attributed to the poor-law are justly chargeable only to the abuses that have been locally permitted to creep into its administration. There are few, if any, persons practically acquainted with the subject that do not *now* recognise this truth. The poor-law has, in some places, been illegally perverted, by a conspiracy of overseers and farmers, countenanced, or at best unchecked, by the magistracy, into an instrument for depressing the rate of wages; and the practice introduced for this purpose of supporting out of the poor-rate the wives and children of labourers, has at length, as might have been anticipated, reacted most severely on the interests of its promoters themselves, and of the country at large, by encouraging the multiplication of paupers, and demoralizing the whole labouring class—till industry and prudential restraint have almost disappeared from those counties in which the abuse has long prevailed, and the security of property, as late events have sufficiently shown, has come to be most seriously endangered. But so far are these consequences from being a necessary result of the poor-law of Elizabeth, that they are the very reverse of what may be incontrovertibly proved, by facts as well as reasoning, to flow from the operation of that law in its original and uncontaminated sense. Previous to 1795, when this fatal and most iniquitous abuse commenced, all writers on the subject, without exception, agree in representing, and many of them in decrying the poor-law, as having the effect of *keeping up the rate of wages*, and *keeping down the numbers of the population*. Thus we read in Alcock's Observations on the Poor-Laws, published in 1752:

'The forced and expensive way of relieving the poor has put many gentlemen and parishes upon contriving all possible methods of lessening their number, particularly by discouraging and sometimes hindering poor persons from marrying when they appear likely to become chargeable, and thereby preventing an increase of useful labourers; perhaps by pulling down cottages and suffering no places of inhabitation for paupers, whereby the estates are flung into a few hands, and several parishes are in a manner depopulated. England complains of a want of useful hands for agriculture, manufactures, and the land and sea services, and for remedying this a bill for a general naturalization was lately introduced. The proper way to increase the inhabitants of a nation is to encourage matrimony among the lower sort of people, and thereby stock the nation with natural-born subjects. This

This was the way of the ancient Romans. The French we see are taking this course; and the English Parliament had very lately a scheme before them to the same purpose. *But no scheme, I believe, will ever succeed as long as parishes are so apprehensive of paupers, and take all manner of precautions to prevent a multiplication of inhabitants.*'

And in Brown's Agricultural Survey of the West Riding of Yorkshire, published in 1799:

'There is a great want of dwelling-houses for husbandmen and labourers, and this deficiency may be traced to the poor-laws for its source. The farmer, from a dread of heavier rates falling upon him, keeps up as few houses as possible, and hence almost the whole of the farm servants are young unmarried men, who have board in the house, while those that are styled day-labourers reside in the villages; that practice is very troublesome to the farmer; it decreases the numbers of people employed in husbandry, *and has for its certain attendant a great rise of wages.*'

Those who wish for further proofs of the wholesome influence of the poor-laws, before the end of the last century, in checking the increase of population beyond the demand for labour, may consult Young's Farmer's Letters, and also his Political Arithmetic, 1774, as well as Dr. Burn's History of the Poor-laws, published in 1764.

A law, almost exactly similar, was given nearly at the same period to Scotland; and though it is administered there in a different manner, yet the provision for the poor is virtually the same as in England, and produces the same beneficial results. Ireland, on the contrary, up to this moment, possesses no legal system of the kind. In Ireland, the law which protects every shred of property, stops short of protecting *life*. In those unhappy beings whom accident, misfortune, or perhaps the cruelty of their superiors, may drive to destitution, the law recognises *no right to the continuance of existence!* Nay, worse than this, in its zeal for protecting the rights of territorial property, the law of Ireland, a law passed but a few years back, has given to every landlord a ready and cheap power of ejecting his pauper tenantry from the hovel and land, the occupation of which is to them a *sine quâ non of existence*,—has placed in his hand a summary power of deciding the fate, the life, or the death of these miserable beings, to be exercised at the dictates of his caprice alone! What is the consequence? Let those speak who have witnessed the contrast between the condition of the lower classes in Great Britain and Ireland. Let us turn to authentic evidence on this subject, and hear the answers given by those experienced gentlemen who were examined by the Committee of last session on the state of the Irish Poor: for instance,

'James B. Bryan, Esq.—Q. What resources at present has the

ejected Irish tenant ?—He can get into gaol by the commission of some slight offence ; but he cannot get into the hospital without he is contaminated with some disease. He becomes, therefore, an idle mendicant, and, in many instances, plunders.'—*Minutes of Evidence*, Q. 603.

' Rev. M. O'Sullivan, Q. 6257.—Do you know what becomes of the tenantry at present ejected from estates in Ireland ?—*I fear very many of them perish.*'

' R. Smith, Esq., Q. 2930.—What becomes of the dispossessed tenants ?—I cannot inform the committee what becomes of them ; but in one of the cases, to which I now allude, I was informed that upwards of twenty families were turned out, and in the other case more than thirty ; the consequence was, that the persons so dispossessed did not submit quietly, and, in revenge, cut the tails off the cattle of the proprietor of the estate, and committed various outrages. In the other case, the people who were turned out mustered a strong armed force, and at night attacked the persons who had been put into possession, whereby some lives were lost. I should here observe, that, previous to these occurrences, the country in which this happened had been peaceable.'

' Dr. Doyle, Q. 4364.—It would be impossible for language to convey an idea of the state of distress to which the ejected tenantry have been reduced, or of the disease and misery, and even vice, which they have propagated in the towns wherein they have settled ; so that not only they who have been ejected have been rendered miserable, but they have carried with them and propagated that misery. They have increased the stock of labour ; they have rendered the habitations of those who received them more crowded ; they have given occasion to the dissemination of disease ; they have been obliged to resort to theft, and to all manner of vice and iniquity, to procure subsistence ; but what is, perhaps, the most painful of all, *a vast number of them have perished from want.*'

' Q. What is the change which takes place with the ejected tenants ?—In some cases, they wander about without a fixed residence. The young people, in some instances, endeavour to emigrate to America. If the family have a little furniture, or a cow, or a horse, they sell it, and come into the small towns, where very often they get a license to sell beer and whisky. After a short time, their little capital is expended, and they become dependent upon the charities of the town. They next give up their house, and take a room ; but, at present, many of them are obliged to take, not a room, but what they call *a corner* in some house. It may be necessary to state to the committee that, in all the suburbs of our towns, there are cabins, having no loft, of suppose twenty feet long by twelve feet wide, with a partition in the centre. I have not, myself, seen so many as *seven families* in one of these cabins ; but I have been assured by the officiating clergymen of the town, that there are many instances of it. Then their beds are merely a little straw, strewed at night upon the floor, and by day

day wrapped up in, or covered by, a quilt or blanket. They are obliged to do it up in that manner by day, in order to have some vacant space. In these abodes of misery, disease is often produced by extreme want. Disease wastes the people; for they have little food, and no comforts to restore them. *They die in a little time.* I have known a lane, with a small district adjoining, in the town in which I live, to have been peopled by thirty or forty families who came from the country; and *I think that, in the course of twelve months, there were not ten families of the thirty surviving—the bulk of them had died.*' —Q. 4383, 4384.

'The children begotten in this state of society become of an inferior caste; the whole character of the people becomes gradually worse and worse; they diminish in stature, they are enervated in mind; the population is gradually deteriorated, till, at length, you have the inhabitants of one of the finest countries in the world reduced to a state of effeminacy which makes them little better than the Lazzaroni of Naples, or the Hindoos on the coast of Malabar.'

'We have, in short, a disorganized population becoming by their poverty more and more immoral, and less and less capable of providing for themselves; and we have, besides that, the frightful, and awful, and terrific exhibition of human life wasted with a rapidity, and to a degree, such as is not witnessed in any civilized country upon the face of the earth.'—Q. 4528, 4529.

The evidence before the committee is full of similar descriptions. Nor does there exist any restraint whatever on the clearing of estates by landlords, and the consequent production of a mass of misery horrible to consider—nothing, in fact, to prevent an individual, residing, perhaps, at a distance, out of sight and hearing of the agonies he may inflict, from passing a *sentence of death* upon hundreds who have been encouraged to breed and multiply upon his estate—up to the moment when he became aware, from the lessons of political economists, the change of general opinion, or caprice, that it was against his individual interest any longer to allow them to live there—nothing to hinder his turning them out of their homes on the wide world, to starve, or die of fever, engendered by want, after infecting, and severely burthening the charity of the neighbouring towns—nothing but the *chance of his having a human or an inhuman heart in his bosom—the mere chance* of this! Yes, there is one other check—his *fears.* Yes! Whiteboyism and Captain Rock are near him. But, on the other hand, he has to support him, the law, and an army. Our law and our army to protect the Irish landlord in the exercise of his despotic power over the lives of hundreds of his fellow-creatures; and, indeed, this power has been armed with additional facilities for its exercise, within a very few years past. Well may Dr. Doyle exclaim—

'I believe

'I believe there are few people who now witness the sufferings of the poor in Ireland, who would not be inclined to say with me, that, along with those laws which gave effect to the views of landlords, of the principle of which I highly approve, *there ought to have been an act passed making some provision for the ejected people.*'—Q. 4364.

That no such act did accompany the other—that, while the pecuniary interests of the landlords were promoted, hardly one raised his voice for the thousands of unhappy tenants whom it was the express object of the measure to root out of the soil in which they had grown too luxuriantly—will, if we mistake not, be hereafter accounted one of the most unaccountable of anomalies.

In order to remove this injustice, it has been proposed to extend to Ireland the 43d Elizabeth, or some modification of that act, whereby the poor shall be assured of preservation from death by want, and the owners of land required to provide in some way for those families whom they drive off their estates, in order to cultivate them as large farms. And to this proposal, called for, as it would seem, by every sentiment of justice, humanity, and policy, what are the objections that we find raised?

We wish to write on this subject with calmness. We know that many of the best and most humane persons are deeply prejudiced against the poor-laws, and are thus unhappily led to resist their extension from the purest motives. But we also know that many, especially of the owners of land in Ireland, feel a pecuniary interest in opposing them; and it is this knowledge which gives us an almost irrepressible feeling of impatience when listening to some of the extraordinary arguments urged against their introduction into Ireland. At the head of the first class of amiable, but bigoted theorists, we must rank the eloquent and virtuous Dr. Chalmers. His evidence before the committee is, indeed, a remarkable instance of the influence exercised over a powerful but exalted mind by imagination and sensibility, blinding him wholly to the force of fact and argument. This great and good man is evidently one of those too credulous disciples whom Mr. Malthus unfortunately, and we believe to his own infinite present regret, imbued long since with the false notion that the English poor-laws necessarily act as a stimulus to population. We have already shown, by the united testimony of many writers of authority, that previous to the partial introduction of the vile practice of making up wages out of rates, these laws were known to be the strongest and most direct checks to the excessive increase of the labouring class. Mr. M'Culloch, who, when examined by the Committee on the Poor of Ireland, in 1825, examined

expressed, in the most decided manner, his conviction of the deleterious character of the poor-laws as imputed to them by Malthus, has, since that time, together with many others—we believe we may say all the political economists—wholly *reversed* that opinion; and in his evidence given before the committee of 1830, says—

'That previously to 1795 the English poor-laws were advantageous, seems to me to be completely established. *They tended to render the increase of population less rapid than it would have been, to raise the rate of wages*, and consequently to improve the condition of the great mass of the community.'—Q. 6460. 'My opinion is, that the introduction into Ireland of a system of poor-laws, something like that existing in this country before 1795, would give all the people of property an interest in repressing the progress of pauperism, and the means of effecting that object; and that it would consequently tend to lessen pauperism, and to improve the condition of the poor.'—Q. 6482.

Dr. Chalmers, it appears, has not yet deserted the standard of Malthus; and there are peculiar circumstances of a local and personal nature which have tended to confirm the unlucky bent of his opinions. On his undertaking the cure of the parish of St. John's, Glasgow, where for some years past a compulsory provision for the poor had been raised, he determined to exert himself to the utmost to abolish this system, so pernicious in his eyes, and revert to the ancient practice of maintaining the poor on voluntary alms, and the produce of charity sermons. With the zeal and extraordinary powers of eloquent persuasion which Dr. Chalmers is universally known to possess, we need not wonder that he at length succeeded; and the details of his proceedings are described by him in an interesting manner to the committee. But we have not the slightest hesitation in asserting, that hardly any other man living would have succeeded in the same attempt; that his system is utterly impracticable in any agricultural parish, or in any town where there does not exist the extraordinary machinery of zeal, sagacity, and discretion, which he and his assistants brought to the task. So far from the *retracing system*, as he calls it, generally spreading, we have little doubt it will be itself retraced in his own parish of St. John's, so soon as the powerful influence of his name and eloquence shall be entirely removed from its vicinity. Finally, we are so dull as not to be able to discover wherein lies the advantage of Dr. Chalmers's system over that which it superseded; why it should be taken for granted to be so infinitely preferable that the poor should be relieved from extreme want by those who are only one degree removed beyond want themselves, rather than by the owners of wealth and superfluity. We are not inclined to concede, as a matter of course, the superiority of mendicancy and a dependence

dependence on private charity over a legal and well organized system of relief.

Few stronger instances can be given of a blind attachment to theory in opposition to the most glaring facts, than Dr. Chalmers's answer, when asked how he can reconcile the facts of the very high standard of necessaries in England compared to that in Ireland, and the vastly more rapid increase of population in the latter country than the former, with his opinion that poor-laws *lower the standard of living, and accelerate the rate of population.* He unblushingly replies that he believes—' had the condition of the two countries, with reference to the single circumstance of a poor rate, been reversed, there would have been a *still wider* difference between them in favour of England and against Ireland.' So that though Ireland, without a poor-law, has multiplied its population more than twice as fast as England with one, yet we are to believe that if the poor-law had been given to the former country instead of the latter, its increase would have been far greater, and that of England much less. Really this is like an assertion that the sun is the cause of darkness, not of light, and that if that luminary appeared by night instead of by day, the nights would be far darker and the days brighter than they are at present. Dr. Chalmers accounts for the low standard of comforts in Ireland, in spite of the advantage of the absence of any security against starvation, by the *deficiency of education;* while it is notorious that the lower classes in Ireland were, till lately, to the full as well educated as those of England; and that the Scotch, who have the best education of all, possess a vastly lower standard of necessaries than the less instructed English labourers. This is pursuing a theory to extremity, in utter contempt of facts which he who runs may read.

Dr. Chalmers's excuse, perhaps, must be his total ignorance of the real working of the English poor-law, which is strongly shown in many passages of his evidence. When, for instance, he is asked—

' Do you consider that the compulsory system of relief has a tendency to raise or to lower the rate of wages?' he answers—' Decidedly to lower the rate of wages. When wages are helped by the allowance system, they may be resolved into two ingredients; the one consisting of wages, the other the sum given from the poor-rate. I have no doubt that the whole recompense for labour, as made up of both ingredients, is lower than the whole recompense would have been in a natural state of things.'*

From this, and many other similar passages,† it is clear that Dr. Chalmers confounds the abominable *allowance system*—that

* Q. 3504.

† Q. 3510, 3602, &c.

is,

is, the practice of making up wages out of rates, which produces exactly all the mischiefs he attributes to it—with the principle of the poor-law of Elizabeth,—the compelling the parish to support those who are unable to support themselves, and consequently to find *work for the unemployed*. He does not perceive, or is not aware, that there is any difference between these two practices; and throughout his examination argues entirely on the assumption that the compulsory employment of the surplus labourers in Ireland *must* introduce into that country all the mischievous results of the English local abuse of making up wages. This, indeed, is a line of argument in which he (as well as many other witnesses, equally ignorant of the subject they venture to declaim upon) is encouraged by some members of the committee, who evidently labour under the same unfortunate delusion themselves.

But Dr. Chalmers's dislike to a poor-law is not founded solely on this fallacy, which we have already exposed. He has another and a still stronger objection to anything approaching to compulsory relief to the poor, which he introduces repeatedly, and dwells upon in the impassioned and quaint style of eloquence which has rendered him so justly celebrated. This objection is, in his own words, that such a measure would 'disturb the beautiful process of gratuitous charity,' and 'check the forthgoings of aid and sympathy amongst neighbours.' 'Were it right,' he asks, 'that the *interference* of the wealthier at a distance should lay a freezing interdict on the play of those lesser streams which circulate round the abode of penury and pain?'*

Dr. Chalmers's humanity is highly tinctured with enthusiasm, but it is hardly credible that the strength of his feelings, having once assumed a particular direction, should carry him so far out of the right road to the object he really wishes to reach; that a person of commanding intellect should satisfy himself that these sentimental rhapsodies are sound and sufficient arguments for leaving the miseries of the poor to be relieved at the sole expense of their immediate neighbours, barely raised above misery themselves, and absolving the rich from all necessity for contributing their aid. We must really conclude from Dr. Chalmers's repeated and heart-stirring exclamations against the poor-law, as putting a stop to the 'beautiful process and forthgoings of feeling,' exemplified in the charity of the extreme poor to one another, that he thinks it worth while to reduce one-half of the lowest class to the brink of starvation in order to draw forth the sympathies of the other. But, surely, even if a legal enactment were to provide for the extreme necessities of the poor out of the abundance of the rich, must human nature be thenceforth wholly seared and blunted to

* Q. 3455.

sympathy?

sympathy? Is there no room for kindness, charity, and the social virtues, but where humanity is brought to the lowest state of suffering, and there remain only the alternatives of sharing our last crust with a fellow-creature, or seeing him perish before our eyes? They are much mistaken who conceive that the poor-law has deadened in English parishes the common feelings of affection that bind man to his kind. Those will not say so who are intimate with the English poor, who have seen the nightly and gratuitous watchings of neighbours at the bedside of their suffering friends—the thousand little acts of kindness and attention that daily and hourly are in progress between the cottages of the lowest paupers, or the inmates of the parish hovel; above all, who know the strength of the domestic affections amongst our peasantry, fully equalling all that can be witnessed of similar feeling in the wealthier and more educated classes.

Dr. Chalmers's sentiment is, however, out-heroded by Mr. Ensor, in the arguments urged by him against a compulsory mode of relief.* He actually seems to think it would be an unjustifiable outrage on the liberty of the subject to interfere to relieve the lower tenantry of Ireland from the necessity of either supporting their starving brethren, or seeing them die before their faces. 'It would be as bad,' he says, 'as a sumptuary law,' to prevent a poor man from giving away his last potatoe, '*if he chooses*,' to a beggar, by throwing the support of the beggar upon the rich! Some members of the committee too appear, from many of their leading questions, seriously of opinion that it would be a great pity to diminish any of the distress existing in Ireland, because it would necessarily diminish the extent of private charity, and the strength of kindly feeling! One member asks, for example, 'If the system of parochial assessment *has the effect of reducing the distress*, must not private charity and kindly feeling be diminished in the same proportion?'†

What a scene would it have made for Gulliver or Scarmentado, had they, in their travels, come across a country abounding in corn and cattle, and all the necessaries of life, but where a large proportion of the population were purposely kept in a state of starvation, disease, and the extreme of suffering, for the sake of preserving the 'beautiful process' exhibited by those in the class just above them, sharing their pittance with the perishing, and pinching themselves to save their neighbours from annihilation; while the placid owners of the superfluous wealth sedulously refrained from lending their assistance, lest they should disturb the sentiment of the picture, and 'lay a freezing interdict on those lesser streams which circulate round the abode of penury and

* Q. 5176, &c. † Q. 5852.

pain!'

pain!'* Mr. Bicheno joins himself to these ultra philanthropists, who are unwilling to deaden the sympathies of the lower Irish, by depriving them of the spectacle of their friends and relatives perishing from want.

'Such a measure,' he declares, 'would destroy the active charity which now exists, and inflict a serious moral injury on the country.'† 'Many evils are entailed on us by the poor-laws in England which the Irish escape by leaving charity to act from natural impulses.'‡

One word from Dr. Doyle, in exemplification of these 'natural impulses.'

'At present among our common beggars we have a great number of able-bodied persons, who are of the most vicious character; and *the more vicious they are the more effrontery they have, and the more they extort by their effrontery from the charitable and humane.*'

Other witnesses state that the farmers dare not refuse to relieve the strolling mendicants, 'knowing well that they would otherwise help themselves by plunder.' These are the 'natural impulses' to charity at present in operation in the country. How is it in towns? It is in evidence that the societies for the suppression of mendicancy in Dublin, Cork, Bandon, Limerick, and other cities, find it so difficult to meet the demands upon their funds by voluntary subscriptions, that they are obliged to stimulate the 'natural impulses' of their wealthy neighbours by weekly threats of turning loose their whole bands of paupers upon the town, where they would, of course, contrive, by mendicancy or plunder, to become a serious annoyance to the owners of property. These bands, consisting of several hundred miserable objects, barely clothed, since nothing but food can be afforded them by the institution, are frequently paraded through the streets, and made to 'stop *before the doors of non-subscribers, and set up a general howl.*' In fact, these subscriptions, to the extent they go, *are compulsory;* they are extorted by contrivances of this sort, by publication of the names of non-subscribers, by threats and intimidation of every kind; and yet it is declared by Mr. Page, and other witnesses, that, with all these efforts, the mendicity establishment in Dublin itself, can collect only sufficient to support their poor at the rate of $1\frac{1}{4}d.$ each per day, and that not one house out of seven in that capital subscribes!§

We will close our remarks on these over-refined arguments against an established provision for the poor, by quoting Dr. Doyle's plain answer to one of the queries addressed to him, in the same sentimental vein.

'Would any alteration of system which tended to deaden those charitable feelings, and lessen those sensibilities which you have de-

* Q. 3455. † Q. 4254. ‡ Q. 4302. § Q. 774, &c.

scribed

scribed as subsisting among the Irish peasantry, or which would restrict their exercise, be a matter morally beneficial to the character of the people ?—I should think it of great advantage to remove the painful and perhaps dangerous excess of those feelings, and the causes that produce that excess; and I do not suppose that any plan which would give more comfort to the people would have the effect of deadening these feelings; it would only moderate them, and subject them to the rule of reason.' . . . . . 'As at present the sufferings of the poor are intense, it is but natural that the exhibition of feeling on the part of parents, or children, or neighbours, witnessing these sufferings, may be also very great; but instead of thinking that to be a desirable state for men to live in, I think that the state of society would be much better if excessive sympathy and agonized feelings were not so frequently called into action as they are now in Ireland; for when the hearts of men are moved greatly, even to good, they are liable to be easily moved also to evil; so that I think the extreme feeling which is now manifested in Ireland, in affording relief to the distressed, is amongst the causes why our people have less of a settled character than the people of other countries in which society is established on a better frame.'*

The sentimental advocates of 'freedom of charity' forget, in their enthusiasm, that extreme sympathy with the miserable is liable to take the direction of *revenge* upon their oppressors, real or supposed; that the transition is not very unnatural from relieving the famishing agonies of the expelled tenant, to burning his successor in his bed; that the passions are never so easily turned to violence as when strongly excited with the glow of pity. It was not vainly that Anthony drew the cloak from the body of Cæsar, and inflamed the sympathies of his audience by the sight of his reeking wounds.

Upon the appointment of this committee on the state of the poor in Ireland, rumour characterised it as intended, by 'packing' and other manœuvres, to make up as strong a case as possible *against* the introduction of poor-laws. Indeed this was broadly stated at the time by several members in the house; and the exclusion from the committee of Mr. Grattan, who had first brought forward the proposal of applying a poor-law to Ireland, seemed to countenance the idea. But a perusal of the questions put to the different witnesses who attended for examination, will enable any person to determine this question for himself. At least we must say that three-fourths of the queries addressed to witnesses on this subject, are of that nature which in courts are called *leading* questions, and appear intended by subtle Socratical windings to implicate the witness in some concession unfavourable

* Q. 4507.

to

to the poor-law. Many of these at the same time betray an obtuseness of perception as to the real bearings of the case that has surprised us. What, for example, are we to think of such questions as the following:—

'Might not the necessity of providing for a pauper population, if it remained on the land, operate as a penalty on the landlord, and induce him to proceed with greater rapidity than at present in dispossessing that pauper population?

'Do you think it would be right to give to the landlord additional inducements to those he already has, which lead to the clearing of estates?'*

The substance of this question, under a variety of forms of expression, is repeated to almost every witness; so that it really appears that some member of the committee opines that the making it obligatory on landlords to provide effectually for the poor tenantry they remove from their estates, would increase their eagerness to remove them!—and that the tenantry themselves would suffer more from the risk of being removed and fully provided for at the expense of the landlord, than from that of being removed, as at present, without any provision at all!

Another objection as constantly urged is, that 'a poor-law must generate idleness and improvidence,—and no work will ever be done under it.'† If we look to the fact, we see that by the opposite system, and from want of some law compelling the owners of land to interest themselves in employing the excess of labour in Ireland, the most deplorable habits of idleness, recklessness, and improvidence *have been* generated. All accounts of travellers in Ireland represent the most striking characteristic of the labouring poor to be *extreme indolence*. The man frequently passes his days stretched on the floor of his hovel, raising himself, and hardly that, only to join in the universal repast round the eternal potatoe-bowl. The habit of hard work is wholly lost; and the difference between the average amount of labour performed by an English workman in a day has been described as more than double that accomplished by the Irish one. But we suppose it will be answered, that if a poor-law had existed in Ireland, and not in England, for the last two centuries, the Irishman would have been still lazier, and the Englishman more industrious than at present; that it is the habit of work which generates indolence, and the constant absence of all employment, activity. No paradox is too wild for those who refuse to give relief to misery from motives of philanthropy, and think it a gross hardship on the poor to save them from starving by act of parliament. —As to an enactment for the *compulsory employment of men*

* Q. 4251, 4252. † Q. 2984, &c.

without

without work exciting expectations among the poor that they will be paid for doing nothing,—if such an idea were by possibility to arise, under a wise and well-managed system they would soon find their mistake, and that relief would not be afforded to able-bodied men until earned by hard labour. We ask, with Dr. Doyle,—

'Is it because the unfounded and unreasonable expectations which an ignorant band of paupers may form, cannot be realized, that we are to suffer thousands of men to perish from want, and not to relieve them to the extent of our ability,—or not to distribute the burden equally upon all those composing society, according to their respective abilities to bear it?'*

But the argument of all others most dwelt upon, and presented to all the witnesses before the committee in the most endless variety of questions, is that, whatever may be the case with regard to the aged and impotent poor, to compel the *employment* of the surplus able-bodied labourers in Ireland would be only to throw out of work other labourers now in employment,—only to divert, not to create or introduce capital, and to withdraw it from those channels where it is now profitably, because voluntarily employed, and force it into those where its employment must be unprofitable, because involuntary. In our last Number we adverted to the mischief which political economy might be the means of inflicting upon nations, if taken by their rulers as an infallible guide in their political conduct. A strong example of this important truth is exhibited on the present occasion. No one can examine, even cursorily, the minutes of evidence which we are analyzing, without observing that by those members of the committee who took a leading part in the examinations, the question of a compulsory provision for the Irish poor is treated solely and strictly as one of political economy, with a view, that is, to the mere increase of the aggregate *wealth* of the country; without the slightest consideration whether the happiness of its inhabitants is, or is not, increased in a parallel or in any degree. We do not say that the question is there ably and correctly treated in this limited and purely economical sense. Far from it;—the greater number of queries put in this view evince but a very superficial and imperfect acquaintance with economical science. Nothing is more demonstrable, for instance, than that the establishment of a poor-law has a direct tendency to increase the mere wealth or capital of any country. It is almost sufficient to appeal to the contrast between the abundance of capital in England, which has so long enjoyed a provision for her poor, and the poverty and dearth of capital in Ireland, where no such provision exists. But theory is no less conclusive on this

* Q. 4566.

subject

subject than the evidence of facts. The law which ensures employment to every able-bodied labourer is a law to prevent the *waste* of the great and principal instrument of all production, *labour*, and of the capital which the man, even though unemployed, must necessarily consume. Mr. Page, although unwilling to advocate the complete introduction of the English poor-law into Ireland, gives this opinion, founded on long practical experience.

'I have seen a great deal of improvement in England in consequence of the poor-laws. I conceive that the excellent state of our roads and the improvements made in them of late years have been a great deal owing to the distress of the times, and the necessity of employing the people by those who must support, if they did not employ them. I think the roads in England have been much improved, and I know that has arisen from the want of employment of the poor in their regular occupations. Q. Do you consider that the money so expended on the roads in England has yielded a return for the labour employed?—Yes. Q. Independently of the poor-laws, would it not have been worth while on the part of the public to have expended that labour with a view to the advantages that have resulted? —*Yes; but it would not have been so expended.* Q. You think that compulsion is necessary to induce persons to take measures for their own interests?—In consequence of being obliged to maintain the poor labourer, he has been employed in productive labour, which he would not have been employed in if the country at large had not been in a state to render it necessary.' *

And yet it is impossible to read any five pages of the evidence before the committee without remarking the deep and settled conviction of those members who principally directed the interrogatories, (a conviction which seems to be rested upon as an indisputable axiom,) that compulsory employment *must* be unprofitable, and must necessarily tend to diminish the capital and productiveness of a country by *interfering with the voluntary distribution of labour and capital.*†

A little knowledge is said to be a dangerous thing; but of all varieties of human learning, a little knowledge of political economy is surely the most dangerous in a statesman, leading him frequently to adopt, with a blind neglect of facts and obvious consequences, a line of policy destructive of the best interests of his country, in pursuance of some crude theoretical paradox swallowed on the authority, or through the influence of the mysticism of some dashing professor of 'the science.' The opinions implied in all the questions to which we have referred—and they

* Queries, 790—797.

† See Queries 5056—5060, 5094—5105, 5500—5505, 5458—5460, 6026, 6027, &c.

are

are repeated in nearly every page of the Minutes—is, that the *natural* and *voluntary* application of capital *must* be, at all times and under all circumstances, the best, not only for the individual proprietors, but for the nation at large; that the condition of a people must depend on the proportion of capital to population, and that a poor-law cannot by possibility tend to increase capital. In order to show the fallacy of these opinions, which are but too prevalent, and damp the expectations even of those rational persons who think the condition of Ireland cannot be made worse than it is, and may be improved, by a poor-law,—but who are somewhat daunted when these dicta are flung in their teeth, as maxims of political economy,—we shall meet them in the most direct and unequivocal way, by proving—1. That the voluntary application of capital by individual owners is by no means necessarily the best, either for themselves or the community to which they belong. 2. That the poor-law *has* a direct and immediate tendency to increase capital, and particularly that species of capital which is required for employing the poor.

The first proposition, though denying what is an established principle in the schools of economical science, is demonstrable from the most obvious considerations. How is it possible to justify the compulsory exaction of any property or services for the purposes of government, the administration of justice, national defence, religion, &c., but upon the ground, that individuals are not in all cases the best judges of their own interests, and will not always voluntarily employ their means in that way which is most conducive to their own benefit or that of society?* Ignorance, idleness, obstinacy, routine, want of leisure, of judgment, of a sufficiently wide field of observation, must constantly incapacitate individuals from pursuing their own or the common interest in the best possible manner; and it has, therefore, been found necessary, ever since the first institution of society, to control the liberty of individual action and expenditure, and *compulsorily* direct both, in certain cases, into those channels in which they will be productive of the greatest general benefit. By the rule of the economists, it is the very essence of injustice to *compel* any individual to pay his share of the costs of the necessary national establishments!

2. That a poor-law would establish a beneficial channel for the employment of capital and labour, in a country circum-

* It is strange, but true, that this is exactly the line of argument maintained by Dr. Chalmers throughout his late Essay *on Ecclesiastical and Academical Endowments*—one of the most vigorous and eloquent defences of such endowments that ever proceeded from the press—a treatise, indeed, which would alone have been sufficient to immortalize its author.

stanced

stanced as Ireland is at present, may be as easily shown. Since this, however, is the main point on which the question of a poor-law hinges, we request our readers will pay attention to the several links of our chain of reasoning, in perfect confidence of securing their concurrence in its conclusion. The only point in which all opinions on Ireland are agreed is, that its first and greatest want, the *sine quâ non*, the one thing needful for the employment of its population, the improvement of its resources, and the increase of its wealth and happiness, is *capital*, the introduction or creation of capital. That there is in that country the richest field for the profitable employment of capital, could it be procured and set in motion, not only does no one affect to deny, but all the witnesses examined before the committee, whether for or against a poor-law, are loud and unanimous in asserting. Millions of fertile acres yet uncleared, but which require only to be *opened up* by roads or canals to repay fourfold the expenses of cultivation;—extensive bogs, which experiments have already proved to repay their drainage and cultivation by the first three years' crops, leaving land worth 30*s.* per acre rent, which was before worth nothing; —rivers, which only want a shallow to be here and there deepened, or a pier built, to become the means of drawing forth the almost unlimited resources of districts now poor and barbarous, solely because cut off from all means of communication with markets and civilization;—vast alluvial tracts, periodically submerged, which might, at a trifling expense, be converted into lands of the very highest productive power in the country;—these and many other latent resources are proved to exist throughout Ireland on the most unquestionable authority. Thus—

'Mr. J. Wiggins.—I think that in the country generally, there are the means of *profitably* employing all those who are now without work, in draining and reclaiming bog and mountain, making roads, &c.' . . . . . 'I consider that in no part of these islands can capital be so profitably employed as in Ireland under its present circumstances; certainly not in England or Wales.'*

'Mr. Greer.—Our land is capable of very great expenditure yet, and would pay for it.'†

'Mr. Ensor.—I am sure that in agriculture almost any extent of capital could be usefully and profitably employed. There is scarcely any field that is cultivated as it ought to be.'‡

'Mr. J. Barry.—I scarcely know any place in Ireland where the investment of capital, judiciously laid out, would not produce a profit far beyond the interest of the money expended.'§

'Dr. Doyle.—I am decidedly of opinion that a quantity of capital, such as I would hesitate to name, might be profitably expended, both

* Qu. 4094, 3984. † 3964. ‡ Qu. 5055. § 2216.

in the improvement of the lands now inclosed, and in the reclaiming lands now waste.'

The whole evidence of Mr. Mullins and Mr. C. Wye Williams, gentlemen of the greatest practical experience in the execution of works of public and private improvement, is exceedingly valuable in every view, and particularly as showing the immense capacity of Ireland for improvement, and the wide field it offers for profitable undertakings of every description. Two facts mentioned by Mr. Williams may be quoted to give an idea of the astonishingly increased productiveness which a judicious expenditure of capital must occasion there.

'One is, that in consequence of the sum of 167,000*l.* being expended by Mr. Nimmo, in Connaught alone, in seven years, the increase of the *annual* revenue to government has since been equal to the whole of that expenditure. I find a corresponding return in the Cork district, where Mr. Griffiths is the government engineer. He expended 60,000*l.* in seven years; and the increase of government revenue in customs and excise in the district has been 50,000*l.* a year, which is to be attributed mainly to the increased facility of communication, by which whole districts have been rendered available for productive purposes, and a miserable pauper population converted into a productive class of consumers. The increase is so peculiarly marked in the districts in which the expenditure took place, as to decide the question of its being attributable to that alone; and I have no doubt I am borne out in the opinion that, in any given seven years, the annual increase of the revenue will be equal to the whole sum expended. I mean, if judiciously and carefully expended in opening sources of internal industry, among which the increasing facilities for a profitable interchange of produce is among the foremost. In this produce may be classed coal, turf, manure of all sorts, slates, bricks, lime, building-stone, timber, potatoes, and other provisions.' *

The whole amount of this produce, which must be presumed to bear the proportion of at least ten to one, in annual value, to the revenue collected upon it, must be considered in the light of *a new creation*, called into existence on these spots, in the space of a few years, by the judicious outlay of a comparatively insignificant capital! This is indeed putting out the one talent where it shortly becomes ten.

It is natural to ask, as the committee have invariably done, How is it that capitalists do not readily avail themselves of such profitable opportunities for investment, if they really exist? The answers are nearly all the same. In some cases, and to a certain extent, the state of the law is said to offer an impediment; as where the rights of commonage prevent the inclosure and improvement of bogs. In others, the tolls on fairs and markets,

* Qu. 6763.

or

or the difficulty of satisfactorily adjusting the composition for tithe, are mentioned as the obstacles. But the principal and universal cause, referred to by nearly every witness, is the want of security, the unsettled state of the country, the dread of outrage and destruction to property, the secret combinations and nightly trainings of the peasantry, the knowledge that there are thousands of unemployed, half-starving, desperate, and able-bodied men in every corner of the country, with no other resource but mendicancy and plunder, and likely at any moment to invade and destroy the improvements in which the capitalists' wealth may be invested.* In one word, it is the absence of employment, and the misery and disorganization consequent on this, which keeps capital from flowing into Ireland; while it is in turn the want of that capital which keeps the poor unemployed. Here then is a train of unhappy circumstances, which, acting upon each other alternately as cause and effect, would, if uninterfered with by any external force, continue to reproduce themselves in a vicious circle to all eternity. The miserable condition of the population is the self-evident cause of the want of capital, and the want of capital is the cause of the miserable condition of the population. It is when a country is placed in a dilemma of this unfortunate nature, that it behoves the government to step in, and wisely *compel* those measures which are required to advance the common good, but which will never, under such circumstances, spontaneously spring into action. Is the poor-law a measure of this character? Would it cause the profitable employment of the numbers of now idle and mischievous labourers, or the introduction or creation of capital? For, in either case, it would break up the fatal combination of circumstances which now cramps the energies of Ireland, and set in motion those almost endless resources of whose existence we have such ample testimony. We fearlessly answer that it would *do both*.

Those who deny the advantage of *forcing* the employment of the surplus labour of a country, do so expressly on the assumption that such a measure *can only vary the distribution, without adding one jot to the quantity* of capital existing there. If therefore we can show, as we undertake to do most fully, that they have misconceived the effect of the measure, and that it would, in reality, add to the capital to be employed in Ireland, we shall expect to secure their ready concurrence in its adoption.

Now there are no less than *five main sources* from whence the application of a poor-law to Ireland would draw forth the capital required for the employment of the excess of hands; without dis-

* Q. 533, 540, 4513, &c.

turbing any other natural application of capital from which she derives the slightest benefit.

1. First, the provisions consumed by the unemployed Irish poor, as mendicants, in idle, useless, and mischievous vagrancy. All the witnesses before the committee unite in describing the quantity thus given away as enormous.

'If the whole sum which is paid in *misapplied* alms by the farmers and peasantry were estimated, it would amount to a very heavy poor-tax.'—*Rev. E. Chichester*, 5836.

Mr. B. Bryan calculates that there are half a million of houses in Ireland of the farming class, each of which contributes in this way, on an average, a ton of potatoes a-year towards the support of the poor:* the value of this alone would be near two millions of money. Mr. De la Cour stated in his evidence before the Lords' committee, in the year 1825, that one million of the population of Ireland subsist by mendicancy and plunder. Mr. Wilmot Horton fairly calculates their cost at two-pence per day, or, in round numbers, three pounds per annum, each; consequently Ireland pays an indirect poor-rate at present to the extent of three millions per annum. The greater part of this is described as given to sturdy vagrants, or able-bodied men out of work, and their starving families; and all this expenditure is utterly *unproductive*. This 'beautiful process' fills all Ireland with filthy, idle, and debauched strollers,—a pest to the whole country, and a serious burden upon the industrious; but the whole expenditure by which they are maintained is absolutely and completely *wasted:* not one farthing of it ever returns into the pockets of those who lay it out, or of the country at large.

We hardly know if it is necessary to go further; since, in this one source alone, we find a capital sufficient to maintain, in unproductive idleness, *all the existing excess of labour*. And, if in idleness, why not in work? But further, if this same sum were both levied in a systematic and orderly manner, by the machinery of a poor-law, and expended with judgment and economy in the *employment* of the excess of labourers, instead of maintaining them in idleness, the two or three millions, whichever it may be, would be *returned* at the end of the year, or of a few years at farthest, (since it has been shown that there are numerous profitable openings for the employment of capital and labour in every corner of Ireland,) and *instead of a permanent annual drain of that amount, it would be expended but once*. In one word, what is now an annual *loss* would be converted into an expenditure of capital annually returned with a profit, and a total saving effected of the greater part of this charge upon industry from hencefor-

* Q. 634.

ward.

ward. Suppose, for example, to place the matter in a practical form, a rate imposed on the occupiers of property in Ireland to the extent but of one million per annum, for the employment of the able-bodied poor, (in order to be sure not to exceed the actual cost of supporting them at present). Upon this, at five per cent. interest to cover a sinking fund, which would repay the capital in twenty years, twenty millions might be borrowed, and immediately applied, under intelligent engineers, to the improvement of the country, in some of those profitable modes of employing capital we have already adverted to. And if there is any truth in the evidence of the unquestionable authorities we have quoted, there can be no manner of doubt that, long before the debt is paid off, *the whole expenditure, with an ample profit, will be returned to the owners.* In other words, *property to the value of twenty millions will have been created,* within a few years, by the regularized expenditure of that sum which is now wholly wasted in the encouragement of profligacy and impudence! And this, in addition to the profit, and all the immense collateral advantages, which must arise to the landowners, the government, and the body of the people, from the improvement of that rich and most valuable country.

2. But we have as yet only mentioned *one* of the sources of capital which a poor-law would necessarily put in activity. To proceed :—in all the plans that have been proposed for applying a poor-rate to Ireland, it has been thought right to throw a considerable portion of its burden on the landowner. Dr. Doyle, for instance, is of opinion that the landlord should be liable to three-fourths of the assessment. Others assign to his share one-half. We will suppose the latter proportion adopted, and that one million is, on an average, annually levied from the rents of the land-owners for the employment of the redundant labourers. Now in what way is that million spent at present? —Partly in foreign, partly in native productions. A full third we must consider, on Mr. Ensor's authority, to be wholly spent abroad by absentees. Of the remainder, one-half we may suppose expended on foreign imported produce, and but the other half (a third of the whole) in the employment of native industry. But, *even were the whole so laid out,* still it is expended as *revenue only,* that is, *unproductively.* At the end of every year it is entirely consumed, and no result left. Whereas, when taken from the landlord by an assessment, and expended in the judicious employment of labour, it will, at the end of a year or two, reproduce itself with a profit. In short, the rate for the employment of the poor will simply transmute the expenditure of the landlord, to the amount of his assessment, from an expenditure *as revenue,* to an expenditure

as

as capital; it will convert into *capital* so much of every landlord's income; and *multiply its capacity for giving employment to labour, in the proportion of principal to interest.* It will annually add to the fixed capital of the country that amount, and will be a clear gain of so much to the community at large, beyond its present mode of distribution; while the landlords themselves will secure an ample profit on their expenditure, in addition to the immense contingent advantages accruing to them from the general improvement of the country, the conversion of a population of vagrant marauders into thriving and industrious labourers, and the increased demand that must consequently arise for the produce of their estates.

A remarkable fact appears from the evidence of Mr. J. B. Bryan,* namely, that the landlords of Ireland at present annually transmit for investment in the English funds a saving of about the average amount of one million sterling. Here, then, is a capital which even now they prefer to accumulate, and invest at the low rate of interest afforded by the funds, at a time when its employment at their own doors would relieve Ireland from the danger and sufferings of a starving, idle, and discontented population; save the expenditure of, perhaps, an equal sum which this useless population now receive as alms; bring them in a profit considerably higher, and set in motion the vast resources of their country, which require but a stimulus of this nature to multiply themselves in an accelerated ratio. Since, from whatever cause it may arise, the Irish landowners do not spontaneously invest the surplus of their incomes in the mode which would be so beneficial both to themselves and their country, what remains but for the legislature to interfere, and divert this superfluous wealth, which they can so well spare, from its present barren and unnatural direction, into the channel through which it would renovate and invigorate their country, with the greatest ultimate benefit to themselves?

It is worthy of remark, that all the Irish witnesses before the committee, who strongly and decidedly object to a poor-rate, under any form, for the employment of their surplus labour, unite in loudly recommending its employment by loans from the state, (that is, from England,) at a low interest.† And yet, upon their own showing, the Irish landlords annually invest a million of money at low interest in the British funds. Instead of lending them consols, to be employed in improving their estates, let the government only give them a poor-law, and they will employ their own capital in that manner, instead of investing it in consols,—to their own infinite gain.

3. The third source from whence capital will find its way into

* Q. 529. † 3772, &c.

Ireland,

Ireland, as fast as it is wanted, with the introduction of a poor-law, is the credit of the improvements which will be necessarily effected in Irish property of all kinds, when its owners are compelled to employ there all the valuable labour which they now unwisely allow to run to waste. On these improvements, funds, now floating in the stock-markets of London, Paris, Vienna, Naples, or St. Petersburg, will be readily advanced, if required, by European capitalists. For whether of a public nature, as roads, canals, railways, harbours, piers, &c., or private, as inclosures of bog and mountain, &c., such improvements will, without doubt, if judiciously executed, bring in a profitable, but at all events a considerable return, and this may be mortgaged for the purpose of providing a part, if not the whole, of the capital required for their execution, as is continually done in the case of canals, turnpikes, bridges, docks, &c.

4. We have not yet considered the additional capital which would spontaneously seek employment in Ireland, from England and other quarters, on the establishment of that tranquillity and security of property which a provision for the poor, a complete suppression of vagrancy, and the employment at fair wages of all those who are willing to work, would, of necessity, produce. But this is by no means to be overlooked. Glutted as the money-market has long been with capital, its owners would speedily avail themselves of the tranquillization of Ireland, for the purchase of land there, and the investment of capital in the cultivation of its vast resources.

5. Nor have we enumerated the increased demand for labour which would follow from the return of the absentee landlords, who, threatened on one hand by the assessment of their property, and induced on the other by the improved system of society at home, would come back, many of them, to reside on their estates; where the expenditure of their incomes would add *pro tanto* to the annual demand for labour, and diminish the burthen of the assessment. Almost any one of these several sources of capital would be sufficient of itself for the object proposed,—the employment of the excess of labour, now wasted in idleness, crime, and misery, in Ireland. A law, compelling the employment of that excess, would set them *all* in action at once. We have thus answered the principal, and, to judge from the Minutes of Evidence, the most perplexing objection that has been started against the application of a poor-law to Ireland; and we trust that it will no longer be contended, that such a measure is 'merely a mischievous interference with the natural and most wholesome direction of capital.' We have fairly and fully demonstrated it to be the very reverse;—to be a means, and the only

only means, under the circumstances of Ireland, for creating or introducing new capital into that country; for profitably investing that which exists there in a state of stagnation, or in a course of absolute and utter waste; and for utilizing the abundant stock of that *most valuable*, but unhappily neglected and misunderstood *wealth*, which now lies dormant there, *the physical and moral capacities of its hardy, active, generous, and high-spirited population.* The compulsion necessary to produce these great results is of the same salutary character as the schoolmaster's, whose pupils must be coerced to the tasks which tend immediately to their own infinite benefit.

If we look into the Minutes of Evidence, we shall find, that in spite of the economic jargon by which the common sense of the witnesses was occasionally overwhelmed and puzzled, some of them were aware, though vaguely, of the vast resources which a poor-law would provide. Thus, Mr. Wiggins,—

'I consider the best capital of Ireland to be the industry of the people, if once it can be set agoing. Q. How would you propose to set it going?—By the introduction of some plan having the same effect of compelling labour as I conceive the poor-laws to have had in England. Q. In what way do you conceive that the introduction of poor-laws would give an impulse to the industry of the people?—The way in which I conceive it is this,—that a compulsory provision for the poor would create a necessity for the employment of the people; no one will be willing to feed, lodge, and clothe the poor, without having the benefit of their labour in return; and *I think their labour would in Ireland return its expense fourfold.*'*

Dr. Doyle, however, is almost the only witness who expresses a decided, detailed, and correct opinion on this subject.

'That a compulsory rate would have the effect of increasing the capital to be usefully employed in Ireland, I have no doubt. I found my opinion on this,—that capital in Ireland consists in a very fertile soil, and an immense quantity of labour which is prepared to be employed upon it; and that the instrument of application, which is money, and moral exertion by the elevated ranks, is alone wanted to put those elements of capital into active exercise, and thereby make them productive of infinite good to the country. Further, I have no doubt whatever, that a legal assessment which would take a certain quantity of money from those who now expend it in superfluities, or in distant countries, and which would employ that money in the application of labour to land in Ireland, would be productive of the utmost benefit to the country at large. And I think that that benefit, so far from being confined to the poor themselves, or to the class of labourers immediately above the destitute, would at no distant day redound to the advantage of those proprietors out of whose present

* Q. 4097 et seq.

income

income I would suppose the chief portion of that money to be taken. The reason of my opinion is, that when the proprietors of the soil of Ireland were assessed for the relief of the poor, they would be impelled by considerations of self-interest to watch over the levies to be made off their property, and the expenditure of those levies ; and that the necessity of doing so would induce many of them, now absent, and more particularly those of moderate income, to reside in Ireland. Then with regard to the money levied to give employment to able-bodied men, if that money were employed, whether in public works or in improvements of private estates, I have no doubt but lands which are now inclosed would rise very much in value, the quality of the tillage would be considerably improved, and the agricultural produce greatly increased; so that in fact every thing which constitutes property in Ireland would gradually become better and more valuable than it now is, or than it ever will be under the present system.' * 'In short, I think a wise man, viewing the matter as it stands before the public, would say, that the establishment of a compulsory rate must tend to pacify the country, to organize the people, to give security to property, to ensure peace and comfort to individuals, to increase andto improve the tillage of land, and to enhance the value of property of every kind; so much so that land, which now could be bought in Ireland for less than twenty years purchase, would probably, if a system of poor-laws, even liable to abuse, as every human system must be, were adopted, rise nearly to the same degree of value as land now bears in England.'†

We now come to another grand objection—to wit, that there exist no materials in Ireland out of which to frame the *machinery* of a system of poor-laws. That is the accredited phrase. In other words, there is no fit body of men, in agricultural districts, for it is not pretended there are none in towns, to manage the assessment and its distribution. Now the obvious and conclusive answer to this is, that no one can for a moment doubt that the existing materials for vestries in Ireland are fully as good, if not better, than those in England could have been in the reign of Elizabeth, when the poor-law was so successfully and happily instituted in this country. We have, moreover, the experience of two centuries and a half in England and Scotland, to guide us in devising a method for facilitating the working of the system and preventing its abuse.

Here again we must advert to the extreme unfairness of assuming that the abuses which partially disfigure the administration of the English poor-law must necessarily be transplanted, with any modification of that law, into Ireland. *Ex abusu non arguitur in usum.* We can tell the captious objectors to a poor-law on this flimsy ground, from what plain cause alone it has been found so

* Qu. 4509. † Qu. 4562.

difficult

difficult to get rid of the abominable practices which have been locally engrafted on the old English poor-law. They have become interwoven with the condition and value of landed property; and their removal has depended on those very parties who introduced them as an indirect means of putting money into their pockets at the expense of others, and who have considered them, however blindly, as involving their own immediate interests, the rental of their estates. But so far from these abuses necessarily accompanying the poor-law into Ireland, they will stand as beacons to warn us to avoid any similar errors. Five lines in an act of parliament on the poor-laws would at any time have completely checked the abuse in England; and an equal number will wholly prevent its ever springing up elsewhere.

But let us hear Dr. Doyle's opinion as to the existence of the proper *machinery*.

'I think in those parts of Ireland with which I am acquainted, there is not one district in which a body sufficiently numerous, of active, intelligent, honest, and prudent persons, could not be found, to administer a system of relief. Then as to a *parish*. I am quite sure that each of the parishes of the diocese of Lochlin and Kildare, in which I live, as they now exist, would furnish a body fully competent to manage the assessment. I have not the smallest doubt that, taking the arrangement of parishes as it exists now, you could find in every one of them practical, honest, prudent men, who feel an interest in the poor, and who would be quite equal to administer the funds entrusted to them.'*

Even Mr. Blake, however indisposed to the introduction of poor-laws, candidly admits,

'If the necessity existed for the levy and expenditure of money in relief of distress, in the agricultural parishes of Ireland, *knowing what has been done under the Tithe Composition Act, notwithstanding the difficulties which it was supposed would be felt in the establishment of proper vestries*, I think it would be possible.'—'I conceive that a vestry might be as safely entrusted with the power of assessment for the purpose of supporting the poor, as for carrying into effect a composition for tithes.'†

A poor-law once imposed, the necessity of looking after their interests is sure to generate, from among the persons rated, a sufficient and capable body for this purpose. The owners of property are usually sharpsighted enough in protecting it. The abuses of the poor-law, wherever they have been introduced, have borne upon the poor themselves, not upon the rate-payers; except when, through a justly retributive re-action, such contrivances have ultimately recoiled upon their authors. They too are egre-

* Qu. 4454. † Qu. 3759, 3760, et seq.

giously

giously mistaken who imagine that the materials of ordinary agricultural vestries in England are of a very refined or civilized character. Nor is a cultivated education of exceeding importance for the purpose. Natural shrewdness and common sense, sharpened by the instinct of self-interest, are the qualities most usefully brought into play there; and we suspect these are to be found full as acute in the small Irish tenant, as in the richer English yeoman. Both require the control of a superior authority, an appellate jurisdiction; and this exists in Ireland, as here, in the petty sessions bench. But, for local management, especially with a view to the interests of the rate-payers, supposing it entrusted to them, we would back an Irish vestry against an English one, at odds.

We have now gone through all the several objections which are urged against the application of a poor-law to Ireland, either in the evidence of the witnesses before the late committee, or in the various works that have been written on the subject; and we trust we have redeemed our pledge of showing that there is not a shadow of foundation for any one of them; that they are grounded on a complete misconception of the nature, working, and results of such an institution, and in a total ignorance of the laws which determine the productiveness of a country, the application of capital, and the encouragement of wealth and happiness. We hope we shall no more hear the repetition of such trite and miserable arguments as we meet with in almost every page of the 'Minutes of Evidence'—as, for example, that a compulsory provision for the poor would 'deteriorate their habits, and thus increase the evil it was attempted to remedy,' as if active employment was a worse habit than profligate and vagrant mendicancy! —that 'it would nearly absorb the whole revenue of the country, and lead to the extinction of property!' when the fact is, that all the poor existing in Ireland are *already* maintained from some fund or other, but, being unemployed, eat into the resources of the country, instead of adding to them, as they would under a judicious system of compulsory employment; that a poor-law 'must be attended with *dangerous* consequences, since human nature suggests to most persons a disposition to be maintained without working, if they can possibly find the means'*—as if giving pay for work was the same thing as giving pay for no work! As to the *danger*, we rather suspect it lies in the refusal of poor-laws, not in their concession. Mr. O'Sullivan justly remarks—

'If you give a hope' (we would give a certainty) 'to the peasantry of obtaining relief by means less violent than they have hitherto employed, you will so far indispose them to violence, and accustom them

* Q. 2223.

to

to an assurance that they may succeed better by sobriety and good conduct than by menace and disorder.' . . . . 'They would soon come to know that the man who exhibits himself as a violent agitator and disturber would fall into odium, and be less likely to have his claims favourably regarded.' . . . . 'An estate would have, *in increased tranquillity*, a benefit fully equivalent to the amount of the money it had expended.' . . . . 'I believe the disturbances in the south of Ireland are all to be traced to extreme distress.'*

Again, Dr. Doyle says—

'The advantage would be, that, the poor people being looked after, and their extreme wants provided for, they will conceive an attachment to the government and to the law which has thus provided for them, *such as never before has been felt in Ireland*. I look to a measure of this kind as the only effectual remedy whereby the evils in which I myself have been immersed for years past, can be removed; namely, nocturnal outrages, combinations amongst the working people thrown out of employment, nightly meetings at alehouses, excessive drinking, and plunder of the property of honest people, with all the other evils which do and must result from the state of society in Ireland, where the population is now hanging unhinged, without any principle of fixedness or cohesion.'†

We trust, too, it will be no more said that a compulsory assessment 'would reduce instead of increasing the means of employment, *lower wages*, and therefore aggravate rather than diminish the sufferings of the working classes'‡—as if to rescue thousands from starvation and pestilence by a law of relief was to *increase their sufferings!*—as if the fact of one-fourth of the labourers of the country being now out of employment tended to keep up the wages of the remainder!—as if to employ that excess of labourers productively, who are now maintained in idleness, would be to lessen the gross amount of produce in the country! We have shown that such a measure would place at the disposal of Ireland a mass of capital fully equal to absorb all her surplus labour, and call into activity all her dormant resources. We hope, too, there will be no more cant about the 'beauty' of leaving the poor to take care of one another, free from any odious interference on the part of the rich, or of the laws, to protect them from extreme wretchedness and famine. This is a refinement in charity we do not recollect finding in the gospel.

We may here mention the tract of Sir John Walsh, which we know to have satisfied many simple but well meaning persons of the impractibility of applying poor-laws to Ireland. It is indeed a specious and plausible effort to make out a *primâ facie* case against them. Written in a gentlemanly tone of persuasiveness,

* Q. 6241, 6208. † Q. 4470. ‡ Q. 3959, 5474, 5734, 6958, 6971, 2825, 2465.

and

and appearing to appeal throughout to the calm and sober tribunal of reason, it is not probably perceived by every reader that this essay passes entirely over the leading circumstances which render a poor-law necessary for that country—the extreme misery, namely, occasioned by the clearing of estates, now in full progress; the duty attaching itself to every government to prevent the complete destitution of any large body of its subjects; the evils of mendicancy and vagrancy; the heavy tax which the industrious classes now pay in alms to relieve those from whose condition they are but little removed themselves; above all, the necessity of stimulating the blind and apathetic selfishness of the Irish proprietors to cultivate the latent resources possessed by their country in its fertile land and abundant labour. Again, Sir John coolly assumes, without proof, and in the face of the strongest facts and arguments, that poor-laws, abstractedly considered, are 'false in principle, pernicious in practice,' 'full of vital errors and injurious consequences;' that they are 'a monstrous and increasing evil,' that 'they lower wages,' &c. He rests all these trite assumptions on the authority of the 'profound and reflecting writers of every party;' not aware, apparently, that the greater number of those writers, who were lately most hostile to the poor-law, have at length seen their error, and have had the candour to acknowledge it. The question of the policy of poor-laws has been most unfortunately complicated and obscured by the abominable abuse lately engrafted upon them in some counties of England, which has made them *there* to be in truth all that their greatest detractors describe, and to produce results the very reverse of those that previously followed their operation, and that accompany them still in those parts of England where the illegal making up of wages out of rates is not allowed. The whole of Sir John Walsh's opposition to the poor-law, like that of so many other persons, is based upon this unhappy *quid pro quo*—this mistaking of the pure and original poor-law of Elizabeth for the deformed and knavish piece of jugglery into which it has been wilfully metamorphosed by the justices of the south of England.

Hitherto we have treated the subject solely with regard to its bearing on the interest of Ireland itself. But this is not enough. The condition of Ireland—of her institutions, resources, and population—can no longer, even by the most careless and superficial observer, be treated separately from the general interests of the empire at large, or as what is usually styled an exclusively *Irish* question. At a moment when the spread of education and intelligence, and the extraordinarily increased intercourse effected through

through steam-power and internal navigation, have, within a few past years, done more to approximate these two British islands than any previous century—at this moment the cry is raised for their disunion! and not raised merely, but hailed and repeated by countless voices, supported by petitions innumerable, and by the commanding influence of one man mighty in power for evil or for good, and at least as liable as most of his fellow-men to mistake the one for the other. But is the fact strange? Is it inexplicable? Far otherwise. The time is indeed arrived when the union must be either strengthened or dissolved—when the institutions of the sister islands must be assimilated or their connexion ended. Drawn together so closely as they now are by a common government, a common legislature, equal political privileges, and an unlimited freedom of intercourse, aided by the almost miraculous improvements through which the centre of Ireland has been virtually brought into contact with the heart of England,—the condition of the one must sympathise with that of the other; the malady, the sufferings, of one are necessarily felt by both. Like the horrible connexions of the Roman tyrant, the living cannot continue to live in close union with the dead body. The tie must be either cut at once, or the condition of the two assimilated.

Are we, then, for a dissolution of the Union? God forbid that any sane and loyal man should look with complacency on the mad and ruinous proposition of the most mischievous of demagogues. No; we are for cementing and completing the Union; for aiding the process of amalgamation which is now going on, by removing those elements in the composition of either society by which the other must necessarily be injured, and the harmony of both destroyed;—for establishing a community of feelings and interests, and, as the only means of reaching this end, a community of institutions.

It is utterly impossible that two divisions of the same state, closely united in all other points, should harmonise together, so long as such a wide discrepancy exists between them in the very framework of society, as the acknowledgment of a legal right to relief in the poor of the one, and not of the other. The effects of this anomaly must be felt most severely in both. It is difficult to say which suffers from it most. Let us first consider the effect which it produces on this country.

I. In the first place, the redundancy of labourers in Ireland, being wholly unprovided for there, necessarily overflows into this island, where there is a provision secured for those who are out of work, and every man, whether stranger or native, has a legal and recognised

recognised right to be saved from want. The hordes of Irish who thus flock to England, as a refuge from famine, undersell the native labourers in every corner of the country, but especially in the towns, and drive them to be maintained in idleness from the poor-rate. The continually increasing demand for labour in towns forms the natural drain for the increase of an agricultural population; but this issue is closed, and the market for labour kept in a continual state of glut, by the immigration of the Irish into the towns of Britain; so that the excess of the agricultural population is hopelessly thrown back upon their parishes. In Manchester, Glasgow, Liverpool, Bristol, London, &c., whole colonies have established themselves, and defy the competition of the native labourer.

But it is said to console us, by many Irish witnesses before the late committee, that a poor-law in Ireland would rather tend to increase than to check the immigration into England! Is it possible for absurdity to be carried so far? or is it really thought we can be brought to believe this? What! do not the Irish labourers resort to England because there is no employment for them in Ireland, and no alternative but starvation? And are we to believe that they would come over in still greater numbers, leaving their homes, their families, and their native country, if employment and support were *secured* to them *there?* What are we to conclude, when the opponents of a poor-law are driven to such arguments as these?

The direct expense of relieving and removing Irish paupers and vagrants is a very considerable burthen on particular counties of Great Britain; but this grievance sinks into absolute insignificance, when compared to the enormous injury inflicted on the rate-payers in every parish in the kingdom, from their having to support, throughout the year, great numbers of the native population, for whose labour there is no effectual demand, *only* in consequence of the competition of the starving Irish. That *two millions, at least, are added to the gross amount of the English poor-rate from this cause*, we think might be easily demonstrated; and, if so, for what is this large sum paid, but virtually to support the Irish surplus poor, whom the landlords of Ireland, by refusing to relieve or employ them, send to our shores for maintenance? To this amount, at least, property in England pays an *Irish poor-rate.*

But this is by no means the extent of the injury inflicted on Great Britain by the absence of a poor-rate in Ireland. The misery and destitution of the Irish who do not remove themselves to Great Britain, is so great, from their being denied any legal right

right to life, that they eagerly accept work on any terms which may keep body and soul together. Mr. Mahony asserts, as the result of an extensive experience in the south and west of Ireland, that the receipts of a day-labourer throughout the year average but five-pence per diem.* The payment for a day's work is generally from eight-pence to ten-pence, but, deducting Sundays, Saints' days, bad weather, and occasional loss of time, the receipts average but the half of that sum. The committee seem surprised that wages in the most overpeopled districts rarely fall *below* what we have been mentioning. This wonder is explained, however, by several practical men, who show that a labourer who lives upon less is unequal to his work, and therefore of little use!—so that wages are reduced in fact in Ireland to the very minimum on which the life and strength of the labourer can be preserved, even on their miserable diet, the unvaried potato. But in England wages are, by the operation of the poor-laws, kept up, *at least*, to a sufficiency for the support of the labourer on the best wheaten bread. They average, at least, fifteen-pence per day throughout the year, or three times the Irish rate.

Since the Union, all duties on goods passing between England and Ireland have been taken off, and complete freedom of intercourse permitted. The Irish producer has, consequently, free access to all the English markets; and by the recent improvements in steam-navigation, and the canals lately cut through Ireland, he is brought, as we shall shortly see, into the closest proximity to the principal markets of England, far closer than that of the average of English farmers to the markets in which their produce is taken off for consumption. Now let us examine on what terms the British and the Irish growers of agricultural produce meet in these British markets. The former has already paid, as the necessary costs of his productions, *three times as much* for the labour worked up in them as the latter—and, besides the exclusive expense of supporting his own sick and aged poor, a large additional sum for the virtual maintenance of the surplus Irish paupers! Is this state of things to be defended? Is the British agriculturist, we ask, for ever to submit to this grievous inequality? It appears to us imperative on the legislature either to place a heavy duty on Irish produce before it enters our markets, or to equalise the burthens of both countries, and put the producers of each on a fair footing before the law.

Some of the most striking parts of the evidence given before the committee relate to the rapid improvement which is every day taking place in the facilities for conveying Irish produce to the

* Q. 5.

best

best English markets. In 1824, not a single steam-boat crossed the channel. At present, there are four or five which sail *every day* between Dublin and Liverpool alone, belonging to one company! Formerly a vessel was fortunate which made eight voyages in the year. Now, a vessel must be a very bad one, which does not make two or three in a week! By means of the new canals which traverse Ireland, cattle are now put on board a boat in the very centre of that island, at Ballinasloe, for example, and without setting hoof to ground, or losing an ounce in weight, are landed *at Manchester*, in the heart of the manufacturing district of England, in *three* or *four* days, and at a less cost than that of driving them fifty miles by land.* Nay, meat is constantly *slaughtered* in the rich grazing districts of Ireland, and the best markets in England supplied with it, in a state of perfect freshness, for a trifling expense in carriage. The English farmers but a year or two back used to flatter themselves that in some little trifles, as fresh butter and eggs, the Irish could not undersell them in their neighbouring markets. Now, ships-load of fresh butter and eggs are daily sent forth from the very middle of Ireland, to supply the London, Liverpool, Manchester, and Bristol markets! No doubt these increased facilities for supplying England with the first necessaries of life must be a benefit to consumers at large, by lowering their price; and whatever loss might be thereby inflicted on the owners and occupiers of land in England, they must be content to put up with it, as leading to the general good—were it not that the Irish, besides all these extraordinary advantages of communication, and their natural superiority in fertility of soil, are actually permitted to shift on the land-occupiers of England the burden of supporting their poor! A *legislative bounty* is thus virtually given to the introduction of Irish produce; a bounty raised by a tax upon similar produce grown in England! Had the Irish invaded and conquered *us*, could they have imposed harder terms?

II. But the circumstance that brings to a climax the injustice and impolicy of these relations between the two islands, is, that the unfair advantages that flow from them are reaped, not by the actual growers of produce in Ireland—not by the Irish nation—hardly even by residents in Ireland—but by the Irish landlords exclusively. The state of things which brings ruin upon the British agriculturist, through the unequal competition of Irish produce—ruin to the British landowners, from the consequent failure of their rents,—and which threatens, if unchecked, speedily to throw a very large proportion of the soil of Britain out of cultivation, and

* See Mr. Mahony's Evidence, 1249, and Mr. C. W. Williams's, 3113-3164.

absorb the net produce of the remainder into the poor-rate; this state of things, far from enriching or benefiting *Ireland*, is the one great and leading cause of her impoverishment. It is not for *her* that thousands of vessels leave her shores, loaded with corn, and cattle, and butter, and bacon, and the best provisions that her soil affords, while five-sixths of her population never see aught upon their homely boards except the unvaried potato; and rarely enough of that! Exclude Ireland entirely from all communication with Britain, or even with the rest of the world;—build, if you will, Bishop Berkeley's wall of brass, fifty thousand cubits high, around her;—and will Ireland, will the mass of the Irish people, suffer by the change? Will they not be immensely benefited, and their condition improved, far beyond what it now is, or what it ever can be, so long as there is no security given them for existence, and the owners of land are allowed to make a profit of their misery? The chief produce of Ireland is *food;* and an enormous proportion of this food is continually exported, at a time when one-fourth of her native population is starving, and two-fourths more working for a pittance barely sufficient to support life! Suppose the export of provisions stopped—who will deny that these three-fourths of the Irish population would be the gainers—would get a much larger share of the produce of the Irish soil, and their own labour, divided amongst them? If the landlords, then, wanted luxuries, they must employ their native population to produce them, and pay them with their home-grown food. If the landlords wanted *peace*, and the safe enjoyment of their properties, they must then instantly set about ameliorating the condition of the lowest and most numerous class. We should not *then* hear of fifty families in one day thrust out of the homes and farms they had occupied for generations, into utter destitution and almost certain death, in order that one man may effect a doubtful improvement in his property! Every witness describes the misery and despair of the Irish tenantry as arising from exorbitant rents. What is it that occasions these high rents but the absence of a poor-law?—the fact, that the occupation of 'a bit of land' is in Ireland the *sine quâ non* of existence! It is miserable trifling, or worse, to deny this. It is obvious, as Mr. O'Sullivan says, that

'The tendency of a provision which would call on the proprietor to provide for the poor on his estate, must be to diminish exorbitant rents; and so far, to check the pauperism that grows out of them.'*

Even now, will any one assert that the extortionate rents extracted by Irish landlords from a starving tenantry could be enforced one moment, but for the presence of thirty thousand English bayonets? We, simple fools, in Britain, are paying enor-

* Q. 6252, 6253.

mous

mous taxes for an army to enable a handful of Irish landowners to grind to the earth the unfortunate denizens of their own soil, in order that the produce extorted from their slavery may drive our tenantry out of our own markets, and our land out of cultivation!

These are the feelings that enable Mr. O'Connell to make his unhappy land ring with the cry for the repeal of the Union. Ireland feels that her condition cannot be deteriorated by any change, however violent; and the more violent, the more completely she may think that her present miserable situation must be reversed. Were an inaccessible Alp to arise between her and Britain, her position would be far better than it now is. Why then should she repel a legislative separation, unless we show her that the common government is determined henceforward to make her cause its own, and to place her in such circumstances as will render the connexion of the twin islands a blessing to both?

It is obvious that the present state of things cannot endure. Let the light of evidence and discussion once touch it, and its horrible character stands confessed. That measure which is called for by the pressing interests of the two countries, and opposed but by the blind sophistry of a few individuals, who grievously mistake their real interests, must be speedily passed, or the union will rapidly dissolve itself—and *ought to be dissolved*, for the benefit of both. We have shown the vast benefits that Ireland cannot but reap from a poor-law. Those which will result to Britain are not less certain: besides the immediate diminution of her own poor-rate, and the termination of that unfair bonus now given to Irish produce over her own in the national markets, the rapid improvement that will instantly begin to take place in the character, the wants, and the means of the Irish population, must speedily produce an effect on the English manufacturing interests, such as can hardly be exaggerated. If, as we are assured upon the highest authority, the expenditure of a given sum *opening up* the rich, but neglected, natural resources of Ireland, will *create* a new *annual* revenue to government equal to the total expenditure,* to the extent of what multiple of that sum must we not expect it at the same time to create a *new annual demand* for British manufactures?

'I can hardly conceive,' says Mr. James Weale, 'a limit to the new market which would be opened for British manufactures and for native labour, by an improved system of management and cultivation of landed property in that country, even of the old inclosures alone. There is such an immense mass of people in Ireland who are unclothed, unfed, and unhoused, that I doubt whether even the new markets we have sought for in South America can be considered half

* Q. 6762.

as valuable as that which lies at our own door. And it is from improvements in that market alone that I look for any material alleviation in the pressure of the heavy taxation which the sister kingdoms must in the mean time necessarily sustain.' *

Hear Mr. C. W. Williams, whose practical knowledge of the mutual wants and capacities of the two countries probably exceeds that of any other man living.

'I think the improvement and extension of the inland navigation of Ireland is as important to the interests of England as it is to those of Ireland. England is the manufacturer for Ireland; Ireland is the granary of England. I am satisfied the manufactures of England, could they be transported cheaply to the interior of Ireland, would find a sale to an extent of which we have but little conception, and in parts where they are almost ignorant of the existence or use of what they would soon become consumers of to a great extent. The inland navigation of Ireland being extended, would enable England to draw her supplies of corn from countries where both the land and the labourer are comparatively idle; and in return for the produce of the same, to throw into the interior her woollen and cotton manufactures, her glass, earthenware, hardware, tea, refined sugars, hats, and hosiery, leather, salt, coals, &c. Even now the value of Ireland to England, as a consumer, is but little known; were it rightly appreciated, we should soon see the worth of a quarter of Irish corn over one from Poland or Prussia.' †

And to set in motion such a train of beneficial circumstances working together for the unlimited improvement of the two sister kingdoms, what is necessary but the application of English capital to Irish land? And *as the only impulse which can* give it that direction—a poor-law;—a law compelling the owners of land in Ireland not merely to relieve the necessities of the sick, the aged, and the impotent, (for this is a naked question of humanity, not of economy,) but to maintain, and consequently, for their own sakes, to find employment for such able-bodied labourers as are now idle, useless, and burdensome, and must for ever remain so until either a convulsion shall disorganize society, or the numbing influence of the spell which now freezes up the powers of Ireland be removed. A compulsory system of employment is the only charm that can put an end to her enchantment. How the evil influence operates we have already shown: the want of employment makes the lower Irish wretched, desperate, and turbulent, and their wretchedness, their despair, and their turbulence frighten from Ireland the capital that would otherwise spontaneously flow in to provide them with employment. The spell will be broken on the instant that a legal necessity for maintaining the poor compels the Irish landlords to provide the

* Q. 1700. † Q. 6754.

capital

capital for setting them to work. How readily that capital will spring up to meet this demand for it we have demonstrated. The first Irish labourer that strikes his pickaxe into the ground, under a judicious system of compulsory employment, will dissolve the charm; and the *labour* which the proprietors of Ireland must now be *forced* reluctantly to put in activity, will be found, in truth, to be the talisman by whose aid the prosperity and regeneration of their country is destined to be accomplished; it will be found, that the muscles, and sinews, and moral qualities of its vast population are the stores in which the future treasures of that ill-understood country have been, unknowingly and uselessly, locked up, and that to these stores the poor-law was the only, as well as the simple and natural, key. This provision, when it is once set in motion, so far from proving the dreaded burden which is anticipated, will be a source of incalculable and otherwise unattainable wealth. Nor is it probable that compulsion will long be required to induce the employment of any individual. When once the country has been pacified, and the stream of capital has begun to flow into it from England,—when once the great natural resources of Ireland are *opened up*, they will spontaneously absorb the whole supply of labour; and the Irish peasant will no longer apply to his parish vestry for the work, which will be on all sides courting his acceptance. The opinions of all practical persons, acquainted with the yet but half-explored riches of Ireland, are conclusive on this point.

But if all the great and general interests of Britain and Ireland must derive such advantages from the change, we may ask, who are to be the sufferers from it? Whom are we to call upon to sacrifice their interests to the general welfare? The landlords of Ireland? But is it not clear as the sun at noon-day, that whatever increases the value of land in Ireland and augments its produce, must also redound to their infinite profit? Is it not clear that *they*, who are now exerting all their energies to oppose the only measure which can give the impulse to this train of happy results,—that *they* must be, beyond all comparison, the greatest of all the gainers by it? We implore them to look closely into the real tendency of their present opposition to a poor-law, into the real nature of such an institution, when wisely arranged and administered, and into the results that it may be justly expected to produce, with regard to their own pecuniary interests alone. Before they proceed further in their opposition, let them be sure that they are not, in the vulgar phrase, cutting their own throats, by opposing the only measure which is wanted to impel Ireland into a career of rapid and extraordinary improvement, of which they must be the first to reap the golden advantages;—that they

are not obstinately persisting in a system which, by oppressing and driving to despair a brave and high-spirited peasantry, daily increasing in numbers, can only end, and that before long, in a convulsion, from which they will be fortunate if they save a fragment of their actual properties. Let them not flatter themselves that five or six millions of people will much longer be content to exist by sufferance. Even now, Mr. O'Sullivan* speaks of a vague agrarian persuasion common among the peasantry, that they have a right to a portion of the land, (four acres he has heard mentioned as the quantity,) and refers the feeling partly to traditionary remembrances of the confiscations by which the 'land of their sires' was formerly disposed of, partly to a secret influence which he has been unable to trace, but yet expresses his belief in. Is not this 'mysterious instructor' the simple *light of reason*—which we may well suppose to teach a man that a benevolent Deity did not bring him into the world to be starved on that native soil, out of which, with his own good right arm, he *might* provide himself with food?

Do the Irish landlords plead in excuse the injury which the poor-rate inflicts on the owners of land in Britain? We deny the fact. Abstracting the heavy charge entailed on that property for the maintenance of a redundant population—redundant *because* driven out of its own natural markets for labour by Irish competition,—we believe that the charge of the poor-rate on British property, where the law has not been shamefully and imprudently abused, is fully compensated by the absence of mendicancy, vagrancy, and petty plunder, by the greater security of property, and the greater attachment of the lower classes to a system of law, which gives them a guarantee against extreme want, and a direct interest in the existing framework of social order.

But we will not consent to rest our argument for a poor-law upon its tendency to affect the pecuniary interests of a single class. We place it on the broad grounds of justice,—of natural right,—of humanity,—of universal, and, still more, of immediate and pressing policy. By the laws of nature and reason,—stronger and more sacred than all that senates ever framed or parchment recorded—the peasant has the *right* to be fed from the soil. 'Thou shalt do no murder' is a law which the landowners of Ireland would do well to recollect, as somewhat older and holier than that which supports the titles to their estates. Will they say that when they eject their unhappy tenants from the narrow strip of earth, the cultivation of which is their sole chance of escaping famine, that *they do no murder?* Will they, dare they, claim to retain this power as a right of property, and refuse to acknowledge

* Q. 6123, 6131, 6147, &c.

in

in their fellow-countrymen an immeasurably stronger right—the right to the support of existence? We cannot believe, in spite of all we have seen and heard and read of, that they will continue to oppose a concession so imperiously demanded on every principle of justice and humanity. If their wishes inclined them to the refusal, we say their fears must compel them to give way. Can they look at the present aspect of Ireland, without seeing the necessity for conciliating the vast mass of physical power by which it is occupied, of giving to the lowest and most numerous class in that country a stake in the existing order of society; a refuge from the depths of despair; a prospect of the possibility of earning at least a bare subsistence by their labour, and of avoiding the alternatives, which now beset them, of destruction or crime?

A repeal of the Union, even if effected without a long and terrible struggle, (and who so mad as to dream that that could ever happen?) must, by dissevering the interests of the two islands, undoubtedly be the commencement of a system of endless jealousies and mutual injuries, of restrictions, exclusions, and prohibitions; of a system by which, at best, the industry and energies of both countries would be thwarted and harassed, and their mutual improvement eternaly impeded;—even upon the supposition that the exasperation of feeling caused by this state of things, and swelled by the rancour of religious discord, should never produce consequences of a far blacker character, such as we abhor even to contemplate. On this point we are able to agree completely with Sir John Walsh.*

'There never existed two countries, whose circumstances, whose geographical and social position, and we may add, whose natural advantages of every kind, rendered their union so necessary to the prosperity of both; and the more complete and intimate that union is made, the more will its beneficial effects upon both be felt.'

This scheme, in fact, of a repeal of the Union, is not the offspring of calm and deliberate meditation on the wants of Ireland. We say nothing of the master agitator. His character and views are now well understood! We speak only of his deluded followers. Among *them* it is an idea caught up in the warmth of irritation, hurried forward with the ardour and excitement of novelty, and in a spirit of reckless and desperate enthusiasm. But it will not bear examination. Subject it to the dispassionate analysis of reason, and its true character betrays itself at once. It would be departing too far from our proper subject to discuss the question at length; but this we consider to be obvious, that to separate the sister kingdoms now, would be to retrograde a century in civilization;—to bring back the eternal warfare, the petty jealousies, the ill-tempered

* Poor Laws in Ireland, p. 11.

rivalry

rivalry of neighbouring states under similar circumstances, whose disunion has always been the curse of their existence, and the stumbling-block in the way of their improvement.

It remains for us to say a word on the specific provision for relief of the poor, which we consider fitted for adoption in Ireland. Its leading features are marked out by the great purposes which we expect it to fulfil. In the first place, to effect any of those objects with complete success, it must, of course, be compulsory, not merely permissive, as is suggested by many of those who advocated the introduction of a poor-law before the committee. It must establish a legal right to relief, in all cases of extreme want. The *natural right* undeniably exists; and a government which refuses to sanction a claim of so sacred and inalienable a character, neglects the very foremost of its duties, and merits the bitter retribution that, sooner or later, always follows the abuse of power. Secondly, it must necessarily contain both a provision for the infirm and impotent poor, and for the employment of the able-bodied, who cannot maintain themselves and their families. And we think the machinery of these two branches should be kept as distinct as possible.

The employment of the excess of labourers might properly be entrusted, we consider, according to the plan proposed by Mr. J. Musgrave, to a committee, or local board of works, in each county, consisting of a limited number of members elected for one, for two, or perhaps for three years, either by those persons who pay a certain amount of county rates, or by the several parish vestries. The committee should meet at stated times, appoint their own officers, and act under the direction and control of a General Board of Commissioners, appointed by and communicating directly with government, and bound to lay annual reports of their proceedings before parliament; having competent engineers attached to it, and powers for executing canals, drainages, embankments, roads, railways, and other public works; and for borrowing money for these purposes on the credit of the local assessments. The expenditure of grand juries on such works should cease, and the county committees assume their functions of this nature. The wages of labourers ought to be paid in money; and to be a sufficiency for their maintenance. Neglect of work to be punishable, on complaint of the superintendent, by magistrates, with imprisonment. If emigration were ultimately proved to be requisite, as subsidiary to the domestic employment of the Irish poor, the county committees and General Board should have power to arrange and carry it into execution; and also to advance a small capital of twenty or twenty-five pounds to ejected tenants of good character and large families, upon their landlord's account, to enable them to cultivate

cultivate lots of waste mountain or bog land, leased to them for the purpose; the property in which they should be enabled at any time to redeem, by payment of the original value of the land, together with the advances made to them.* The county committees should be answerable to the General Board for the proper expenditure of the funds entrusted to them; and their books open for examination at Quarter Sessions.

For the relief of the impotent poor, and for the apportionment and

* We shall ere long devote another article to the subject of cottage allotments. We think with more pleasure of the effects already produced by our essays on that topic, than of any other circumstance in the history of this journal. Meantime we cannot refuse ourselves the gratification of printing in this place the following letter of Lord Braybrooke. That nobleman may depend on it that the patriotic and humane experiments which it details will be remembered to his honour long after half the statesmen of his day are as much forgotten as if they had never breathed. The letter is addressed to the Secretary of the Saffron Walden Committee engaged, with equally happy results, on a similar scheme of operations:—

'Audley End, Dec. 18, 1830.

'In the autumn of 1829, my attention was directed to the subject of cottage allotments, by the perusal of a paper in the 41st volume of the Quarterly Review, "Upon the Condition of the English Labourers," and a pamphlet by John Denson, of Waterbeach, in Cambridgeshire, entitled, "The Peasant's Warning Voice to Landlords," which contains much useful information. I soon came to the conclusion that there could be no harm in trying the experiment, and I issued proposals for letting small portions of land to the poorer Inhabitants of Littlebury, and the plan, being approved by those for whose benefit it was intended, came into operation a few weeks before its adoption in the adjoining parish of Saffron Walden. The system has since excited general attention; and I flatter myself that a short account of the proceedings at Littlebury may not be uninteresting.

'The spot selected for the allotments was a portion of a very large field, in my own occupation, situated on the hill behind Littlebury church, and less than a quarter of a mile from the village. The number of holdings set out amounted to thirty-four, varying in size from thirty-one to forty-seven rods; and the land being inferior in quality to that at Walden, the rent was fixed at threepence per rod, and no demand was made for rates of any kind, and the parish is tithe free. The season proved very favourable, and the crops abundant. The rents were duly paid, and no instance of any complaint, or improper conduct, has as yet occurred. The prizes given by me for the best cultivated allotments, were awarded in October last, by three judges, *nominated by the occupiers themselves*, to the following persons:—

William Rider	32 rods	10*s.*
John Parish, sen.	31	7*s.*
James Freeman	33	3*s.*

Although no doubt was entertained of all the little tenants having been adequately remunerated for their labour, it appeared desirable, if possible, to obtain, in the infancy of the system, such details of the outlay and profit, as should effectually prove its beneficial results. To further this object, the Vicar of Littlebury, the Reverend Henry Bull, who is always foremost in acts of kindness and benevolence towards his parishioners, and has, from the first moment, evinced a great interest in the success of these proceedings, undertook to make the requisite inquiries from the occupiers, and drew out the following statement. Mr. Bull added, that the information was given without hesitation or reluctance, and that he believed it to be implicitly correct; remarking also, that in his intercourse with the poor men during the investigation, he heard nothing but pleasing expressions of satisfaction from them all. It was deemed unnecessary to apply to every individual, no particular selection having been made at the

and levy of the funds for both purposes, something like the plan of assessment proposed by Dr. Doyle would we think be advisable. Let there be a vestry of six persons in every parish, annually elected at a general meeting of the rated householders occupying property of a certain annual value; with the addition of the resi-

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the time of the inquiry; in proof of which, the names of the successful candidates for the different prizes do not appear in the list:—

OUTLAY AND PROFIT, 1830.

OCCUPIERS.	Rods of Land.	Rent.			Seed Carriage and Manure.			Produce in Barley.			Produce in Potatoes.		
		£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
David Wright	45	0	11	3	1	8	3	1	13	0	3	7	6
Joseph Seaman	41	0	10	3	0	18	4	1	9	0	3	0	0
James King	36	0	9	0	0	19	9	1	9	0	3	0	0
George Salmon	33	0	8	3	0	7	2	1	0	0	1	13	0
James Rider	35	0	8	9	0	11	0	1	6	0	1	15	0
James Carter	33	0	8	3	0	9	8	1	2	0	1	13	0
Ralph Strange	33	0	8	3	0	13	6	1	0	0	1	13	0
Richard Clayden	33	0	8	3	0	14	3	1	1	0	1	13	0
Henry Clayden	33	0	8	3	0	15	9	1	1	0	1	13	0
Isaac King	34	0	8	6	0	13	0	2	0	6	2	0	0
Martin Young	33	0	8	3	0	8	9	0	18	0	1	13	0
James Reed	33	0	8	3	0	9	6	1	0	0	1	13	0
Charles Andrews	34	0	8	6	0	13	9	1	5	0	1	14	0
	456	5	14	0	9	2	8	16	4	6	26	7	6
					5	14	0				16	4	6
		Expense,			14	16	8	Produce,			42	12	0
								Expense,			14	16	8
								Return for Labour,			27	15	4

Within a very small fraction of 1*s.* 3*d.* per rod.

'These results agree very much with the statements of profits obtained by cottage tenants in other places, as quoted in the Quarterly Review, and which, I confess, appeared to me, when I first read the paper, as extravagant, little thinking that they would so very shortly be realised in my own neighbourhood.

. . . . 'In conclusion, it should be stated that I have, since harvest, received many fresh requests for allotments in Littlebury, as well as for the enlargement of the original holdings, affording the best proof that the system works well, and is becoming daily more popular in the parish. Arrangements are now completed for accommodating every applicant, due regard being paid to setting out the land as contiguous as possible to the cottages in those hamlets which are distant from the village. The quantity of the land apportioned in 1829 and 1830 is as follows:—

	Rods.	A.	R.	P.	Rent. *L.*	*s.*	*d.*	Occupiers.
From Michaelmas 1829	1155	7	0	35	14	8	9	34
Increased since Michaelmas 1830 to	3360	21	0	0	42	0	0	77

The allotments vary from eighty to thirty rods.

'I am now engaged in extending the system to the neighbouring village of Wenden. I am, Dear Sir, Your's, &c. &c. BRAYBROOKE.'

'Mr. John Player, Saffron Walden.'

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dent clergy, and magistrates, if any. Let this body applot the sums necessary to be levied on the different properties in the parish; the principle of applotment to be not merely the bare valuation, but consideration to be also given to the condition of the different estates or townships with regard to the number of paupers they contain, and thrown for relief on the common fund, whether by ejectment, or other circumstances. An appeal against the rate to lie to the Petty Sessions Bench in the first instance; and, finally, to the Quarter Sessions.

Let the poor apply for relief to the vestry, who should judge of and determine their claims; with a power to the petty sessions bench to make an order for relief. The vestry under no pretence to grant more than trifling temporary relief to able-bodied labourers. These, if they continue chargeable, they are to send to the general county committee, with a certificate, to be employed on the public works. The vestry not to employ any labourers or pay wages in any shape out of the poor-rate, under a penalty, except with the sanction and by the direction of the county committee, who should only permit their employment on the roads or other *public* works, so as not to interfere with the ordinary demand for labour. The secretary of the committee will keep an account with every parish in the county, charging them with the wages of the labourers sent thence for employment, and giving them credit for their due proportion of the proceeds of the works, as the tolls on canals and roads, the rent or value of the land reclaimed by drainage, or embankment, &c. The books of the secretary will always enable this adjustment to be executed with sufficient accuracy at the end of any lapse of time; and if the expenditure is judiciously made, as must be the case under a well-arranged system, it is probable that the rate required to be raised for this purpose will in reality be but trifling, the capital borrowed upon the credit of the assessment supplying the greater part of the first outlay, and the produce of the works aiding materially in carrying it on.

Power should be given to the vestry, with the warrant of a magistrate, to levy the rate by distress on the occupier,—one half (or two thirds?) to be set off by the latter against his rent to the owner of the property rated. The accounts of the parish vestry, who would elect their own overseer, secretary, and treasurer, should be open for inspection to every parishioner paying rates.

Vagrancy and mendicity must be at the same time severely repressed; and a power of removal of paupers to their parishes given to the petty sessions, on application of the parish in which they are domiciled. An appeal to lie to quarter-sessions against an order of removal.

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With regard to the settlement of paupers, it should be determined—first, by industrious residence (not as a pauper) for three years. In failure of this—secondly, by birth. If this cannot be ascertained—thirdly, by the last residence, as is the case in England.

The general survey and valuation of lands which has been long going on in Ireland, will form a most favourable basis for a parochial assessment. And the experience which the principal inhabitants of most parishes have lately had, in the valuation and adjustment of local burthens, under the Tithe Composition Act, and in the applotment of grand jury cess, will greatly facilitate the practical establishment of a poor-rate. If difficulties spring up in its administration, practice will soon suggest resources for correcting them; and the legislature may, after a few years' trial, make any alterations that experience shall prove to be advisable; but even though some inconveniences should result, which it may be found hardly possible to obviate, we concur fully in the sentiment of Dr. Doyle,* that inconveniences, in a great and necessary measure of this kind, must be borne with. We should rather argue with Pope, that 'all partial ill is universal good,' than suffer the Irish poor to perish as they do now? Shall we have their blood upon us, rather than encounter a few difficulties, which, after all, will probably turn out to be inconsiderable? In all human institutions we find defects and evils. They are not absent even from the mighty works of Providence; and we cannot expect to manage a limited system of government in a wiser manner than that in which the Supreme Being governs the universe. Let parliament do its duty—we have no doubt it will—and we shall hear no more either of Mr. O'Connell, or of the repeal of the Union.

ART. VIII.—1. *The Wrongs of Man.* Windsor. 1831.
2. *The Question of Reform considered: with Hints for a Plan.* London. 1831.
3. *On Parliamentary Reform.* By Charles Tennyson, Esq., M.P. 1831.
4. *On Parliamentary Reform and the Distresses of the Country.* By T. Barber Beaumont, Esq. Second Edition. 1831.
5. *The State of the Nation at the Close of* 1830: *its Prospects from a New King and a New Ministry.* By T. Potter Macqueen, Esq. 1831.
6. *A Letter to the King on the present Crisis of the National Affairs.* 1831.

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* Q. 4467.

7. *England*

7. *England in* 1830: *being a Letter to Earl Grey.* 1831.
8. *A Letter from Munich to the Right Honourable Viscount Palmerston, on the late happy Change of Ministry in England.* By A. V. Kirwan, Esq. 1831.
9. *Plain Thoughts on Corruption.* 1831.
10. *Letters of Radical and Philo-Radical.* (Times Newspaper.) 1831.
11. *Popular Opinions on Parliamentary Reform considered.* By Sir John Walsh, Bart., M.P. Second Edition. 1831.
12. *Some Remarks on the present State of Affairs, respectfully addressed to the Marquis of Lansdowne.* By Lieut.-Col. Matthew Stewart. Edinburgh. 1831.

OF all the revolutions which the last eventful six months have brought to light, there is none which it would be so difficult to reconcile with the ordinary principles of human action, if one could possibly suppose it real, as that revolution of opinion which, we are assured from all quarters, has taken place among the educated and even the upper classes of society in this country, on the question of parliamentary reform.

It must be allowed, that evils deeply rooted and widely extended, the immediate fruits of the speculations and crisis of 1825, aggravated by that operation affecting the currency, of which this Journal has often treated in detail, had been pressing more or less severely on all the productive classes of the community, agricultural, manufacturing, and commercial; and that this pressure, prolonged through a period of unexampled duration, and gaining rather fresh intensity, as it seemed, instead of the usual mitigation, from time, had begun to impair the sources of the revenue, and, by an unhappy concurrence with two bad harvests in succession, and, in particular districts, with the permanent mal-administration of the poor-laws, was sensibly deteriorating the condition of the labouring population. All this is past question. Nor can it be matter of surprise that so much suffering should have bred some discontent. Of the many persons whose interests are affected by vicissitudes of this nature, few can be supposed to have acquired much knowledge of their elementary causes;—few indeed have been accustomed to reason on such subjects at all. So that, when once fairly thrown out of the track of their ordinary experience, and bewildered by crosses and disappointments neither foreseen nor understood, the weaker easily learn to regard the whole frame of society round them with a sort of mixed feeling of distrust and despair, and their minds become open to the impression of almost any doctrines, the most absurd and anti-social, and at the same time the most discordant from

from each other, provided only they flatter their present passions, hold out some vain promise of bettering their condition, or throw the blame of that condition on those whose lot in life has been more fortunate than their own.

Such is very much the course of discipline which, during four cheerless years, had been left to operate almost uncontrolled on the minds of the working classes, the artisans, retail dealers, and many of the smaller capitalists throughout England. Early in the spring of last year, however, a better dawn began to appear. We shall be supported, we believe, by the testimony of the most practised observers, when we state that, during some succeeding months, the increase of consumption and the rise of prices were simultaneous and progressive—that the workmen throughout the manufacturing districts were already in pretty full employment, the markets for colonial produce slowly reviving, the funds on the advance, and that, with the promise of an abundant crop on the ground, the whole face of industry was resuming that healthful complexion to which it had been long a stranger. That this amendment was neither illusory nor superficial, we have the most conclusive proof in the improvement of the revenue, which has, in fact, continued steady and progressive even to the moment at which we write, in spite of all that has recently happened to interrupt the course of commerce, and disturb the foundations of property and order, both at home and abroad. With returning prosperity, the fever of opinion too was subsiding. Finding a renewed source of hope and interest in their private affairs, men were perplexing themselves less with those of the state. And though, in particular instances, the seeds of disquiet and disaffection might have taken too deep a hold to be so quickly eradicated, and the common traders in sedition had relaxed nothing of their wonted activity, it may safely be affirmed that, at the period of his present Majesty's accession, nothing was less expected, or less probable, than the success of any early attempt to disturb materially the established system of the legislature.

Since then, what a change! If there be any faith in the organs of public opinion—if we are to judge from the language of popular meetings—from the all but unanimous voice of the press—from the declarations in parliament itself—before a few short weeks shall have passed over our heads, that parliament of England, so long a prodigy and an enigma in the eyes of surrounding nations—that parliament under whose auspices we have attained our present station in arts and arms, and have contrived for nearly a century and a half to unite the advantages of the most unbounded freedom of discussion, with the most thorough subordination and security of property,—that parliament is to perform a voluntary act

act of abdication, to declare its own incompetency to exercise its functions any longer with benefit to the nation, and to resign those functions into the hands of a new and unknown body, constituted on other principles!

This 'great measure of relief and redress,' as it has been called, is demanded, we are told, by the whole country, with an impatience that admits neither of delay nor of compromise. Its advocates (and thay have the argument just now very much to themselves) never speak of it but as of a thing quite decided and inevitable. Indeed, they give us very plainly to understand, that we are to have no alternative between that and a bloody revolution. The very idea of its rejection, they treat as a supposition 'too monstrous to be thought of for a moment.' It is a sort of fulfilment of destiny, in short, about whose possible consequences we need give ourselves no concern, since, do what we may, we can have no hope of escaping it. The newspapers, always echoing the voice which for the time is loudest, throw in their too powerful influence, to work on the enthusiasm of some, and the fears of others. The only question admitted at all, is with respect to the degree and manner of the reform. A person who at any of the late county meetings should have presumed to doubt the soundness of the general principle, would have been hooted down as an idiot. Scarcely even a stray pamphlet ventures to raise its feeble cry on the side of prudence and reflection. And the most illustrious man of our period becomes for a time almost a mark for popular odium, merely because he has the manliness to stand forward alone, and declare his opposition to parliamentary reform, in terms precisely to the same effect as those employed only three years before on a similar occasion by Mr. Canning, at the zenith of his popularity, and amidst the cheers of an applauding, we might almost say of a worshipping, audience.

But the most amusing circumstance of all, (if anything can be deemed amusing where the whole is in truth so melancholy,) is the simplicity with which individuals, the most diametrically opposed to each other in principle,—men who have never before been able to agree on any given proposition—knots of exclusive theorists in politics and political economy, possessed with dogmas the most incompatible, and advocating every one some sovereign specific of his own for the evils which he thinks beset the nation, have yet all submitted themselves to the common *prestige*, and join, or affect to join, in hailing a consummation, which, as each little antagonist unit fondly imagines, is to bring the little antagonist nostrum of each into active operation. One calls for reform, because it is to be the precursor of unbounded freedom of trade; another sees in it the triumphant revival of the old system of protecting

tecting duties and monopoly ;—the bullionist relies on a reformed parliament for the defeat of all future attempts to tamper with the metallic currency; while the champion of paper trusts that it may yet save the nation by a copious issue of one-pound notes; —the people of Liverpool hail in its advent the total and instant downfall of the East India Company; the saints the equally total and instant emancipation of the West Indian slaves:—to the Whig it is a millennium of office; to Joseph Hume, pounds, shillings, and pence; and to the Orangemen of the Standard a repeal of the Catholic Relief Bill:—one set of writers anticipate from reform an immediate extension to Ireland—a measure in *their* opinion otherwise hopeless—of the English system of poor-rates; while those of an opposite persuasion expect the abrogation of all poor-rates whatsoever:—by reform the annuitant hopes to obtain a repeal of the corn-laws; the landholder a reduction of taxes and the eventual demolition of funded property; the farmer an exemption from tithes AND rent: and the Lancashire operative a rise of wages:—the rioter and the rick-burner trusts, through the same powerful engine, to drink wine every day and to *swing* in a coach;—the dogmatic coxcombs of the school of Bentham, the Spenceans, Owenites, and republicans of all denominations, look to reform for the realization of their Utopian dreams;—and Mr. Daniel O'Connell, not the least sagacious of the array, sees in it a boundless field for never-ending *agitation*, and is already menacing those, who 'at present trample down him and his followers, with punishment and degradation from the strong power of *a reformed parliament.*' On they rush, following each other like a flock of sheep to the brink of the precipice, and committing themselves to their fate, some in the gaiety of unreflecting security, some with the reckless levity of despair.

To what, in the name of wonder, are we to ascribe all this sudden chaos of unanimity? Is parliament less competent to perform its functions now, than it was a year ago? Or by what new process of reasoning has the conviction of its inefficiency been brought home at length to minds, which, up to the present moment, had stubbornly resisted every argument of its impugners?

Has the influence of the Crown, or of the aristocracy, been gaining ground of late in the Lower House, or are those influences less controlled than formerly by the force of public opinion, so that a fresh infusion of popular elements has become necessary to preserve the balance of the constitution? Quite the contrary. It has been manifest to all the world for a long time past, that if the balance of the constitution be in danger, it is all from the preponderance of the opposite scale. What better proof, indeed, need we seek of the actual predominance of the popular voice

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in the legislature, than the position which this very question of reform itself has now assumed? No man surely can seriously profess to believe that the House of Commons is at this moment, in obedience to the call of the people, prepared to commit an act of political suicide, absolutely to surrender the privileges by which a majority of its members hold their seats and their influence, and have the effrontery to maintain, in the same breath, that public opinion is not represented in that House of Commons.

Is it in its capacity of guardian of the public purse, then, that Parliament has been wanting? Is it the increasing prodigality of ministers and the pressure of taxation, that have at last brought this fearful question to so fearful an issue? Why, the worst enemy of the Duke of Wellington's administration will scarcely deny it the praise of having applied itself more diligently than any of its predecessors to the reduction of the public expenditure; and the repeal of five millions of taxes in one year bears witness to the success of its exertions. Yet this very administration has been left in a minority, and forced to relinquish office, merely because it refused to submit the items of the king's personal disbursements to a scrutiny, which had not been exacted by any Parliament since the revolution.

Are we to look abroad, then, for our compelling reason? Have the results of any recent attempts on the part of other nations to achieve for themselves the benefits of constitutional liberty, been such as to demonstrate the facility and safety of similar experiments, or to encourage us in the project of remodelling our own institutions? Alas! the revolutions around us have but furnished us with so many examples to be avoided. Of the eight or nine republics which have sprung out of the ruins of the Spanish empire in America, and for twenty years past have been struggling for existence, absolutely not one has, up to this day, attained the station of a consolidated or regular government. Scarcely a ship arrives that we do not hear of some new convulsion affecting one or other of them, some bloody collision of factions, some civil war or rebellion, or some defection of a federated member;—and all that these fine provinces have yet gained by their emancipation from the yoke of the mother country, has been anarchy, depopulation, and poverty. Even while we are now writing, accounts have been received of a fierce struggle between the two Imperial Chambers of the Brazils, ending in their incorporation into one, and the complete triumph of the democratic branch of the constitution. On the old continent, twice has the attempt been made in Spain, and as often in Portugal, to engraft on their establishments something like a free

representative system. In each case the failure has been signal; and in reverting to their old despotisms, not even their hatred of foreign intervention has prevented the people from evincing, by the most unequivocal signs, that they considered the change as a deliverance. France, from her greater advancement in civilization, might be supposed to have come rather better prepared to the same trial; and with the restoration and the charter, it seemed not unreasonable to hope, that she had reached at length the haven of peace and security. But the new machine was scarcely in motion, ere the wretched adaptation of its parts became manifest to all observers; and though no one, perhaps, exactly anticipated the strange and violent explosion by which it ultimately perished, it had for some time been evident that no human power could long hold it together. From France the revolutionary spirit has spread like a contagion over every region of Europe. But in what description of states does that contagion take tangible effect? In the countries supposed to be groaning under arbitrary rule?—at Naples?—at Milan?—at Madrid? By no means. The very first to follow the example of France are the subjects of the most liberal government on the whole continent, a government not only liberally constituted but most liberally, equally, and wisely administered, and almost the only state which had thought itself strong enough to tolerate a really free press. Next, it is seen diffusing its poison among the paternal governments of Saxony, breaking out in the free and flourishing towns of Leipsic and Hamburg, in the Swiss Cantons, in the constitutional kingdom of Hanover, governed by the most amiable and humane of viceroys, an English prince, the worthy son of George III., and brother of William IV.; wherever, in short, the people had to complain of being at all mildly and equitably ruled, and where there was no strong force at hand to compress them. We say nothing of Poland; for though the Poles, too, had what was called a constitution, there existed among them ancient antipathies and recollections, sufficient certainly to account for a revolt, without reference to any intrinsic infirmity in the system of administration. Our object in citing most of these cases is, simply to show, how ill the majority of the attempts that have been made to liberalize the governments of other countries have answered the expectations of their authors, and how totally incapable these fine schemes have proved themselves of resisting the least breath of external violence.

Looking to experience alone, indeed, the results are enough almost to fill the friends of rational liberty with despair. The construction, more especially, of what is called a constitutional monarchy, as that form of government is commonly understood, a government,

a government, namely, composed of three distinct powers, independent of each other, and mutually checking and balancing each other, is, in real truth, a problem that yet remains to be solved. There is not, we believe, at this moment in existence, a constitutional monarchy of more than thirteen years standing, except our own; and that, we need scarcely say, does not come strictly within the definition, but is distinguished from all the others by innumerable anomalies, the growth of time and accident, which do not admit of being easily transplanted, and are probably indeed as little applicable to the condition of most other nations, as would be the federal democracy of America to any feudal country in an advanced state of civilization, where the price of labour is low and that of land high. Of the several free constitutions established since the war of the French revolution, two have already perished, others have been violently assailed, and all are at this moment menaced. To judge from the complaints against them, scarcely one has been 'working' satisfactorily.

We come back, then, still to the original question. What can be the motive of all these sudden conversions to the cause of Parliamentary Reform? The answer is short enough, and must be on the lips of every one who is not afraid to look at the truth. It is the *dread of physical force.* The events of the three days of July at Paris have given, for a time, to popular insurrection, a predominance of character such as it probably never possessed before at any period of the history of mankind. That movement, so highly lauded by many, has been all along described by its admirers as being—unlike other revolutionary movements—not the result of a plot directed by one influential faction in a state against the power of another, but a pure spontaneous movement of the labouring classes, the mere mob, in opposition to the authorities supported by a military force. Such is the general opinion at least,—and, that being the case, the natural effect of the success of the Parisians has been to inspire the mobs of other countries with a very overweening notion of their own power and importance, and the upper classes with an awe equally extravagant of the power of the mob. We put it to the conscience of every man who professes *now* different sentiments on this question of reform from those which he held six months ago, whether the *spectra* of an armed rabble and barricaded streets have not been floating in his imagination, and be not the real secret of his transformation.

The most lamentable feature of the whole, however, is, that the change after all is merely on the surface; and that of opinion, properly speaking, there has been scarcely any change at all. The subject, it is true, has been more widely canvassed than for-

merly; and we question not but the apostles of these doctrines may have gained proselytes among the multitude who are accustomed to take their opinions at second hand. But speak in private with any man in the habit of thinking for himself, who has ever reflected on the subject of reform, and formed a just apprehension of its dangers, and you discover that not only his opinion remains unchanged, but that his apprehension is much more lively and anxious than it ever was before. Nay, even among the whig supporters of the present ministry,—men who have all their lives been advocating reform in one shape or other, you find those who shrug up their shoulders and exhibit very manifest misgivings, when they speak, across the fireside, of the probable results of the measures now supposed to be in progress. They satisfy themselves, however, with the notion, that the thing is inevitable. Each man fancies that his neighbours have all come round to one way of thinking. It were vain, therefore, for him to think of stemming the torrent alone: he gives in accordingly to the general panic—and prepares to plunge on the inly-dreaded panacea—

> 'Darkling and desperate, with a staggering pace,
> Of death afraid, and conscious of disgrace.'*

The plain state of the case, then, is this, that we are now about to legislate on this vital subject,—on this subject, compared to which all others that have ever been submitted to parliament sink into insignificance,—on this subject, which involves the future peace and happiness of England, nay the fate perhaps of all civilized society,—that we are about to legislate on this great question, under the influence of *bodily fear*, and the dictation of an inflamed populace! Inevitable the result will certainly be, if all argument is to be dumb, and influence and authority paralysed; and if those whose duty and interest it is to oppose it, hold back with one accord from the manly avowal of their sentiments.

To avert so deplorable a conclusion (for deplorable it may well be deemed, even by those who regard as a thing desirable the attainment of the same object by legitimate means) should be the aim of every good citizen. And it is under the strong sense of that obligation, that these observations are, with all humility, offered to the public. They come neither from boroughmongers, nor placemen, nor pensioners; our only motive on this occasion is the stake which we hold in the common welfare, and our devoted attachment to the institutions under which we were born, and yet hope to die. What we have to urge will be comprised in a very few words; for it is by no means our inten-

* Dryden.

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tion to engage in any elaborate or detailed investigation of the multitude of topics connected with this question of reform. Our object is rather to press on the public mind certain leading considerations, which appear to us of paramount importance, though in most of the recent discussions and treatises on the subject they have been very much overlooked. These considerations are not of course expected to have the least weight with any of that class of visionaries who are prepared already for all extremes, and can see no evil or danger in plucking up society by the roots, in order to make way for some chimera of their own; still less can they be supposed to influence the miscreant, who, under the pretext of reform, is seeking his personal aggrandizement at the expense of his country, and reckless what miseries he may inflict in the pursuit. The ingenious minds of the former seem to be constituted so differently from those of the rest of mankind, as to be incapable of profiting even by the lessons of daily experience; and to, the latter, the most conclusive proofs of the danger of reform would be just so many arguments in favour of the attempt. It is chiefly to the wavering, the timid, and the indifferent,—to those who have not reflected deeply on the subject at all,—to those who, dreading what is called a radical reform, conceive yet that some very considerable change may be introduced with good effect,—to those who are disposed to treat the whole project lightly, as a thing that may at all events be tried,—above all, to that numerous class who are rushing on reform with a full apprehension of its dangers, but console themselves wtih the persuasion that, by taking that course, they are avoiding revolution,—it is to such that a few observations may be addressed, it is hoped, with benefit, and, at all events, without offence.

In the first place, then, when it is proposed to introduce an extensive change into a system of government of very ancient standing, and under which a nation has attained a high degree of refinement and prosperity, and when the prospective consequences of that change are at best a matter of conjecture, and, by many whom nobody ventures to call fools, are contemplated with the deepest apprehension, it seems not unreasonable to require, as a preliminary condition, that those who contend for such a change should make out a strong *primâ facie* case of practical expediency. It may be very offensive to the taste of the lovers of symmetry and system in such matters, that the five freeholders of Gatton should send as many representatives to parliament as the 142,000 inhabitants of Liverpool, while Manchester, in point of population, the second city of England, returns no representatives at all. But until it can be shown, that by disfranchising such places as Gatton, and according to Liverpool and Manchester

Manchester a representation proportioned to the numbers of their inhabitants, you would secure to the country a more perfect system of legislation, it will be admitted, we presume, to be in the highest degree unphilosophical, for the mere formal object of correcting an anomaly, to hazard a violent and perilous innovation. Utility is the only sound principle, and the only safe measure applicable to such cases. We are to look to the end, and not to the instrument. Nor does it seem to us a very sufficient ground for disturbing the settled order of the constitution, that the denizens of our overgrown manufacturing towns may thereby, once in seven years, enjoy the glorious privilege of getting drunk on election ale, and hallooing at the heels of a demagogue, unless there be some more substantial benefit to result from the alteration.

We demand, then, to know from the advocates of reform—we demand more especially from his Majesty's ministers, what are these important measures for the relief and advantage of the public, which in their estimation a reformed parliament will be able and willing to accomplish, but which are beyond the competency of the legislature as at present constituted? This is the real *gite* of the whole case. They may invest their new representatives, if they think fit, with all the cardinal virtues, or involve the question in any other vague and general ambiguities that may be most agreeable to themselves. But unless we are permitted to know, distinctly and *nominatim*, the practical results which they anticipate from this great change, we can form no judgment of their real views. We call on them to specify even one such result.

Perhaps we shall be told in reply, that a reformed parliament would effect large reductions in the public expenditure, and relieve the nation from a considerable proportion of the present taxes. This is the common theme, indeed, of all declaimers on the subject. We have read even what they call calculations in certain newspapers, which pretend to carry the possible amount of these reductions to twenty millions per annum! And next to the supreme happiness which the country is to reap from the infliction of his own favourite theory, the diminution of the public burdens is the great end to which the exhortations and promises of the zealous reformer are continually pointing.

But how is this? We thought that one of the pledges on which the present ministry was constituted, had been, 'Retrenchment in every department of the state, *to the utmost extent compatible with the public faith, and the efficiency of the public service;*' and we have not heard of their having yet experienced any impediment from parliament in their endeavours to redeem that pledge. That parliament, indeed, should be ready, at the public call, to resign its office into the hands of another body, for the express purpose

purpose of promoting retrenchment or any other measures for the public benefit, and, at the same time, should resolutely resist the adoption of those very measures by its own authority, is a supposition too manifestly absurd to be maintained for a moment. A parliament willing to reform itself must *à fortiori* be willing to do any other thing that the public voice requires of *it*. It is true, that the Whigs had not been many weeks in office ere they discovered the necessity of increasing the army, and that they have since found it expedient (Lord Lansdowne being one of them) to call out the yeomanry in some parts of the country, to take steps preparatory to training the militia, and (though not, we hope, without consulting Cockermouth) to put sundry ships of the line into commission. All these measures we most heartily applaud; they could not have been neglected without betraying the best interests of the country. Still they may be found to interfere a little with those views of economy so loudly vaunted, and of which the public had been encouraged to form such extravagant expectations. It was demonstrated, if we recollect aright, by the late Chancellor of the Exchequer, in the course of his financial exposé of last year, that out of a net revenue of nearly fifty-two millions, the fund actually under the control of parliament, and subject to the legitimate operation of the pruning-knife, scarcely exceeds twelve millions. Out of this fund are to be maintained the army, navy, and ordnance, and all our civil establishments not provided for by the civil list. The interest of the national debt, the half-pay and pension list, and other annual disbursements to which the public faith has been pledged, absorb all the rest. It is true that, by the demise of the crown, the civil list has since been added to the catalogue of items, with which it is competent for parliament to deal. Some further saving may, perhaps, also be attainable by a better regulated system of collection; and we are bound, at all events, to believe that, within the range permitted to them, ministers do really intend to carry their retrenchments to the utmost extent that is consistent with the national faith, and the efficiency of the public service.

But after this shall have been done, what we humbly ask will then remain for your reformed parliament to do? Here is your great object, the very prime motive of all reform, already accomplished without its aid. If, indeed, you tell us, (as those do who really know what their object is, and are not ashamed to avow it,) that a reformed parliament will enter on the work of retrenchment *without any regard for the national faith, or the efficiency of the public service*,—that it will disband the army, lay up the fleet in ordinary, and commit the defence of the country to a national guard; that it will cut down the interest of the public debt, confiscate

fiscate the property of the church, and turn out her servants to shift on the voluntary contributions of their parishioners;—then, indeed, we understand you. We are not now going to discuss either the wisdom, the expediency, or the honesty of any of these measures;—we merely wish to put it distinctly to ministers and their supporters, whether such be or be not the sort of retrenchment of which they approve? If it be, we shall know better how to deal with them. If it be not, it follows, of course, that ministers can as little approve of a legislature which would countenance such measures, much less contribute to form a legislature for the express purpose of accomplishing what they so disapprove.

We know it is commonly said, that under the present constitution of parliament, however well-intentioned a minister may be, the calls on his patronage are so many and craving, and the dispensation of that patronage so essential to his very tenure of office, that, were he to apply himself in earnest to the work of retrenchment, he would soon find it impossible to conduct his government. Those must have ill read the spirit of the times, however, who can now attach much weight to this observation. The demon of corruption has found much too strong an antagonist in the demon of public opinion; and the best answer to the argument, is in that very existing state of parties and pledges which constitutes our present position. It is clear, that no such obstacle would at this time be of the least force, to prevent or impede any really useful retrenchment which any English cabinet might desire to accomplish; but, on the contrary, that it is rather on the practice of a severe and vigilant economy, that the members of any such cabinet must build their chief hope of being able to retain their offices. That the legitimate exercise of patronage, indeed,—we mean the distribution of those offices and honours which form an essential part of every social system,—must always be a powerful source of influence in the hands of any government, for controlling its partisans, and preserving the consistency and unity of its own movements, so long as the legislature is composed of men, and there are services to be performed and emoluments and honours to be earned, is an incontestable, a self-evident truth. Nor is it by any means apparent that, without the aid of such influence, the best administration would long be able to maintain its position, or conduct its operations with benefit to the public, whether under a parliament as at present constituted, or under any other. If the argument, therefore, avails anything, it rather tends to detract from the policy of retrenchment itself, or, at least, of retrenchment beyond a certain limit.

Of the inflammatory and wicked delusions on the whole of this subject of the public expenditure, which a certain portion of the press

press has for a long time been sedulously propagating, delusions but too well calculated to exasperate the lower orders in a season of general distress and difficulty, and to excite their hatred against the constituted authorities, it is difficult to speak in adequate terms of reprobation. The pensions on the civil list have been more particularly the objects of attack. These pensions, limited by the bill submitted to parliament in November last to the annual sum of 139,000*l.* for the present reign, form one of the charges on that fund which is granted to the crown for the maintenance of its splendour and dignity, *in exchange for its hereditary revenue.* It may, or it may not be, fit that this portion of the fund should be placed at the sovereign's disposal. The sum may be too large, or it may be too small: but, having once been appropriated, the fund ceases to be under the control of parliament; it stands, thenceforth, on the footing of private property; the pensions charged on it are merely so many emanations of the royal bounty; and, however expedient it may be, that their general amount should be reconsidered and regulated whenever, by the demise of the crown, the civil list generally comes under review, the manner and details of their distribution can be no just concern of the public; and even though it may be that a sound discretion has not always governed that distribution, though it may be that pensions have been occasionally bestowed on improper grounds, or even from improper motives, there, surely, is a principle of common decency which ought to protect these benevolences of the crown from a scrutiny, which, to say the least, is not usually applied to the gifts or charities of private individuals. Yet not only have the unhappy dowagers, and decayed scions of noble families on this pension list, been paraded ostentatiously before the country, assailed with every sort of coarse and bitter comment, (to say nothing of cowardly calumny,) and held up to scorn and execration as so many harpies fattening on the vitals of the nation;* but, as if

* We are tempted, by more than one consideration, to quote the following passage from Cobbett's Register for January the 29th, 1831:—

'How many years have I been at these pensions, sinecures, and grants! All my readers know how fond I am of country affairs. Country occupations, country amusements, all things appertaining to country life, are enticing to me. But, when even a boy, I had my scruples at some of its amusements. Who has followed in a hare-hunt; seen her started from her seat of tranquillity and innocence, and flee before six-and-thirty blood-thirsty and roaring dogs, and perhaps as many hallooing boys and men, without thinking to himself, What has she done to deserve this? Who has seen her, in the course of the hunt, soaked in mud and wet, stopping and pricking up her ears to find if her double have defeated her pursuers, her eyes starting from her head with terror, every muscle quivering, and her heart beating so as even to be heard three or four yards off; who has seen this, without, at least, wishing her safe from her foes? But who, on seeing her after all her amazing exertions to save her life by flight, and by many dexterous arts to deceive; who has seen her give up all hope, and run half the length

if more theatrical effect were yet wanting to perfect the malignity of the *exposé*, you find writers base enough to point the public attention to the number of poor families whom the pension-fund would be sufficient to maintain, and whom they most falsely and impudently represent as persons robbed of their sustenance by its present appropriation. The absurdity of such a charge shows the measure which these writers take of the understandings they are addressing; for, to suppose the writers themselves so ignorant, as not to know that the money is equally employed in maintaining labour, and, consequently, in feeding the poor, whether it be expended by the pensioner or by the tax-payer, would be doing them an honour which they would probably blush to own. The whole question is between those two parties. If the pension were

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length of the last field uttering the most appalling shrieks of death; who has seen and heard this and not felt that hare-hunting has its alloy? I cannot; and were it not for the many things that can be said in favour of field sports, I should think them sanguinary and unjustifiable. But I never had this feeling about me at a *rat-hunt*. A rat-hunt is laudable in every view that one can take of it. The wretch itself is odious to the sight; it is an animal always on the look-out for thefts; it lives in no settled manner, and in no particular place; nor earth nor water can be called its proper element, for it lives in both: nor town nor country, but both; it feeds on no particular species of food; flesh, fish, grain, all are alike its food, and in every way disguised; nothing comes amiss to it, and its gluttony is beyond comparison. It is, too, a most unnatural thing, neglecting (according to the naturalists) its aged parents, and devouring its feeble young! It has no one good quality, and yet devours more, or spoils more, than any created animal; it has appetite for every thing, and never seems satisfied. It is, in short, the *pensioner* of nature; and all useful and industrious creatures are interested in its destruction. A *rat-hunt*, therefore, has charms for me unbounded! at all hours, in all weather, any day, I am ready for the *chasse aux rats*. I go to it in perfect lightness of heart; for, if anything can make it justifiable to amuse oneself in observing the arts of the timid, unoffending, and harmless hare when pursued by enemies, how much more justifiable to amuse oneself at seeing those of the rat, whose destruction is positive good! For this reason I like rat-hunting; I recommend rat-hunting. It is really amusing. How often have I stood in the floor of a barn, watching the progress of this sort of fun. How I have laughed when all the straw has been moved to within a few trusses of the bottom: then begins the sport. The dog's sagacity, the boy's rashness, and the man's experience—how all these are severally displayed when it comes to within a few trusses of the nests of the nasty, stinking, plundering herd. A general rustle under the little remaining straw makes every creature intent. And, Oh! my God! how I have laughed to see one moment after, a shoal of vermin pour forth; how I have laughed to see the dogs snap them up, the boys bewilder one another with cries of "There they go! there they go! there they go!" and the men, after roaring to the boys not to *strike before the dogs;* not to *hit the dogs' noses;* give way to the general enthusiasm, and knock and bang and trample and halloo as loud as any.—THE STRAW IS BEING MOVED.' —p. 380—382.

We doubt whether among most of those who are likely to read this passage in our pages, it will excite a stronger feeling of horror or of admiration. It is horrible to know that we are living in the same place with even one human creature so capable, avowedly and exultingly capable, of every brutality that could degrade the name of man; but it is impossible not to admit that, considered merely as a piece of composition, this manifesto of bloodthirsty ruffianism stands above anything that Cobbett ever before wrote.

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to be stopped to-morrow, and a corresponding amount of taxes to be remitted, no doubt the tax-payer, to the extent of his impalpable *quota* of those taxes, would have more money to spend in the purchase of labour, or of commodities the produce of labour, for his personal gratification; but, on the other hand, the tradesman and artisan, who are maintained at present by the expenditure of the pensioner, would lose their bread. And as for the mere pauper labourer, in whose privations these tender philanthropists take so feeling an interest, it is equally clear that no remission of taxation can be of benefit to him. Rent and the profits of capital and stock are the legitimate sources out of which taxes are paid; and it may admit of question, whether they ever are, even under any circumstances, or at least for any length of time together, paid out of the wages of labour. But however that may be, the point seems at all events incontestable, that in a society where the population is pressing so closely on the actual means of subsistence, as is the case at present in England, no labourer can have the power of retaining to himself the value of any remitted tax affecting the articles which he usually consumes, while there is another labourer at hand—unemployed, and ready to take his place, at a rate of wages reduced by an amount equal to that of the tax remitted.

Let us not be understood as undervaluing the advantages of a just economy in the management of the national resources. As a sober, steady, pervading principle, operating systematically at all seasons and under all circumstances,—simplifying what is intricate and costly,—zealous to investigate and correct those parts of the fiscal system which are pressing on industry and consumption, or are maintained at an expense more than commensurate with their productive efficiency—yet never neglecting the foundations of the financial fabric, nor giving an easy confidence to any project that might be likely to endanger their stability,—provident for the future, conservative of our great national establishments, and preparing in peace the capacity and materials for war,—economy is indeed a rule of action for a statesman above all price.

But there is another sort of economy,—a mischievous, meddling, and pestilent spirit, that shows itself only at particular periods, and then breaks out with an outrageous and ungovernable frenzy, destroying or overturning everything within its reach; —an economy for which, in its paroxysms of violence, no iniquity sometimes appears too monstrous, nor any penury too mean, but which is continually holding out promises of more than it dares to undertake, and undertaking more than it is able to perform;—an economy wasteful of its own substance from its anxiety to preserve it,

it,—for ever pulling down and building up again,—generated out of present circumstances—living only for the present—caring only for the present—and expiring with the emergency of the hour ;—an economy, in fine, eminently fitted by its nature to be the ally and the minister of faction, but utterly incapable of rendering any beneficial service to the state. From such economy defend us ! Were every remaining sinecure abolished, and every pension that has not been earned by some distinguished public service, struck off the list ;—were the royal household dismissed, the establishment and expenses of the court pared down to the most approved republican standard, and our gracious sovereign himself reduced to the level of an American president ; it may be doubted if the entire annual sum thereby saved to the nation would be equal to a fourth part of the taxes remitted in the last session of parliament, or if one in a hundred of those who are, at this moment, the loudest in their exclamations against these grievous abuses,—abuses which they would have us believe are absolutely crushing the people to the earth,—would find his own condition, in any perceptible degree, ameliorated by their total suppression.

Allowing, however, to a reformed parliament all the destructive antipathy towards old establishments, and all the horror of the emoluments of office, which you can possibly claim for it, still is it quite clear that it would, in the long run, be even a *more economical government* than we have at present? The main cause with us of the increase of the public burdens has always been *war ;* and war is a favourite amusement with the people of England. We know, indeed, there are not wanting those who impute all our past wars to the boroughmongers, and will very gravely tell you, that if the people were fairly represented in parliament, we should have wars no more. Nay, we have been lately assured, from very high authority, that *abstinence* from wars of aggression or ambition is one of the *characteristics of free states !* It may be that little was meant by this enunciation; that it was only a *façon de parler*, intended to season the compliment to the French government, with which it stands connected ; and if so, we shall not take the trouble of quarrelling with it. But if it be, indeed, seriously put forth as a substantive proposition challenging our assent, all we can say is, that we must first unlearn whatever history has taught us on the subject. It would be difficult, we suspect, to point out a single state bearing the name of a republic, and possessed of any power, from Athens down to Venice, that has been remarkable for its placable disposition, or its anxiety to live on good terms with its neighbours. In more modern times, the most ardent admirer of democratic institutions would scarcely, we suppose, be disposed to hold up the United States of America as a pattern

pattern of long-suffering or contempt of aggrandizement; though few nations, perhaps, since the beginning of the world, have been blessed with a situation so favourable to the cultivation of a pacific policy. And even Lord Grey himself would probably hesitate to affirm, that he feels himself much more at his ease, and more confident of being able to preserve the peace of Europe, with the Citizen King of the French and the Belgian Congress on the opposite side of the Channel, than he would have been with Charles X. and King William. As for our own case, there probably never was a war in which our government spontaneously engaged, that was not essentially popular in its origin, and so long as it was successfully conducted; while instances might easily be cited on the other hand, in which the government has been urged into war by the clamours of the people; and some even, in which a minister, desiring to maintain peace against the wishes of the nation, has been driven from office. What encouragement, then, have we, from past or present experience, to conclude, that a parliament more subject to popular influences than the present, would be less likely to engage in foreign quarrels?

Setting aside, however, these great topics of war and finance, let us see if there be any other subjects of legislation on which we should have reason to expect a more enlightened judgment from the decisions of a reformed parliament, than those of a parliament as at present constituted. And here it will be admitted with little hesitation, we should suppose, by candid persons of all parties, that on questions affecting commerce, the administration of justice, the condition of the poor,—on all questions, in short, of general policy, the ministers can rarely be supposed to have any sinister bias at variance with the public interests, and ought to have credit, therefore, for good intentions at least, when they recommend any particular course of measures in relation to such subjects. It will also, perhaps, be pretty generally allowed, that ministers being, for the most part, men of some education and intelligence, and their situations leading them to bestow much of their time and consideration on all matters affecting the public welfare, their judgments on such matters (though they may no doubt fall into occasional mistakes) will, on the whole, be more likely to be correct than those of most other individuals, and much more so than those of the people at large. In fact, many of these questions of general policy involve certain abstract points of science, on some of which those who have thought most deeply are hardly agreed; while on nine-tenths of them the great majority of the public entertain the most pernicious prejudices. Now, it is obvious that an assembly so constituted as to represent exactly the opinions and wishes of the people must be also a faithful representative of their

their prejudices. But as the object of rational legislation is not to gratify the people's prejudices, but to take care of their interests, that system of government must be wanting in a most essential point, which is incapable of *protecting the people from themselves*, of resisting clamour from without, and securing to the country the practical fruits of the wisdom and knowledge engaged in the direction of its affairs. To those enlightened individuals who are sanguine in their anticipations of benefit from the liberal and enlightened views of a reformed parliament on subjects of this description, we would humbly recommend the study of the American tariff.

In truth, it much more frequently happens with us, that the course of innovation is retarded by the opposition of public opinion, than by any indisposition on the part of the governing power to adopt acceptable measures. A certain degree of support, if not from the numbers, at least from the intelligence, wealth, and influence of the community, is always indispensable, to enable ministers to carry through any novel measure with anything like a fair prospect of effect. And we see frequently a long struggle between two conflicting principles, before, by the force, of course, of discussion, and the gradual spread of new lights, right or wrong, on the question, that degree of support is at length obtained. We recollect at present, indeed, but two instances of any moment, in which the legislature has of late years appeared to take the lead of the public, wisely or unwisely, in any great work of innovation. We allude to the Roman Catholic Relief Bill, and those commercial regulations introduced by the late Mr. Huskisson and Lord Goderich. Neither of these measures, so extolled by every mouth-piece of liberalism, would probably have been carried in a reformed parliament; assuredly, if the latter of them had been adopted in the first instance, it, at least, would long since have been broken up and abandoned. Individuals strenuously opposed to either of these measures might perhaps be excused for thinking that, *pro tempore* at least, and for that occasion, a reformed parliament would have been a benefit; but our present rulers, the Whigs, cannot surely be of that way of thinking; it is impossible that *they* can be of opinion, that a legislature which would have resisted the Catholic claims and perpetuated the prohibitory statutes would have been the fittest of all conceivable legislatures for conducting the affairs of this empire.

There are many, however, we doubt not, especially among the recent converts to the cause of *Movement*, who, without reference to any object of permanent advantage, will be prepared to justify the experiment on the same grounds of expediency that have furnished the motive for their own apostacy, and who will be ready to

to maintain, that what they call a *moderate reform* ought to be conceded, if for no other reason, in order to tranquillize the mass of the faction they have joined, and preserve the peace of the country. On the argument of these persons we must crave leave to observe, that every concession afforded to a display of physical force must necessarily lower the reputation of the government conceding, and, in the same degree, must impair the strength and disable the efficiency of that government. This primary objection applies indiscriminately, indeed, to all concessions whatever, made in compliance with the demands of mere popular clamour. As a principle of action, however, it has of late years been very much disregarded; and we are very far from denying that there are cases, in which you may be hazarding less by even the temporary degradation of the government, than by a resolute denial of the popular will, and in which concession, therefore, may be the wiser rule. But such cases are restricted within limits that admit, fortunately, of pretty accurate definition. In the first place, to justify the ruling power in acceding to a demand accompanied by any demonstrations of popular menace, it may safely be pronounced an indispensable condition, that the thing demanded should either be reasonable in itself,—or else a matter of indifference,—or, at all events, a thing which may be conceded without opening any strong presumption of dangerous consequences. Secondly, when it is proposed, for the sole purpose of removing a cause of discontent, to concede a measure which otherwise it would be more expedient to withhold, it seems absolutely essential, not only that the measure should be one really fitted to remove such discontent, but that it should embrace *the entire grievance*—and that so completely, that the proceeding must absolutely and for ever set all further question regarding it to rest. Unless, indeed, due regard be had to this most important condition, the assured consequences will be, that the government will reap from its submission more than the ordinary share of discredit, without the least compensating advantage;—that its act will be considered merely as a testimony of weakness, and as such will enter into all the future calculations of the disaffected,—and that the discontent will soon display itself again in some still more ungovernable shape.

That the case of reform is eminently deficient in both these indispensable conditions, we shall have no difficulty, we trust, in showing, ere we close these observations;—that what is *now* talked of in most influential circles, as a *moderate* reform, is neither a thing safe in itself, nor calculated in the slightest degree to satisfy those ardent spirits under whose menaces the island is now quailing, and who would, in truth, reject *your* boon as an insult, if they did not see

see in it a certain step to the attainment of *their* ulterior views. To talk, indeed, of appeasing by concessions that physical force which is the real object of men's apprehensions, the true principle of all these disquiet movements in the body politic,—that physical force which may be seen already addressing its energies to matters far more nearly concerning its own interests than any reform in the legislature, and which must either eventually put down the whole social fabric or be itself put down :—to talk of appeasing such a power, by giving up to it that which is *to make it stronger*, is just about as reasonable as would be the conduct of a man attacked by a highwayman, who should say to him, ' You are not, my friend, to expect that I will ever surrender my purse ; sooner than part with that, I will part with my life ; but if you please to accept my pistols, here they are,—take them and welcome ; and, now, having done so much to oblige you, I trust you will pass on and give me no further trouble !'

What may be the actual nature and extent of the changes to be immediately proposed by his Majesty's motley ministers,—(motley we may assuredly call a cabinet in which Lord Goderich sits by the side of Lord Durham, and whose Postmaster is the Duke of Richmond)—what the grand specific concocted by such a Sanhedrim of state-doctors may really be,—can at present only be matter of conjecture, but will, perhaps, be better known ere these pages issue from the press. That the extension of the elective franchise to some few great manufacturing towns which at present return no members to parliament, such as Manchester, Birmingham, and Leeds,—increasing, *pro tanto*, the numerical strength of the house, until the *proved delinquency*, and *just* disfranchisement of an equal number of petty boroughs should afford the opportunity of restoring it again to its present standard, —might be permitted, without deranging materially the general machine of the legislature, it were extravagant to deny. For all the ordinary purposes of government, the House of Commons, after this new infusion, would probably be neither more nor less efficient than it is now. There would only be a small accession to that party in the house which is more directly acted upon by popular influence, and may be expected, therefore, to be always on the side of any fresh project of innovation ; and in so far, certainly, the change must appear objectionable in the eyes of those who desire to hold fast by the conservative principle. In every other point of view, the character of such a measure is that of utter insignificance ; and, giving the new, in part Canningite, cabinet credit for contemplating nothing more serious, we, in our last number, expressed our hope that their parliamentary opponents would not throw away strength in contesting such a point

a point with them, at a moment when the state both of England and of Ireland seemed to demand, above all other things, that the King's government, however constituted, should be encouraged and enabled to assume the attitude of masculine vigour. As to the thing itself, we unhesitatingly state that we never yet met in private society with any intelligent person of any party who ventured to maintain that the local interests of Manchester, Leeds, or Birmingham ever have suffered from the want of adequate protection, or that any one of these communities ever felt itself at a loss for a channel, through which its wants, its grievances, or its wishes, might be made known to parliament; and if both the business of these particular communities, and that of the nation, can be safely and efficiently conducted without exposing their dense and susceptible masses to the periodical contagion of such scenes as we have lately witnessed at Liverpool, we will own that, in our simple estimation, the privation ought to be felt by them rather as a blessing than a curse. But the organs of the powers that be have spoken out, in a way not to be misunderstood, within these few weeks. These efficiently patronized and all but openly recognized organs have now no difficulty in informing us that such a proposition as we had anticipated would be spurned and scouted; in short, they distinctly give us to understand that its effect would be neither more nor less than doing homage to the strength of the revolutionary principle, without propitiating its favour,—establishing a precedent for infinitesimal inroads on the constitution, without obtaining even a truce from the violence of its assailants. The utmost conceivable gain, they plainly tell us, could be merely the gain of a little time. It would benefit no one, satisfy no one, conciliate no one. After the expectations which certain persons now in power have been so sedulous to encourage, a scheme so humble, so gentle, so comparatively innocent, would be rejected by the real reformers with scorn; and that popular clamour, which is just now cheering on the government to the work of destruction, would be quickly turned against themselves.

Such is, *de facto*, the language of the ministerial prints; and it is not therefore, we fear, to be doubted, but that Earl Grey and his colleagues contemplate something on a scale much more extensive and perilous than we had permitted ourselves to think of, remembering—as who could forget?—in what school certain *apparently* influential members of the new cabinet had been trained, and what extraordinary pains these eminent persons had of late years taken to identify themselves in public opinion with the name and principles of Mr. Canning! If we may venture to trust to universal rumour, these very disciples of Pitt and worshippers of Canning are now prepared to risk their political existence on a

proposition for at once, *brevi manu*, disfranchising a certain number of the least populous of the old boroughs, and filling up the vacancy by enabling an equal number of the most populous places, now strangers to elections, to return members to parliament; for extending the borough elective franchise generally to copyholders and householders; for placing the system of county-election in Scotland on a footing similar to that which prevails in England—in other words, depriving the aristocracy and landed gentry of Scotland of their inherited and just influence—we might almost say, in several counties, of all efficient influence whatever—and, possibly, for shortening the duration of parliaments!

If these things indeed be so, it is high time to pause. Well says Rochefoucald, 'Il faut gouverner la fortune comme la santé; en jouir quand elle est bonne, prendre patience quand elle est mauvaise, et ne faire jamais de grands remèdes sans un extrême besoin.' Such a change would indeed be a *grand remède!* Immeasurably short as it would still be of that great consummation to which the power, whose impulse ministers are now obeying, must eventually drive them, it would be unquestionably a fearful breach in the frame of the legislature. To the extent of it, let us see how it would affect the composition and character of the house. In the first place, it would be a reform commencing at the wrong end,—a reform directed especially against that branch of the representation, whose corruptions, according to the arguments of the reformers themselves, are the least extensively pernicious: we mean the close boroughs. Those boroughs are in general the property either of peers who nominate to them, or of the commoners themselves whom they return; and they are free, at least, from the reproach of maintaining in idleness a degraded and demoralised pauper population, living by the sale of their votes. It is in its influence on the habits and happiness of the lower orders, in a large class of those boroughs which are commonly considered open, that the operation indeed of our borough system is really felt as a grievous practical evil; and if, by *raising the electoral qualification*, or any other device, that evil could be corrected, without materially disturbing the existing influences, we are most free to admit, that an important service would be rendered to the nation. Any one may satisfy himself, by a very slight inspection of the lists of parliament, that the members who sit for close boroughs represent to the full as great a variety of interests and opinions, and individually stand, on the whole, at least as high, in point of character, intelligence, and usefulness, as any other portion of the representative body. Nay more, it may safely be affirmed, that but for these very anomalies of our borough system, some of the most important classes and interests in the community would not be represented in parliament at all, and that

that the talents and eloquence of some of the most accomplished statesmen who ever adorned a senate would have been lost entirely to the country. Were the elective franchise apportioned everywhere according to a fixed rule, and exercised only by the people associated in large bodies, it is reasonable to presume, and is proved indeed by the example of our county elections, that, without a certain degree of local influence and reputation, it would be (generally speaking) hopeless for any man, not exercising the profession, nor choosing to stoop to the arts of a demagogue, to offer himself as a candidate. But it is well known that there are entire classes of men of great weight in the nation—men contributing largely to the public burdens, and eminently entitled by their station, their independence, and still more by their knowledge on some of the most important subjects of legislative discussion, to a voice in public affairs; yet who, being confined by their vocations to an almost constant residence in the metropolis, have neither means nor opportunity of cultivating local connexions, and would be excluded from parliament altogether, if a seat were not to be obtained by purchase.

Of these classes, the first in order are the members of the great monied interest, the stockholders, the bankers, the mercantile capitalists of London, such men as Mr. Baring and the late Mr. Ricardo, neither of whom probably would ever have sat in parliament, had the support of a large body of electors been an indispensable precedent condition. Then there are the eminent members of the legal profession, some of whom have from time to time been among the chief ornaments of the legislature, and whose counsel and experience must always be of such essential aid to the house in the discharge of some of its most important functions. They, too, are fixed by their duties to the metropolis; and if they wish to enter parliament, it can only be through the channel of a close borough. Above all, it is to some of these boroughs that young men of distinguished promise, but without the advantages of aristocratic birth, and consequent provincial connexion, have generally owed their first introduction to public life. After, indeed, a man has once fairly earned for himself a certain reputation, one can conceive circumstances that might warrant his indulging some hopes of success from the result of an election contest, even though he entered the lists in opposition to the local interests. But the case pre-supposes his having already enjoyed high opportunities of recommending himself to the public—may we not almost say, opportunities of distinguishing himself *as a parliamentary speaker?* It requires the energy of party zeal, acting for party objects, and backed by the borough influence of some minister or political leader, to seek out brilliant talent among the youth of our universities, and trans-

plant it at once, on mere experiment, to the senate. It is indeed a remarkable fact, that, among all the great statesmen and parliamentary orators who have adorned our own times, there is scarcely one who did not make his first entrance into public life through the medium of a rotten borough. Mr. Pitt, when yet scarcely of age, was returned to parliament, through the Lowther interest, for the borough of Appleby. Mr. Burke sat in successive parliaments for Wendover; and Mr. Fox represented originally the eighteen burgesses of Midhurst. Mr. Sheridan, during a great part of his political life, was connected with Stafford, not absolutely a close borough, but one of the most venal in the three kingdoms. Mr. Canning took his first seat in the house as member for the corporation of Newport, in the Isle of Wight, where there are only twenty-four voters. Mr. Horner might have been condemned for life to the obscure drudgery of a professional career, had not the accession to office of the Fox and Grenville cabinet opened a way for him to parliament through the Cornish borough of St. Ives. Sir James Mackintosh sits to this day for Knaresborough; and our present gifted Chancellor himself had been a public man for a quarter of a century, ere he succeeded at last in gaining a higher station on the representative list than that of member for the independent borough of Winchelsea. How a minister is to find places in the house even for the official organs of his administration, or how he is to conduct the business of his government without them, after all the close corporations shall have been converted into so many popular electoral bodies, is a problem, indeed, of which the solution is not very apparent, but which, like many other things, we shall understand better, we suppose, after a little experience of the new world that is preparing for us.

Another objection to the selection of the close boroughs as the first subjects of legislative experiment is, that the measure in regard to them involves a question of compensation, which, without a contempt for individual interests unexampled in the history of parliament, it will be impossible for the legislature to overlook. That the possession of a freehold, which invests its owner with an influence securing to him the nomination of one or more members of parliament, should be an object of general desire, is not very surprising. No law on earth, indeed, could prevent such an influence from constituting a part of the money-value of the freehold; nor is it in the least necessary to its doing so, that the person acquiring such a freehold by purchase should contemplate any corrupt traffic in the seats which it places at his disposal; nor even that seats in parliament should be a marketable commodity at all. There can be no legal offence in buying or selling the freehold;—nor yet in paying a larger price for it, in consideration

consideration of the influence which it conveys;—nor yet in the honest exercise of that influence. Nothing but the most wilful perversion of intellect could confound this class of transactions with the corrupt sale and purchase of seats. There is the same difference, indeed, between the two cases, as between the sale or purchase of an advowson and an act of simony.

All these inconveniences and difficulties, however, sink into secondary importance, when we consider the total derangement of that mechanism by which the movements of the parliamentary machine have been hitherto regulated, controlled, and steadied, which must be the inevitable result of any great or sudden increase of the popular influence in the House of Commons, to the effective exclusion (total or partial) of the influence hitherto exercised within that house by the aristocracy and the crown. The House of Commons, by retaining in its own hands the command of the supplies, is substantially and in fact the supreme power of the state; able, whenever it shall think fit, to neutralize or annihilate both the others. Nor does it appear possible that it should not, long ere this, have come into violent collision with the other two branches of the legislature, had not the opinions and interests both of the crown and of the peerage been virtually represented by a powerful body within the walls of the house itself, and an opposition thus secured *in limine* to the progress of any measures, on which there might be likely to be an eventual difference of opinion between the several orders of the state. This is indeed precisely the circumstance which distinguishes the British legislative system from that of every other mixed government of which we have any knowledge.

One of the ablest arguments that we have met with on the effect of this amalgamation of all the great interests of the state in the lower house, is to be found in an early number of a certain Northern journal,* published at a time when its political articles were generally attributed to the pen of that eminent personage who now bears the title of Lord Brougham and Vaux. The whole is so excellent, and comes from an authority which, on this subject and at this time, should be so peculiarly conclusive, that it is with difficulty we deny ourselves the satisfaction of republishing it at length. Our limits, however, restrict us to the quotation of the following passage. After a luminous and eloquent exposition of the necessities which have gradually led to this indirect interference on the part of the crown and aristocracy with the composition and proceedings of the third branch of the legislature, the writer, whoever he may be,—we all know under what sanction writing—thus proceeds:—

* See Edinburgh Review, vol. x., p. 411, *et. seq.* 1807.

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'The advantages of this arrangement are—that the collision and shock of the three rival principles is either prevented or prodigiously softened by this early mixture of their elements; that by converting those sudden and successive checks into one regulating and graduated pressure, their operation becomes infinitely more smooth and manageable, and no longer proceeds by jerks and bounds that might endanger the safety of the machine; while its movements, instead of being fractured and impeded by the irregular impulses of opposite forces, slide quietly to the mark in the diagonal produced by their original combination.

'The prospect of these advantages probably operated in part to produce the arrangement which insured them; but it was dictated, no doubt, by more urgent considerations, and indeed, as we think, by a necessity which could not be resisted. The great object to be accomplished, was not so much to save the House of Commons from the mortification of having their bills stopped by the Lords, or rejected by the Sovereign, as to protect these two estates from the hazard to which they might be exposed from the direct exercise of this privilege. By the vast and rapid increase of wealth and intelligence in the country at large, the consideration and relative authority of that branch of the government which stands most in connexion with it, was suddenly and prodigiously enlarged. The very circumstance of its being open to talent and ambition insured a greater proportion of ability and exertion in its members; and their numbers, and the popularity of their name and character, all contributed to give their determinations a degree of weight and authority against which it would no longer have been safe for any other power to have risked an opposition. No ministry, for a hundred years back, has had courage to interpose the royal negative to any measure which has passed through the houses of parliament, even by narrow majorities; and there is no thinking man who can contemplate, without dismay, the probable consequences of such a resistance, where the House of Commons had been zealous and nearly unanimous. It is needless to say, that the House of Lords would oppose a still feebler barrier to such a measure of popular legislation. In order to exercise their constitutional functions with safety, therefore, it became necessary for the king and the great families to exercise them in the lower house—not *against* the united Commons of England, but *among* them; and not in their own character and directly, but covertly, and mingled with those whom it was substantially their interest and their duty to control.

'It is thus, as it appears to us, that the balance which was in danger of being lost through the increasing power and influence of the lower house, has been saved by being transferred into that assembly; and that all that was essentially valuable in the constitution has been secured by a silent but very important change in its mode of operation. This change we take to be, that the influence of the crown and of the old aristocracy is now exerted in that House by means

means of members sent there to support that influence; and that, in that House, as the great depository of the political power of the nation, and the virtual representative of the whole three estates, the chief virtue and force of the government is now habitually resident.'

How entirely just these views are, whether with reference to the actual condition of the relations between the three great estates of the kingdom, resulting from the influences thus exercised by the crown and aristocracy in the House of Commons, or to the salutary effect of those influences in consolidating and harmonizing the general system of government, is confirmed by the experience of every passing day. Let the composition of the House of Commons once be so altered that it shall be thenceforth what persons calling themselves moderate reformers deem a fair representation of the people—that it shall represent, namely, the wishes and opinions of the electoral body, and of that body only, such electoral body being composed of large masses of people, qualified to vote by the possession of land or other property to a given value,—admitting even that such qualification shall be rated considerably higher than has been heretofore the practice—and our revolution in England is begun. The House of Commons will then be placed precisely in the same relative situation, with respect to the other two branches of the legislature, wherein the Chamber of Deputies was with respect to the peers and the monarchy, under the French charter. The two cases, in all essential points, absolutely cannot be distinguished; save that, in this country, the numbers and preponderance of the electoral body will be incomparably greater. In France, with only eighty thousand electors for the whole kingdom, and a system complicated by various devices for checking the too free expression of the popular will, it was yet found utterly impracticable to conduct in harmony the machine of the state. Even from the period of the restoration, the factions in the Chamber were so little manageable, and raised from time to time so harassing an opposition to the measures of the government, that scarcely a single administration, with the exception of that of M. de Villèle, was able to maintain itself in power for a twelvemonth together, and few even for so long a term; till, in the end, the Chamber and the crown were brought into a position of direct conflict, from which there seemed no possible means of extrication, but by the discomfiture and humiliation of one of the parties. We have seen the issue. And what right has any man to flatter himself, that a similar state of things could long subsist with us, and not produce similar results? Admitting even the supposition, most improbable surely in itself, that our new system would be left to run its natural course, and accomplish its destiny, undisturbed by the further intervention of any innovating

vating power, the first and least evil to be apprehended from its practical operation would be the total extinction of all that community of feeling between the executive and legislative bodies, without which the government can have no character of consistency or permanence. The representative body would no longer take their counsel from knowledge and talents matured in the public service, and qualified to guide their deliberations for the public advantage, but from the passions, the prejudices, and caprices of those who had sent them, and might soon have an opportunity of recalling them. Be the intentions of a minister ever so virtuous, or his measures ever so wise, enlightened, or provident, still they would be sure to encounter opposition, on the slightest suggestion of dislike from any of those passions, prejudices, or caprices. One of two consequences appears inevitable. Either the whole time and cares of the legislature would be engrossed by the incessant struggle between different parties for power; the natural life of an administration would be reduced to a few months; and the real business of the state consigned to utter neglect and ruin. Or else the minister must submit to become the mere executive instrument of the popular body; the highest degree of competency for office would cease to be of any value to the community; and the business of devising and originating measures for the general welfare, instead of being the more peculiar duty of one or more individuals pledged to their tasks by considerations of character, personal interest, and individual responsibility, would devolve on that worst of all ministerial functionaries, a large body of men, acting under feelings of responsibility so minutely divided as virtually to amount to no responsibility at all. It is hard to say which of the two evils would be the least. We are already suffering sufficiently from the weakness and short duration of our administrations; and what would be the situation of the country, if they were still weaker and still shorter?

It cannot be supposed, however, that by any degree of complaisance on the part of ministers to the dominant will, so many conflicting elements could long be kept in unison. Sooner or later, there would arise some clashing of interests, some mutual disgust, some attempt on the part of one of these opposed, and nominally independent authorities, to encroach on the privileges of the other. Step by step, the parties would proceed till they came to open extremities; a fierce collision could scarcely fail to ensue; the crown would interpose its *veto;* the Commons would refuse the supplies; and the fabric of the state would receive a shock, which it might be unable to survive, and never could sustain unhurt.

Mark, then, the singular wisdom of that course in which the reformers would embark you! For a century and upwards, the constitution

constitution of England has been the envy of surrounding nations —the theme of the philosopher, the jurist, and the statesman. To transfuse a portion of its spirit into their native institutions has been the highest aspiration of the most enlightened patriots of every country; they have set it before them as their model, and tried to copy it; but the cleverest of them have produced only a spurious image, which on the first rude touch has shivered into atoms: their attempts at imitation have all proved signal and utter failures. Well! in the fulness of time, we now arrive at the unexpected discovery, that we ourselves, and the rest of the world, —statesmen, philosophers and all, have been quite under a mistake; that, instead of being the best governed and the happiest people on the face of the earth, we are, and long have been, of all others the most oppressed and miserable; and that our constitution is a thing so utterly decayed and worthless, as to be unfit any longer to be preserved. With the caprice of a child out of humour with its bauble, we resolve to break it to pieces. And what, in the name of all that is sagacious and profound, do we propose taking into favour and setting up in its stead? Why, neither more nor less than one of those same spurious images—one of those abortive imitations of this very constitution, whose ill success, in whatever other land they have been tried, we are daily witnessing and daily deploring!

But let no man 'lay that flattering unction to his soul,' that this, or any other so called *moderate* scheme of reform, which the present ministry may be rash enough to recommend, could procure for the country even a brief interval of repose, or be permitted to work on, unassailed by any disturbing force, till it reached its natural and fatal crisis. Reform—anything like what is now talked of as reform—once commenced, can never stand still. This the real man of *the Movement* knows well, and he makes no secret of it: he tells you plainly, that 'not a foot of ground can you concede to him, on which he will not be able to plant a lever for displacing you from another.' This is *his* avowed reason for accepting a moderate reform rather than none; and by the same rule, it ought to be a paramount reason with you *for denying that moderate reform.* It is mighty well, indeed, for Lord Grey to assure us, that the reform which he intends to propose, will be such 'as may satisfy the public mind, without endangering the settled institutions of the country.' We cannot, with all deference, accept his Lordship's guarantee in such a case. When he shall have done anything like what his friends out of doors now proclaim his resolution to do—and when, by so doing, he shall have resigned into the hands of his reformed parliament, the influence and authority which he at present yields, it will no longer rest with Lord

Lord Grey to say, whether the settled institutions of the country are to be endangered or not. In attempting what he may *now* fancy a safe reform, he will have parted with the only means which he or the aristocracy of the country possesses of preventing a dangerous one. Be his plan ever so temperate—ever so well considered—ever so seemingly innocent, if it be an *efficient* plan of reform at all, it must have the effect of producing a legislative body more open to popular influence, and, consequently, more favourably inclined towards those doctrines with which demagogues are at present agitating the people, than the present parliament; it must have the effect of producing a body, predisposed from its very origin, and still more from the impulses acting on it, *to proceed a step further*—to urge *the Movement*. Pledges to this effect will be demanded and given, as the condition of every return. Thus the reformed parliament will, in its turn, also reform itself; this second reformation will be followed by a third; that, perhaps, by a fourth; and so on till we reach the final consummation of all: the power to which we have given life, like the fiend-like creation of Frankenstein, becoming too strong for its author, and gaining fresh energy and disposition to mischief, at every new stage of its existence. We shall be drawn into a toil from which there can be no escape. The suppression of some of the close boroughs, and the general extension of the elective franchise, will lead first to a still further extension of that franchise, then to the adoption of the vote by ballot, and then, through successive processes, to the *summum bonum* of universal suffrage and annual parliaments. This, we confess, does appear to us by far the most important point of view in which this question of parliamentary reform is to be considered. Unforeseen disturbing influences may perhaps arise, to retard or modify the conclusions to which we would direct the public apprehensions; but, in the ordinary course of things, and as far as it may be permitted to predicate at all of the future, they seem to flow as necessarily from the events in operation as any series of causes and effects which can well be imagined. Nor, if once the first efficient impulse be given, can any man take upon him to pronounce, within how short a period, or at what brief intervals from each other, the whole of this series of changes may be consummated. By the very act of adopting an extensive measure of reform, relating to its own constitution, parliament pronounces on itself a sentence of present incapacity; and the government consequently would find itself almost compelled to follow up every such measure by an immediate dissolution, in order that the nation might have the earliest possible benefit of that improved system of legislature solemnly acknowledged to be necessary. Grant them only two or three

three such reforms, followed in their turn by as many dissolutions, and all in the present excited state of the popular mind, and your whole revolution may be completed, in due form, in little more than a year.

On the question of the ballot, our observations shall be very short. It is the theme of such daily discussion at every public meeting, and in almost every newspaper, that all the arguments for and against it must be nearly familiar to our readers. It seems to be considered a sort of debateable ground, between the creed of the Whig reformer and the Radical; and it is the ground on which those who vainly imagine that they can uphold the conservative principle, at the same time that they are surrendering all its guards and outworks, usually think it necessary to take their first stand. The true *Movement-man* comprehends his game infinitely better. While he avows, that the attainment of the vote by ballot is the object, of all others, dearest to his heart, and that without which he conceives no plan of reform that can be proposed will be of any effectual use, he says, he is quite content, at the same time, to waive that part of the question for the present, and to accept merely what you are willing to give him, *because* (these are the very words which are daily made use of) *the ballot is sure to be carried, at all events, in the first session of a reformed parliament.*

The ballot, we are told, is to be the great antidote for corruption. No candidate will venture to promise a bribe, when the vote for which he pays is to be given in secret, and when he can have no security, therefore, that it will be given to *him.* Not only will the direct influence of money thus be excluded, but all other influences which might pervert the independent judgment of the elector. He will no longer have to consider, whether the vote which he proposes to give will be agreeable or otherwise to his landlord, his customer, his creditor, or his benefactor, but will go to the ballot, unbiassed equally by hope or fear, to discharge his duty to his country, by giving his suffrage to that candidate whose principles he most approves, and whose talents he holds in the highest estimation.

Now, all this sounds extremely fine. No one certainly will presume to contend, that bribery at elections is not a very bad thing; nor that, if any reasonable measure could be devised for its effectual suppression, the object might not fairly justify some sacrifice and even a certain degree of risk. But there are sources of moral degradation still baser than bribery; and anarchy, the great end to which every important step in the march of reform must invariably bring us nearer, is of all such sources the most foul and the most potent. It is not, however, by the establishment of the vote by ballot, that bribery is to be corrected or even sensibly checked.

checked. We have never, indeed, heard but of two propositions, which appear to us at all really or effectually calculated to answer that end. The one is, the raising the electoral qualification; the other, the requiring an expurgatory oath from every member previous to taking his seat. That there are grave objections and difficulties opposed to both these measures we do not deny; nor are we now contending for their adoption. But we repeat, that they are the only measures within our knowledge by which the practice of bribery might be effectually restrained; and we hesitate not to express our thorough conviction, that they would be more efficacious if applied to the system of open voting, than to that of voting by ballot. As to the vote by ballot alone, it appears to us as clear as anything well can be, that its only effect on the system of bribery would be, *to make the expectation of the bribe conditional on the return of the candidate.* There would be no absolute sales and purchases of votes, indeed, as at present; but the electors would be given to understand, that if, by supporting a particular candidate, they should secure his return to parliament, a certain sum of money would, in that event, be at their disposal. The success of the candidate would thus be made a condition precedent to the payment of the bribe; and the fidelity of the voters to the candidate possessing the heaviest purse and making the largest offers, would be secured by the personal interest which each individual voter would necessarily feel in promoting his election.

There is, indeed, another class of influences, whose operation in determining the votes of electors would be most essentially disturbed by the introduction of the practice of secret voting,—and disturbed in a way more demoralizing and pernicious to the interests of society, than even the practice of bribery itself;—we mean the influences resulting from the mutual dependence of man on man throughout all the different relations of social life, and from the operation of those kindly and generous feelings, originating perhaps in self-interest, but tending to enlarge and promote the interchange of mutual benefits, which it ought to be the aim of every wise legislator to cherish and uphold. The introduction of the vote by ballot would not prevent the landlord from canvassing his tenant, the customer from soliciting the vote of the shopkeeper or tradesman usually employed by him, nor the creditor from recommending his favourite candidate to a debtor who had experienced his forbearance;—neither would it prevent any of these latter parties, previous to an election, from promising their support to the candidate so recommended to them,—nor yet, after the election, from declaring that they had actually voted as they had promised. But it *would* afford a screen

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and protection to the treachery of such as might be disposed to promise their votes to one candidate and give them to another, whether the motive might be their anxiety to partake of a bribe, or their predilection for a demagogue. That such instances of treachery would be of too common occurrence, and that their effect would be to give additional strength to the democratic principle, can scarcely, we think, be doubted. The power of money and the power of the demagogue would then be the two great rival influences operating in all election contests, with an energy which no other power would be able to resist. And those meet the question neither fairly nor wisely, who affect to resist the adoption of the ballot, on the plea of its inefficacy for the purposes intended. It would be abundantly efficacious for at least one of those purposes, and that a most pernicious one;—it would be efficacious for the views of those, who think that the power of voting away the property of the people of England cannot be vested in better hands than those of the Member for Preston;—it would be efficacious for their objects, who are now wielding every moral engine, which the advantage of their position and the pusillanimity of their adversaries afford them, for the destruction of the aristocracy and the monarchy. It requires no profound knowledge of human nature to appreciate the qualifications in a candidate for parliament, that would be likely to find favour with the voter, predisposed to throw off the trammels of obligation and affection, and to exercise his independent choice beneath the mask of the ballot. Your forty-shilling freeholder is, no doubt, an exquisite judge of merit; and you have only to look at this moment to Ireland for a living example of the sort of merit which he patronizes. There the rate of qualification has been recently quintupled. Yet it is scarcely too much to say, that if Mr. Daniel O'Connell could divide himself into sixty-six fractions, and each fraction stand for a distinct county or borough, we should be blessed with a race of Kehama pacificators for two-thirds of our Irish representation.

From the ballot, there is but one stage more to Universal Suffrage and Annual Parliaments,—to that happy climax which is to place the wealth of the country, in all its vast and complicated relations, under the legal protection of that physical power whose forbearance we are just now so anxious to propitiate. To suppose that a legislature, constructed from such elements and acted on by such influences, in a densely peopled and highly civilized country like England,—a country overflowing with talent and profligacy, and subject to incessant vicissitudes of abundance and want, of good and evil fortune,—that such a legislature should long tolerate the interference of any rival or co-ordinate authority —that

—that it should permit the peerage to retain its hereditary honours or privileges, after its constitutional functions should have become extinct,—or, after the degradation and debasement of the regal office, should still be content to drag along the superfluous pageant of a monarchy, like a dead carcass, at its chariot wheels, would be evincing little acquaintance with the facts of history or the principles of human action. Equally unreasonable would it be to imagine, that the possessions of the rich minority of the nation should remain long at the mercy of the poor majority, without exciting their cupidity or becoming their prey. This is indeed the true spirit, the final cause of all the commotion from which we are now suffering. It is exactly what Sancho Panza talks of as the old feud of 'the house of *Have*' against 'the house of *Want*.' Reform means Revolution. *A war against property is the real principle and the only serious pursuit of radicalism.* When the foundations of order indeed had been shaken, and the talisman which held together the airy fabric of the body politic had been violently broken, by an unexampled triumph of the physical strength of the multitude, it would be out of the nature of things, if the idea of bettering themselves, by the spoliation of the possessions of others, had not occurred to the minds of many of the lower orders. And no person can have attended to the history of the late insurrections in the southern counties, or can have made himself acquainted with the tenor and spirit of those diabolical journals and other ephemeral publications, which have sprung up in most of our great towns within these last few months, and of which we on a recent occasion gave some specimens—productions avowedly and exclusively addressed to the operatives and labouring classes—without perceiving, that this is the master chord by which the imaginations of the populace are just now held in sympathy with the projects of the speculative reformers, and that all those projects in themselves are, with them, matters of utter indifference, except in so far as they are considered the means of conducing to the one great end.

If ever that fatal war should indeed commence, all that we have ever read or heard of revolutionary horrors will be tame to the scenes of misery which await this great country. In proportion as our condition is eminently artificial—in proportion as our scheme of national wealth is vast and intricate—and as the multitude of persons bred up in the habits of refinement and maintained by the returns of capital, is unprecedented in the world—in the same proportion must be the amount and variety of suffering. When one considers the three hundred thousand annuitants drawing their incomes from the public funds, with their families and dependents—a large proportion of them belonging to the most helpless class of society,—when one looks at the great corporate

corporate establishments, the savings-banks, the private bankers and monied capitalists, whose means of solvency result chiefly from the value of the funded securities in their possession—and when one traces all the ramifications and connecting links by which these great centres of vitality affect every department of industry throughout the kingdom,—the picture of the universal bankruptcy, destitution, and beggary, that must follow the first revolutionary blow aimed at the national credit, becomes too painful almost for contemplation. Not the least sufferers would be the numerous and meritorious class of tradesmen and artisans who people our towns, and live by ministering to the wants of the rich. The rights of property once invaded, the public creditor despoiled and the tithe abolished, let not the landed proprietor vainly flatter himself that his rent would be spared. The wretched populace, too, themselves, who had been made the blind instruments of devastation, would find their reward in the want and privation consequent on the general suspension of industry. And the only gainers would be that host of unprincipled adventurers, who are even now invoking the storm, and are ever at hand, in all great national convulsions, to assist in demolishing the social structure, and eager to plant themselves on the ruins.

With such a catastrophe before him, as the natural and certainly not improbable termination of a series of revolutionary movements, all rising as naturally out of each other, that statesman will indeed take on himself an awful responsibility, who shall adventure on the first step. And the extent of the responsibility will be still more forcibly brought home to his mind, if he will only condescend to consider, that, be it for good or for evil, that first step will be *irretrievable*. Let the vantage ground which we at present occupy once be relinquished, and it is beyond the strength of any human power to restore us to our original position. The legislature may emancipate the Roman Catholics—it may relieve the Dissenters from the test,—it may abolish capital punishment,—it may expunge half the penal laws from the statute-book,—in short, there is no innovation so bold, no reform so searching, which it may not venture to apply to any of the administrative departments of the state, with *some* confidence, that it shall always have it in its power, at any future period, in case the change should prove mischievous, to undo what it has done. But once launched on that sea of doubt and error—once committed by a single rash act to the career of Parliamentary Reform, and we are in the hands of Fortune. By that very act, we surrender to an unknown and hostile power the control over all our future movements; and there is nothing left for us but to swim with the flood, even though conscious that it is sweeping us to the cataract.

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We will submit only one other consideration; and it is this.—The advocates for *Movement* may very probably suggest, that the examples hitherto afforded by other European countries, in their efforts to attain liberal institutions, are not conclusive; that those efforts have in fact failed, because they have not been conducted in a sufficiently liberal spirit; and that their results would have been more fortunate and more durable, had they from the first been accorded with a freer hand. Be it so. Does it therefore follow, that, on the authority merely of this *dictum*, it would be wise in us to anticipate experience, and relinquish all the advantages which we enjoy at present, for the chance of hitting on that fortunate mean between the confines of order and permanence on the one hand, and those of anarchy on the other, which has hitherto eluded the grasp of others? Changes are at this moment in rapid progress all around us. The new state of things in France or Belgium, when settled by the legislatures at present engaged in arranging them, may perhaps come a little nearer to the *beau idéal* of a perfect government, which these speculative persons have framed to themselves. Or if even that should still fall short of their sublime conceptions, they need only take a little patience, and something more to their fancy may not unlikely spring up soon out of the same fertile soils, or of some other. We envy the sanguine temperament of those who can indulge in the belief, that either of these glorious revolutions has yet reached its termination. We have many lessons, we fear, still to learn from them; and, if they do not prove in the end the severest wound to the cause of civilization which the world has for a long time witnessed, we shall rejoice in having so ill apprehended their spirit, or foreseen their consequences. Meanwhile, our countrymen might do well to reflect, whether those grievances which they have borne now for some generations, (and certainly without being, to appearance, very much worse off than most of their neighbours,) be really after all so intolerable, that they cannot be supported for some three or four years longer. Within that time, probably, they will have the benefit of some living and conclusive examples of the fruits of revolution, and the blessings of what even their present counsellors may perhaps admit to be a really free constitution. And surely, it would be more prudent and reasonable to wait the result of those examples, than to submit themselves to the voluntary and gratuitous torture of an experiment, which is at this moment on trial, and of which they may have all the advantage, at the risk of others, without the least implication of themselves.

One, and not the least, perhaps, of the evils to be apprehended from the position which this question of reform has now assumed, and of the absorbing interest which it is exciting, is, that it may tend

tend to withdraw the attention and zeal of the public, from the investigation of those really useful and healing measures, which might be suited to the present condition and wants of the population, and some of which seem indeed from recent occurrences to be imperiously called for. It is without the scope of the present article to say much regarding those measures; and we advert to them indeed only as forming part of the case on which, however absurdly, we find the necessity of reform occasionally argued.

Incalculably the first in importance, and that without which every other attempt permanently to raise the condition of the labouring classes must be ineffectual, is involved in the deliberate application of efficient remedies to the vices which have crept into the administration of our poor-laws. It has been much the fashion of late to charge the gentry of England with indifference to the sufferings of the poor;—a charge which sounds extraordinary in a country, where confessedly so much more has been done for the poor, both in the way of direct provision, and by charitable foundations of every sort for their relief in circumstances of disease and calamity, than in any other country under heaven. In its general application, the charge is undoubtedly and notoriously false. At the same time, it must be admitted that circumstances have had a tendency of late to dissever, in some degree, those ties which formerly subsisted between the upper and lower orders. Long-cherished habits of luxury and personal indulgence, not easily laid aside with the altered circumstances of the times, have, in some instances, made hard landlords, have been favourable to the growth of that disposition which lives only for itself, and have estranged many altogether from their paternal seats and their tenantry, and drawn them to the great towns, or dispersed them over the continent. There has not, therefore, we fear, been always that habitual interchange of good offices, nor that paternal care for the wants, the feelings, or the religious and moral principles and conduct of those immediately depending on them, which used to characterize the class of English landlords, and which are quite indispensable to the exercise or existence of a wholesome influence over an agricultural population. Happy will it be for the nation, if the only permanent effect of the late risings shall be that of rousing selfish indifference from its dream of security, and producing any thing like a general effort among our country gentlemen, to revive those kindly connexions between the rich and poor, which it is so vital both to the moral and political well-being of the state to cherish!

The time does seem at length to have arrived when we may hope that this arduous subject may be fairly met and grappled with. No office can well be more ungracious, than that of having to introduce a course of measures for the benefit of a particular class

of the community, with the certainty, or strong probability, that they will be considered by that very class in the light of an injury. And had a reformed parliament been in existence, the case, even now, would probably have been quite hopeless—it being one, of all others, of which a reformed parliament would be least likely to take a sound or temperate view. Recent events, however, have procured for the subject a much larger share of consideration from the thinking portion of the public, within these few months, than it ever had before; and there has been a remarkable revolution in the general feeling on some of the principal points connected with it. To the perseverance of Mr. Wilmot Horton in his enlightened efforts, and the zealous and disinterested devotion of his time and talents for the diffusion, among all classes, of sound doctrines on the causes and remedies of pauperism, in spite of every discouragement from the apathy of some and the prepossessions of others, his country owes no common obligation; and we trust he may yet have the gratification, ere he quits a land—which at such a time can ill spare such a man—for another hemisphere, of witnessing the practical adoption of some portion, at least, of his benevolent plans.

To what extent it may be eventually advisable to modify the present system for the maintenance of the unemployed poor who are able to work, will be matter for deep and serious future deliberation. But it seems to be agreed nearly on all hands, that the pernicious and demoralizing practice of paying wages out of rates ought, as soon as possible, to be suppressed and prohibited wherever it has been introduced; and this, combined and contemporaneous with a scheme of emigration, on a scale really adequate, and with a revisal of the law of settlement, might probably go far to restore the labouring population of the country to a wholesome condition. For the useful application of these, however, or any other remedies, much address and caution will be necessary; and it will be material, above all, to take care that the class for whose benefit such measures are intended, shall be satisfied that their benefit is the object really in view. As the abuses, moreover, which infest our pauper system vary, both in nature and degree, in different counties, and even in different parishes, perhaps the business of their redress might be intrusted, with the best prospect of a beneficial result, to an ambulatory commission, invested by the legislature with extensive powers, to investigate in detail the state of pauperism in each parish, and apply the requisite corrections.

Whatever may be the eventual arrangement adopted with respect to our own poor-laws, it seems essential to its efficacy, not less than to the peace and prosperity of the sister kingdom, that some analogous legal provision for the poor, on well considered principles

ples, should be extended to Ireland. And it is among the worst misfortunes incident to the state of excitation so sedulously kept up in that country, that it is likely to embarrass the administration not a little in their efforts to apply this as well as every other measure of relief and amelioration.

For any judicious and temperate modification of the tithe system, whether on the footing of commutation or otherwise, which, without impairing the dignity, respectability, and consequent usefulness of the national church, might have the effect of removing causes of altercation and bitterness from that relation in society which, of all others, should be the depository of peace and goodwill, the cordial co-operation of the clergy themselves is openly pledged by the heads and brightest ornaments of their order. But to the project, which seems to be getting into favour, of transferring the charge from the occupant of land to the owner, and converting the tithe into a tax on rent—there are obstacles, we fear, both in theory and practice, which would be found nearly insurmountable.

On the still dark and vexed questions of the currency and the corn-laws we need not attempt to enter at the conclusion of an article. It has been proposed, as a specific measure of relief, to repeal some of the existing charges on consumption, and supply the consequent void in the revenue by laying on a property-tax. This measure would certainly have the effect of relieving the middle classes of society from some portion of their burdens, at the expense of the more wealthy. But on the condition of the mere labourer it could have no influence at all; and as the spontaneous recovery of the revenues would seem to indicate that the resources from which they are at present paid, are, after all, on the increase, it can scarcely be advisable to have recourse to a measure of taxation, which, of all others, is the most vexatious in its practical operation, so far as that operation extends—the most disagreeable to those whom it does affect. A tax on property ought, we incline to think, to be reserved for war; and the circumstances of the world certainly are not such as to entitle us, in deciding on any arrangement for the future, to leave the contingency of a war out of our calculation. We shall never, we trust, again, under any circumstances, fall into the error of contracting a war debt in a three per cent. fund, and so fix on the nation a charge which is to have no probable mitigation from the return of peace, however the current rate of interest may subsequently be reduced. But as it may still, at some time hereafter, with a better prospect of continued tranquillity before us than unhappily now exists, be judged expedient to substitute permanently a direct personal impost for some of the taxes at present in

force, we would venture to suggest for consideration whether it might not, in that case, be practicable to apply the impost in such a shape that it might be subject to redemption, like the land-tax, at the will and convenience of the party, and so secure an additional fund for the reduction of the principal of the debt, with, perhaps, the contingent possibility of its exerting so favourable an influence on the value of stock as to afford the government an opportunity of commuting even the three per cents. for a stock bearing a lower rate of interest.

It is vain, however, to amuse ourselves with such prospective plans of improvement while the country is menaced, as at present, with a great political convulsion. To avert a calamity which includes every other, must be our first business; and, for that end, we can see but one plain course before us. To the present ministers we feel no hostility: we are very willing to make every allowance for the difficulties of their situation, and to acknowledge that they have already, in regard to some important matters, been exhibiting a praiseworthy alacrity in the unpleasant duty of recantation. We know there are among them several clear-sighted men —one, at least, whose grade of intellect is surpassed probably by that of no man now living, and who must *now* see, and cannot but *now* desire to shun, the rocks and shallows among which the vessel of the state has to be steered.* We do not forget the words of Holy Writ: 'When the wicked man turneth away from the wickedness that he hath committed, and doeth that which is lawful and right, he shall save his soul alive.' We find it difficult to believe, notwithstanding all that we see and hear, that, with a fierce revolutionary spirit to combat within, Ireland on the verge of rebellion, and foreign war threatening from without, sane men can really meditate to throw loose the bonds by which the social frame is held together, and wilfully plunge into that career from which there is no return. Still less does it appear conceivable, that while all these elements of disorder are abroad in the land, they should have made up their minds to the fearful alternative of dissolving parliament, whether for the purpose of giving effect to their plan of reform, if

* 'It is most true that was anciently spoken, "A place sheweth the man; and it sheweth some to the better, and some to the worse;" "omnium consensu, capax imperii, nisi imperasset," saith Tacitus of Galba; but of Vespasian he saith, "solus imperantium, Vespasianus mutatus in melius;" though the one was meant of sufficiency, the other of manners and affectation. It is an assured sign of a worthy and generous spirit, whom honour amends; for honour is, or should be the place of virtue; and as in nature things move violently to their place, and calmly in their place, so virtue in ambition is violent, in authority settled and calm. All rising to great place is by a winding stair; and if there be factions, it is good to side a man's self whilst he is in the rising, and to balance himself when he is placed. Use the memory of thy predecessor fairly and tenderly; for if thou dost not, it is a debt will surely be paid when thou art gone.'—*Lord Bacon's Essay 'of Great Place.'*

carried,

carried, or, if lost (supposing the question, in that case, to rest with *them*), of obtaining a House of Commons more propitious to their views. From the infliction of such rulers as would, in all likelihood, form a great part of the representation of that house, then and thus chosen, may the nation yet be spared!

It would ill become those who desire to cherish THE CONSERVATIVE PRINCIPLE, to withhold, in circumstances like the present, on any mere party considerations, their cordial support from any government which should evince a fixed determination to uphold that principle. But to this stedfast and consistent course there stands opposed the rash and unhappy pledge by which the present administration have identified themselves with the panic which they helped to create. It is, therefore, we apprehend, to the reunion of the Tory party that the country must after all chiefly look for its present safety. Among that party there have been many faults committed, which a little more of confidence and consideration on the one side,—and, to speak honestly,—a little more of foresight and less of spleen on the other, might perhaps have spared. Even public principle has been forgotten in the excitation of vindictive personal resentments. Nay, some individuals have gone the length of recanting their whole creed; and because one old and honoured pillar of their mansion had been shaken, would be content, in their rage, with nothing less than pulling the whole fabric about their ears. Of these melancholy dissensions the country is now the victim; nor is even the late administration itself free from the blame of deficient concert (or the appearance, at least, of deficient concert) among its members. Either no declaration whatever on the question of reform should have been made by the head of the government at the opening of the session of parliament, or he ought to have been supported in that declaration by the concurrent voice of his colleagues. In either case, the great restorer and conservator of European peace, the illustrious Duke of Wellington, would not have been left alone to bear the brunt of popular outrage; much subsequent embarrassment might have been saved—very possibly the change of ministry might have been altogether prevented.

If ever there was a crisis, however, in which the past discords and resentments of party ought to merge and be forgotten, that crisis surely now exists; and we envy not the feelings of the man who, appreciating the full danger of the measures now impending over his country, can yet, from the recollection of those resentments, withhold his hearty co-operation to resist them. It is not enough, however, that this resistance be organized in parliament; it must be sustained by a moral power from without, by the free voices of that numerous and influential body in the community

munity which is opposed to revolution by principle and conviction, otherwise it may fall short of its aim, and worse ills may ensue. It behoves that body, if they regard their country—if they regard themselves—to stand forward and speak out, not in timid, half-assenting, half-dissenting terms (like the resolutions of the meeting of merchants and bankers in the City, which we have read this moment with deep concern and disgust), but in language as uncompromising as their thoughts. They may rest assured, that it is not only the safest and the wisest, but the only safe and the only wise course. It was not by surrendering ourselves bound and pinioned to the mercy of the enemy, that the state was preserved in 1793 from the assaults of Jacobinism, but by confronting its fury with the array of British aristocracy (we do not mean the aristocracy of rank alone, but the aristocracy of rank, wealth, intelligence, and character united)—an aristocracy such as no other country ever before possessed; an aristocracy, competent, by its own mere numerical strength, to put down sedition and rebellion; which has hitherto, in every season of trial, been the safeguard of the country, and so long as it is true to itself, will continue to be its safeguard. Petitions must be met by petitions. The press (that powerful factionary, never to be neglected with impunity) must be grappled with by its natural antagonist, the press. We have the reason of the case with us, and it is only necessary that it be properly asserted. To all political associations we are declared enemies, on principle; but if a body like the Birmingham Political Union is to be permitted to bully the authorities, and to threaten the land with civil war, that too must be encountered by a similar confederacy.

If, indeed, the blight of cowardice has really fallen on the councils of the realm, and our favour for measures affecting the security and very being of the state is to be conciliated in future, not by their intrinsic merits, but the vehemence and threats with which they are demanded, then, indeed, we shall begin to despair of our country. But we hope for better things. Symptoms of a more sober way of thinking, of something even like a decided reaction, have been showing themselves within the last few weeks.*

Everything

* We must recommend to general attention two pamphlets which have just reached us in time to be named at the head of this article—those of Sir John Walsh, and Colonel Matthew Stewart. They are neither of them writers with whose opinions we entirely coincide—the latter of them, indeed, is a pure Whig—but it is on this very account that we are anxious to give their tracts whatever additional circulation our testimony may be sufficient to command. They arrive at our conclusion; and they use arguments which, though we could not use them, may in many quarters be considered better than ours. Sir John Walsh has produced a mild, temperate, well-weighed disquisition—which will outlive the bustle of its occasion. Colonel Stewart is the very able son of a most able father,—a soldier, a scholar, and a philosopher,

Everything in the nature of actual insurrection may now be considered as put down by the vigorous arm of the law. Here, in London, various little indications have shown themselves of a prevailing feeling on the side of order and good government. The reform meetings in the country appear to have been composed chiefly of persons allied by their extreme revolutionary opinions; and the merchants and bankers of Bristol have taken the lead, on the other hand, in sending a petition, on the subject of reform, to parliament, whose good sense, manliness, and moderation do them infinite honour. May their example not be lost on their fellow-countrymen!

What may be the precise extent and nature of the danger to be apprehended from the denial of such a reform as is required of us, or of any reform to a serious extent, we shall not take upon us to define; but from the great pain taken by some of the leading writers for the press to keep it continually before the public mind, and to present it always in the most frightful colours, we should be inclined to infer, that they thought it very insignificant. Our own belief is, that, whatever importance it possesses, it derives from sufferance, and that it will shrink at once into nothing beneath the grasp of a determined opposition. Those take a false measure indeed of the inherent energies of the country, who imagine that any effort of open rebellion would be countenanced here by the same class of society which promoted, or were indifferent spectators of the revolutions of Paris and Brussels, or would be coped with only by the sort of blundering imbecility which presided on both those memorable occasions. This much, at all events, is clear—that if there be indeed a real and great danger in refusing what the Radicals demand, the danger will neither be averted nor diminished—but the contrary—by conceding what they do not care for. Whatever the danger may be, therefore, it must sooner or later be confronted; and if it be indeed in the

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sopher, who has studied mankind deeply in the history of past ages, and observed them well with his own eyes in widely different spheres of action, and under as widely different systems of manners, morals, religion, and government. He is a distant and calm observer of these fierce struggles in the world of politics; and, addressing the Marquis of Lansdowne with all the respect due to that nobleman's high rank and unquestioned talents, but at the same time with the affectionate earnestness and openness of an old fellow-student, he does not hesitate to recall early recollections, and, comparing the past with the present, to implore, even now at the eleventh hour, consideration for future. This essay will be read to its end by every man who once begins it. We hope our readers will make the experiment; and may therefore satisfy ourselves with borrowing a single oriental illustration—a Hindoo saying about a government in which a Sudra is king. 'Such a government,' say they, 'is like a man attempting to walk on his head and think with his feet.' We fancy the Marquis of Lansdowne will ere long discover not a few Colonel Stewarts among the Whigs; and we are very far from suspecting that such a discovery would inflict intolerable pain.

decrees

decrees of Providence, that England is to be degraded from her place among the nations, there will, at least, be some consolation in the reflection, that we have not been the voluntary and forewarned instruments of our own destruction.

One word more.—A report is in very general circulation, so general that it must have, ere now, reached the ears of his Majesty's ministers, and which, if false, it was their bounden duty to contradict immediately in the most decisive manner. It is said, that before the judges left town on their late melancholy circuit among the disturbed districts, they received a most distinct and solemn pledge on a most important and painful subject; that upon the faith of that pledge they acted; that it was neglected and broken by the government in certain most essential respects; that the judges complained and remonstrated, respectfully, but strongly; that his Majesty's Secretary of State admitted at once they had just ground of complaint, but said, in substance, 'What could we do, my Lords, in the face of the newspapers?' We have no pleasure in giving extended circulation to this story. We hope it may still be contradicted on authority. But if this story does remain uncontradicted, we feel it our duty to put it distinctly to the common sense and mere manhood of those members of parliament who are about to *determine* on the most important question ever submitted to the British legislature—whether the principles of the existing government are worthy to be adopted and acted upon by them also;—whether, in plain words, this vast, this fearful question is to be decided, not according to the conscience of its lawful judges, but the dictation of a democratic press.